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THE *Atlantic*



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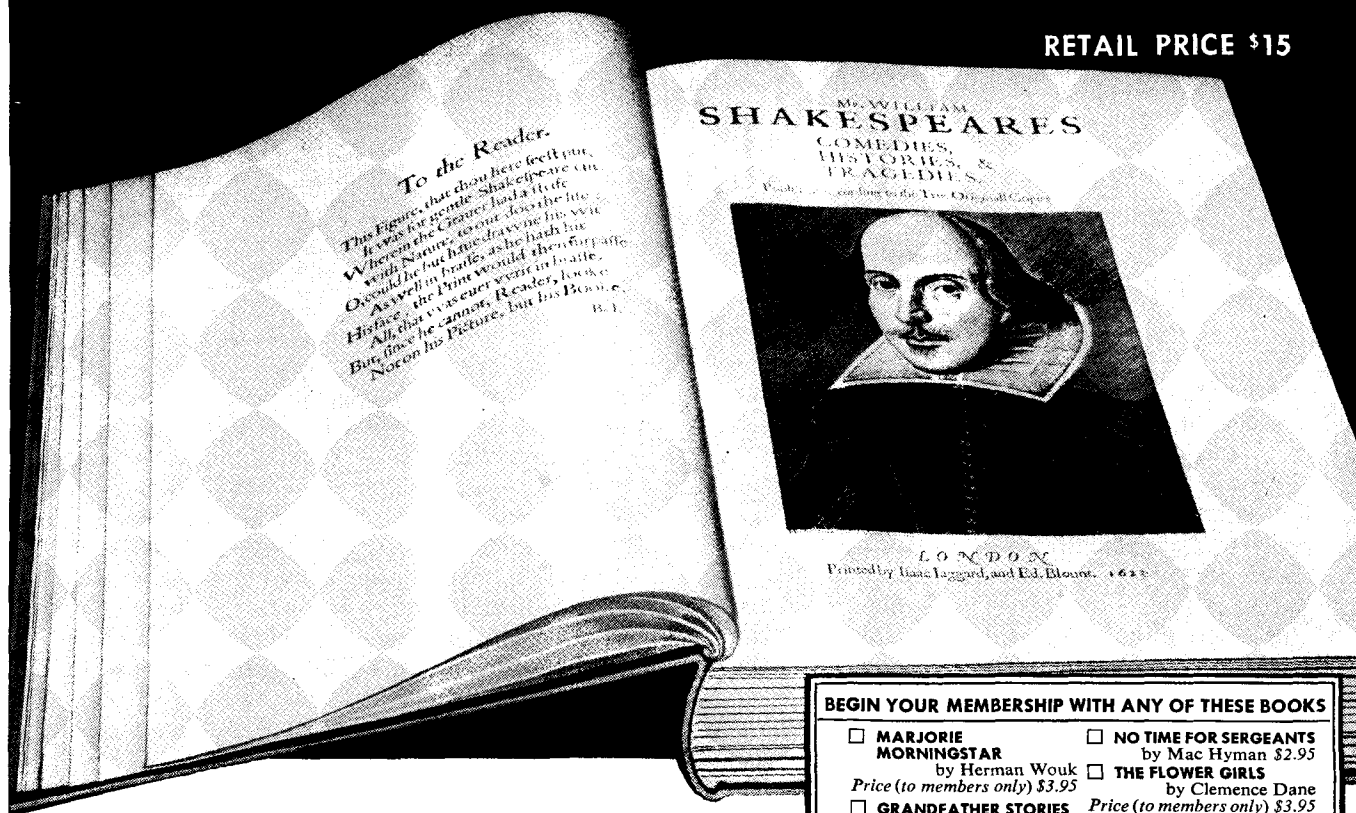
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

A YEAR in advance of the next campaign, it seems clear to Washington, as one sage observer has put it, that "the Republicans need Eisenhower more in '56 than they did in '52." The reasoning is that in '52 the country was ready for a change, given any reasonably decent GOP candidate, but that in '56 the normal Democratic majority will be likely to reassert itself, as forecast in the '54 congressional voting, unless there is a powerful counterforce. And only Eisenhower can provide that. Since hope springs eternal, the Republican faithful refuse to consider the dreadful possibility that Ike might retire to Gettysburg.

Washington feels that the Republicans will be campaigning a year from now on a "peace and prosperity" platform, just about the dream of any party manager. If so, the Democrats will be reduced to running on a party plank labeled "Yes, but we made peace possible"—something less than a dream.

The Eisenhower performance at the Geneva "Summit" Conference all but obliterated his foreign policy opponents at home. It brought back the waverers who had grown distrustful of the Dulles exhortations and the Radford bomb-rattling. And it drove underground the right-wing bitter-enders in the President's own party, with the exception of McCarthy and perhaps Jenner. The simple fact is that the politicians know that the American public is fed up with wars, hot or cold.

How will the South react?

The Southern Democrats have perhaps a little less incentive than their Northern liberal colleagues to try to capture the White House, since the time has not yet arrived when a Southerner can get the

party nomination. A good many Southern Senators and Representatives would settle for retention of their present powerful committee chairmanships with Ike in the White House again. But to do that would call for the election of a President of one party and a Congress controlled by the other.

It is true that the Democrats in general have the breaks when it comes to the one third of the Senate who are up for election next year. Of the fifteen seats to be contested, nine are in the South or border states, three others are in states which would be lost only in a GOP sweep, and only three are likely Republican prospects. Of the seventeen Republican seats at contest, eight or nine are vulnerable. Control of the House traditionally goes to the party with the winning presidential candidate since all 435 members must face the voters. While Eisenhower in '52 barely carried a GOP Congress with him, the feeling in Washington today is that he would gain a much larger following in '56.

If the Democratic presidential candidate is Adlai Stevenson again, there will be another Texas revolt led by Governor Shivers. If it is Governor Harri-man, there will be balking in other Southern states as well. How much Southern voters will offset this by blaming the Republicans for the Supreme Court's decision regarding public school integration is hard to estimate.

The best Republican No. 2?

Because of Eisenhower's age, a good deal of attention is being paid to the question of his '56 running mate. Who is the best Republican No. 2? The President has been saying many kind words about Vice President Nixon. Those who do not trust Nixon to carry out the Eisenhower program

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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

if he should come into office are not happy at the prospect. Those who take Nixon for granted argue that the President thinks Nixon has fulfilled Eisenhower's idea of what a Vice President should be — not a Throttlebottom but a hard-working member of the Administration fully aware of the presidential problems and hence ready and able to step into the job should death or disability strike.

Those who want someone other than Nixon will have to find and build up the man and sell him to Eisenhower. For there is no question that if Eisenhower runs again and indicates the slightest choice for his running mate, that man will be on the ticket. In all probability the President will not hand the party politicians a list of half a dozen acceptable candidates as he did in '52. The most likely alternatives to Nixon would seem to be in the ranks of the GOP governors, and the best of them are Massachusetts' Christian Herter and California's Goodwin Knight.

If Eisenhower should decide not to run, the outcome at the Republican National Convention would be completely unpredictable. Chief Justice Earl Warren is the only other Republican leader with a strong hold on the independent vote — and he has declared himself ineligible. Nixon and Senator Knowland probably would knock each other out, with Governor Knight emerging as the California candidate, and California has the second largest number of delegates. Knight is not a particularly happy thought for liberal Republicans; they recall that he refused even to proclaim United Nations Day in his own state, yet a few months later stood before Eisenhower at the UN Commemorative Meeting in San Francisco and uttered words which made him sound like an original UN booster.

Unfinished business in Congress

The second session of the 84th Congress will follow the traditional pattern of politics in a presidential year. Democrats hope to add to the Dixon-Yates furor with a battle over Hell's Canyon. But a good many politicians report they can find only small pockets of anger on the public power issue. Investigations will be another Democratic tactic — with the emphasis on showing that the Eisenhower Administration is partial to big-business "fat cats." The Talbott affair was a sample. The row over the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council will be taken up again. Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks already has sounded the GOP defense by calling it "politics" and "a massive attack" on the free enterprise system.

It is perfectly clear that the President likes and admires business and businessmen. His attitude was unconsciously but clearly expressed when, in defending the appointment of the Pentagon's petroleum logistics expert even though he remained on an oil company payroll, he said: "It would be idle to employ as a consultant anyone who didn't know something about the petroleum business. He is bound to come from the petroleum industry." Such a remark enraged the liberals, but it didn't affect Ike's standing in popularity.

Kefauver and juvenile delinquency

For two years now a Senate subcommittee has been delving into one of America's more important internal problems — the causes and cures of juvenile delinquency. On the whole, it has been a highly constructive investigation, demonstrative of the usefulness of that much abused legislative procedure. From the testimony of experts, public officials, and laymen these points have emerged: —

1. There is a direct relationship between insecurity, on the part of both parent and child, and juvenile delinquency. Further, the insecurity is related to the general national feeling of insecurity during the cold-war years and the hot Korean War. Juvenile delinquency figures were on the decline from the end of World War II through 1948 when a low of under 300,000 cases was reported by the states. The figure began to rise in 1949, and in '53 the total was about 435,000 cases, while last year's figure was close to half a million.

2. There is, in fact, a predisposition toward delinquency among some youths. There is no evidence that such a predisposition is an inherited characteristic. But there is evidence that delinquency is greater among those who in their formative years were exposed to subnormal influences in terms of housing, schools, family relationships.

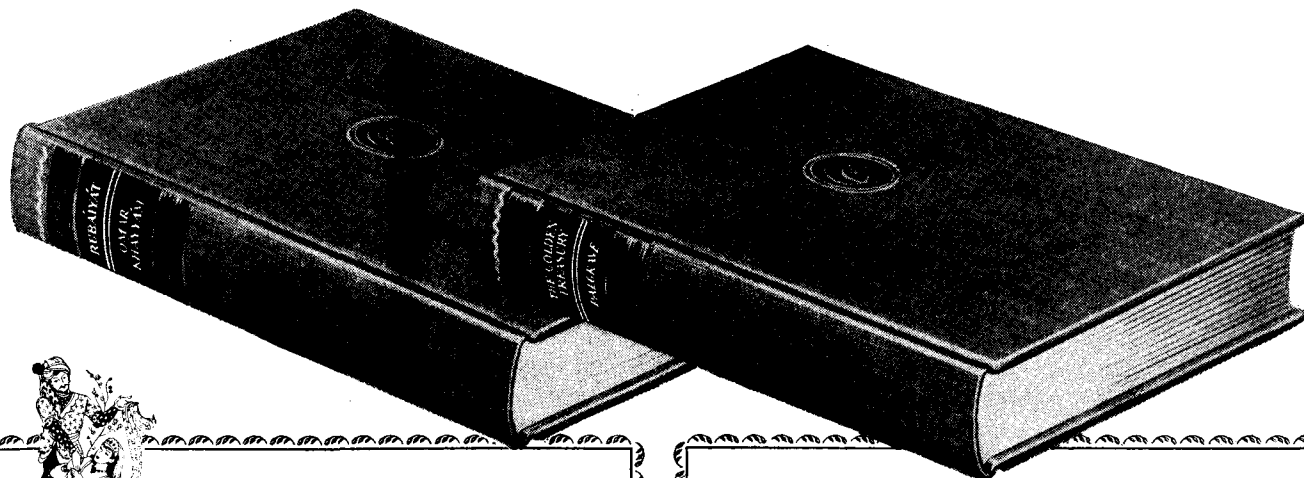
3. Insufficient numbers of teachers mean insufficient attention to those children who are affected by insecurity and predisposition to delinquency. Lack of facilities for the treatment of unstable children and those of less than normal intelligence is a part of the problem. The Kefauver committee is clearly disposed toward more federal aid for housing and toward federal aid for schools.

As to the mass media which affect the young — movies, television, comics — the issue of censorship is at once raised. In its investigations the committee has found that the television code is satisfactory but is not lived up to; the movie

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code is satisfactory but the movie advertising is not regulated and is provocative; the comics have, as a result of the committee's work, started to clean house. A loophole in the federal statutes against pornography has been closed by a committee-sponsored bill which now makes it illegal to send such offensive material across state lines by private car or truck as well as through the mails or by other public transportation.

Of course the fight against juvenile delinquency can no more be won *in toto* than the battle against crime in general. But an aroused public, especially aroused communities and states, with federal help, can accomplish much. The value of the current Kefauver committee lies in the spotlight it can throw on the problem, in the encouragement it can give those dedicated to meeting it, and in the additional legal weapons it can help forge on both the national and local levels of government.

East-West *détente*

A year ago, only the very daring would have predicted that 1956 would bring a change in East-West

atmospheric pressure. The Russians decided, apparently last spring, that an effort should be made to reach a *détente* with the West. Western experts credit the arms burden and the failure of the Soviet economic system to meet the demands of a growing industrial population as the reasons behind the decision.

On the American side, the 1954 Democratic congressional victory gave the President the necessary elbowroom to meet with the Russians. The senatorial condemnation of McCarthy a few weeks later gave the Administration courage to draw back from the concessions it had made to the extremists.

But one suspects that the dominant factor in both Washington and Moscow was the bomb. The element of timing was of crucial importance: Moscow changed its course because of the bomb, and did so at a time when it had become possible for Eisenhower to respond. It also may be argued that the majority among the Kremlin's "collective leadership" felt that Eisenhower's presence in the White House provided a unique opportu-

nity, for he was a man known to some of them as something less than the Marxist version of the capitalist leader. At Geneva, Bulganin smilingly expressed the hope that Ike would run for President again.

What is clear is that the "summit" conference turned out to be, in essence, a two-power conference. The Russians came to do business with Eisenhower, and Eisenhower decided that it was time to appeal directly to the Russian leaders.

The global success of the Eisenhower appeal on the arms control issue was well demonstrated a few weeks later when Bulganin first publicly commented on it. As soon as Moscow learned that Bulganin's remarks were being taken as a rejection of the President's proposals, Bulganin publicly declared that he had been misunderstood. The important point here was that Moscow realized Russia could not afford to oppose something so spectacularly popular.

The President's post-Geneva problem thus became one of how to make the most of this acclaim — how to use it as a lever to win Soviet acceptance of hard agreements. The skill with which the President now uses his new lever not only will determine Moscow's "sincerity" but may affect the Russian decision on what to do on the questions of arms control and German unification.

Mood of the Capital

Many of those who were "at the summit" came away with the feeling that the "collective leadership" itself had not made the decision on how far to go. The Western problem is to conduct its diplomacy in the coming months so as to strengthen the hand of those in Moscow who may want a real accommodation and who would be willing to pay a real price for it.

All this is less likely to provide Eisenhower an excuse to retire than to create pressure on him to run again on a "finish the job" basis. The President talks more about his health than anyone else — both publicly and privately. He is proud of his general physical well-being for a man who will be sixty-six this month. But he is also conscious of the fact that he would be the oldest man ever to occupy the White House if he served out a second term.

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Cambodia

FOR a little country, the kingdom of Cambodia in Indochina has just about everything. It can boast a glorious dead past, one of Asia's most magnificent ruins, a colorful religion; a romantic palace complete with royal dancers, air conditioning, and sacred white elephants; a democratic constitution, dissident piratical bands, Communists; an old king and queen, a young and handsome prince; plenty of American aid, and at least three or four big friendly nations courting it.

Unquestionably this flat, wooded little Buddhist kingdom about as big as Missouri is the most fortunate of three none too fortunate Indochinese states. Vietnam, to the east, is sliced in two by an arrangement that is as practical as King Solomon's solution for the disputed baby; by fair means or foul, the Communist half intends to take the other.

To Cambodia's northeast is the kingdom of Laos, where the Communist "Pathet Lao" insurgents and the Vietminh who direct and supply them flatly refuse to give up their control of two of the country's northern provinces.

For the moment, anyway, Cambodia's 4 million handsome, dark-skinned inhabitants are luckier, partly because the Communist Vietminh never got the footing or support in the little kingdom that they achieved in the two neighboring countries, and partly because, at last year's Geneva Conference, Cambodia stood up to the Vietminh, China, Russia — and Mr. Mendès-France, Mr. Eden, and Mr. Krishna Menon — and doggedly, valiantly, and successfully refused to sign any agreement that gave the invading Vietminh and their few Cambodian supporters any excuse at all for remaining in the country.

The commission that stayed

Although an international commission of Poles, Canadians, and Indians has spent the past year supervising the evacuation of Vietminh troops from Cambodia, no one — least of all the Cambodians — is naïve enough to think that all of them picked up their arms and marched out of the kingdom. But for the present those that were left behind are keeping relatively quiet.

The troop evacuation has long since ended, but the commission has stayed on in Cambodia because it claimed the function of supervising national elections specified in the Geneva Agreement and scheduled for September. To the Cambodians, the commission appears to be very like the Man Who Came to Dinner; they have felt a little aggrieved about this prolonged sojourn of the never very welcome foreigners. Understandably, the Cambodians are not overjoyed at having Poles — avowed Communists — at large for more than a year to make contacts and give subversive advice in their country.

As for elections, the Cambodians consider them to be the responsibility of a sovereign state, not the business of other nations; they have held them before without outside interference and see no reason why they cannot do it again.

The man who wouldn't be king

Cambodia must be one of the few places in the world where a young and highly popular king abdicated his throne to form a political party, run in popular elections, and put across his own reform program. King Norodom Sihanouk's abrupt renunciation of the throne last March in favor of his gentle, bald-headed little father, Norodom Suramarit, and the capable, strong-minded Queen Mother was the second bit of high drama he has staged in recent years.

It was about two years ago that a plump young man of thirty-one with a round, handsome face, bright, intelligent eyes under heavy black eyebrows, and an air of easy authority stepped across from Cambodia into Thailand and told the astonished Siamese customs officials, "I am Mr. Norodom. I seek political asylum."

While yellow-robed monks in Cambodia prayed for the success of his mission he proceeded to Bangkok, where, to the rage of the French and the consternation of the Americans, he broadcast through the world press a plea for *real* and total independence for his nation. This flamboyant little hejira worked. It appreciably accelerated the grant of *vraie indépendance*, not just to Cambodia, but

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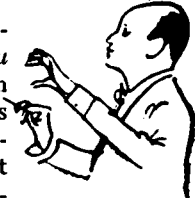
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This spring, the young king pulled off a star turn of a different kind. To the astonishment of everyone — including, it is said, his mother, and certainly including John Foster Dulles, who had just spent some time discussing affairs of state with the affable monarch — King Norodom Sihanouk suddenly abdicated his throne, turning it over to his parents. His explanation was simple: "I can better serve my country as a private citizen."

The politician-prince

This gesture of royal renunciation in the best Buddhist tradition is not quite the abnegation it might seem on the surface. For some years the publicity about King Norodom Sihanouk has emphasized his steeple-chasing, his love of jazz and saxophone playing, his high-powered cars, his French cuisine, his fondness for producing and acting in homemade 16 mm. melodramas.

But these were just superficial traits of his character. The former king, now Prince Sihanouk, is intelligent, energetic, patriotic, emotional, and impetuous — as an Indian diplomat puts it, "easily the most capable and outstanding Cambodian."

On the throne, he was restive and impatient at having to work through a clique-ridden French-style parliament and a shifting group of generally ineffective ministers who seemed out of touch with the peasants and the real problems of the country. In his new role of politician-prince, he can be a more direct and open political operator.

Besides, he relinquishes the restraints of kingship without giving up too much of its power. The ties between Sihanouk and his mother have always been extraordinarily close. By abdicating in *her* favor as well as his father's, he could count on retaining control of, or at least close cooperation with, the throne.

What he *has* lost, of course, is the tremendous prestige and veneration which kingship has in Cambodia. It remains to be seen whether Sihanouk's word will bear less weight, now that he is no longer under the sacred shadow of the royal umbrellas.

The political party Norodom has organized is one of three active political groups in Cambodia today. One, of course, is the Communists, their active agents chiefly Vietnamese who have lived some time in the country. Another is the Democratic Party, a group of younger civil servants and returned students from France, some of whom have received attention from French Communists.

The Democrats want to turn out from office the feudal elite who have been sharing government spoils so long in Phnom Penh, the quiet little French-style town that is the capital. They stand against corruption at home and for neutralism in foreign affairs.

Their leader is Son Ngoc Thanh, a clever and ambitious Cambodian nationalist who was puppet prime minister under the Japanese, exiled by the French to Paris, and allowed to return to Phnom Penh a few years ago on the promise that he would eschew politics. Back home, he promptly disappeared into the hinterland, from which he let out radio and leaflet blasts against the French. He is believed not to be a Communist; but as one British observer puts it, so many of his ideas fit those of the Communists that he would simply prepare the way for them if he came to power.

Sihanouk's reform plan

Like the Democrats, Prince Sihanouk wants to eradicate corruption and take government out of the hands of a little group of wealthy men in Phnom Penh who know little and care less about the welfare of the peasants in the provinces. He abdicated to put across a reform plan which envisages substituting for the present French-style, splintered, irresponsible assembly and unstable weak cabinets a stronger executive, on the one hand, and peasant-elected local councils with more authority on the other. In foreign affairs, Sihanouk wants Cambodia to be "neutral."

It was at the historic Bandung Conference last April that Prince Sihanouk first publicly stated his adherence to the "neutralist" camp that Jawaharlal Nehru heads so ably and passionately.

The Indians, whose ignorance about Indochina in the last decade

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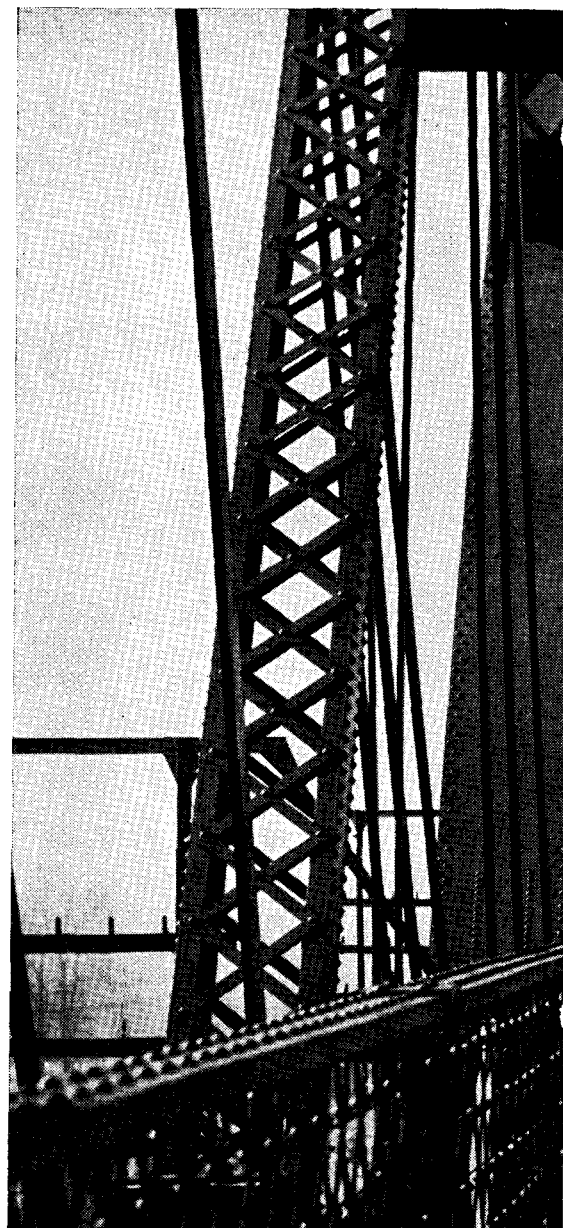
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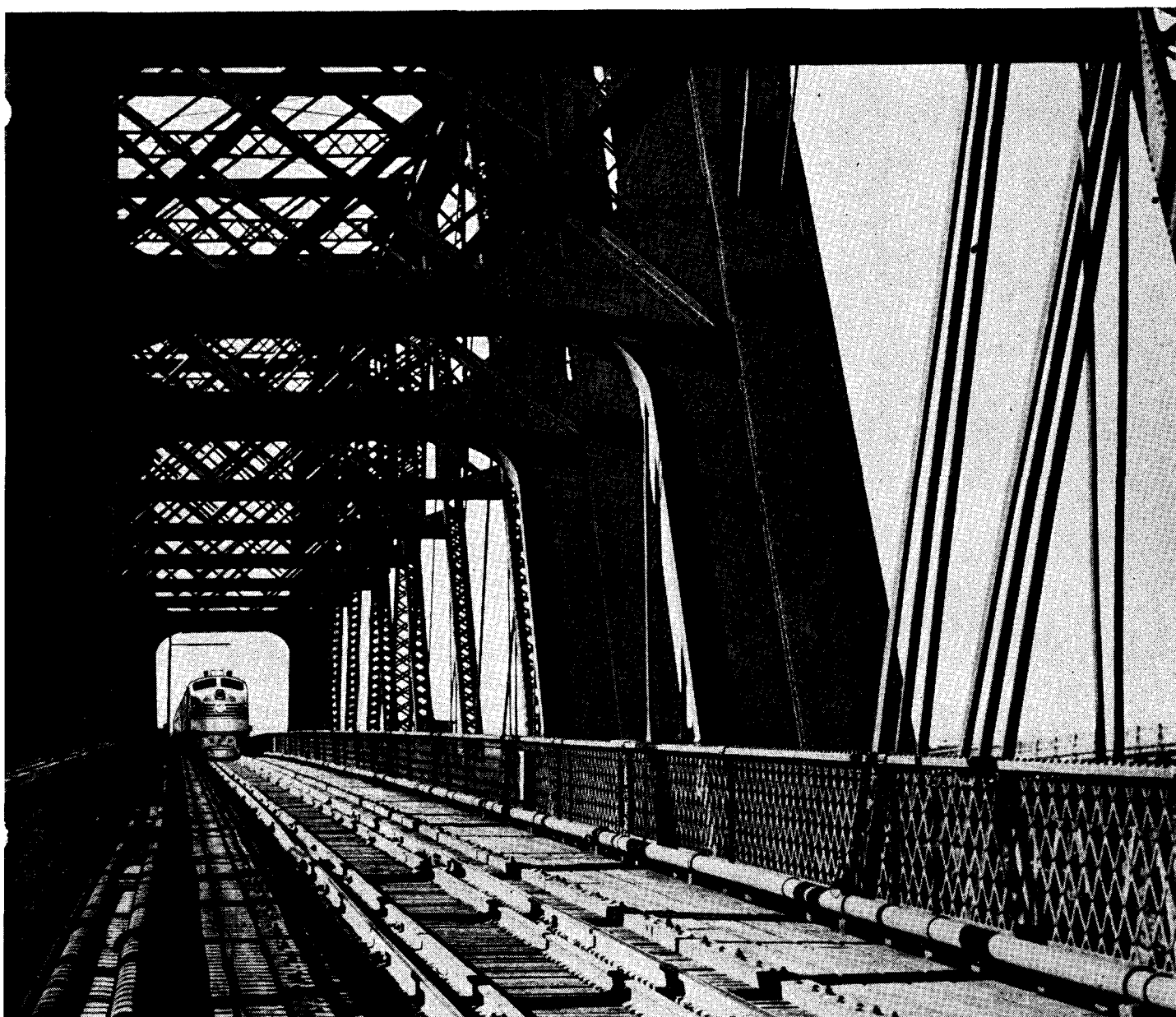
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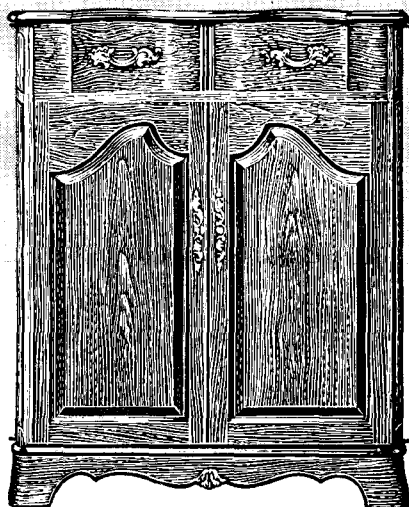
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has been matched only by the vehemence of their opinions on it, had made the discovery during and after last year's Geneva Conference that Laos and Cambodia belonged not in the Taoist-Confucian sphere like Vietnam but in their own Hindu-Buddhist sphere of influence. In a subsequent visit to Cambodia, Mr. Nehru was tremendously moved and impressed by the fact that the great monuments of Angkor derive straight from ancient Hindu inspiration.

Happy talk

Then, before the Bandung Conference, Prince Sihanouk and Mr. Nehru held direct conversations in the two capitals (although, as Sihanouk divulged at Bandung, they had enjoyed previous indirect contacts through a Cambodian monk). It is not hard to visualize what Mr. Nehru said to Prince Sihanouk. It was roughly this: —

"No alliance between a great Western nation and a backward Asian one is a relationship of equals; it must involve domination and subservience. You have just happily emerged from a humiliating dependence on one great power, France. Surely you do not want to move right into the same relationship with another, even greater Western power, the United States.

"In any case, can or will Washington really protect you in case of aggression from the Vietminh? On the contrary, a military pact between the United States and Cambodia or the presence of an American training mission will simply provoke Vietminh suspicion and antagonism.

"It was India, not the United States, that helped to bring about the end of the Indochinese war and the removal of Vietminh troops from your territory. India is on terms of mutual trust with both Communist China and the Vietminh. They assure me that in return for Vietnam they will not touch Laos and Cambodia. You can surely see that the moral protection of India and a neutral policy will give you a far better guarantee of safety than SEATO, American military aid, or any kind of dependence on the West."

There is much sound sense in this argument, but it has one or two serious flaws. To Sihanouk's question, "Will India, then, defend me in case

of a Vietminh attack?" the Indian Prime Minister could not answer yes.

Nor is the good faith of the Vietminh so dependable, despite Mr. Nehru's confidence in it. To date, the Vietminh have not kept their part of the bargain. They are *not* out of either Cambodia or Laos; they are underground in the first, and blatantly and openly breaking the Geneva Agreement in the second. One has to be very naïve or very ignorant of Communism to believe that the Vietminh, once entrenched in all Vietnam, will refrain from subversion in the two neighboring countries of Cambodia and Laos.

Nevertheless, the desire for peace is so strong, independence so recent, and French domination so vivid in Cambodian memory that almost any politician has to have neutralism in his political platform.

The price of aid

Certainly the Cambodians want the enormous American aid they are getting; it finances important reconstruction and development projects and supports the Cambodian army. What neither they nor Mr. Nehru has wanted is a big American military advisory group to take over military training. It is a sad commentary on the lack of flexibility and imagination of official Americans that Washington tried for months to persuade the Cambodians to sign a routine military aid agreement which demanded some of the very special privileges for American military personnel that Cambodians had been struggling for years to take away from Frenchmen.

The Cambodians wish to use American military supplies but keep French officers to train their army. Playing the French off against the Americans is an old and profitable game, and it is easier than ever today when the French in Indochina are so full of jealousy, hate, and resentment of the United States.

It might well be wise American policy to let India shoulder the responsibility for Laos and Cambodia. What the strategically placed little kingdom will probably do, however, is try to follow the pattern Siam demonstrated so successfully right up to the Second World War: make friends with everybody — Vietnam, China, Thailand, India, France, Brit-

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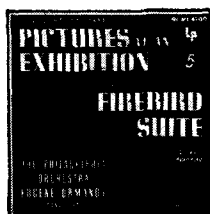
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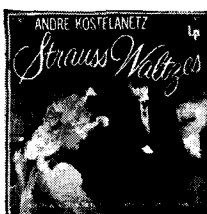
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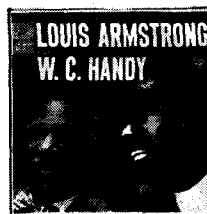
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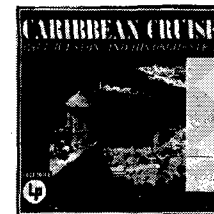
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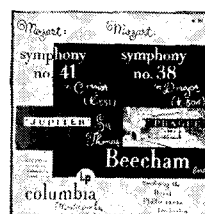
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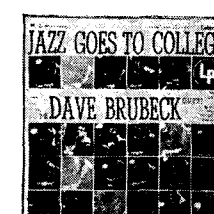
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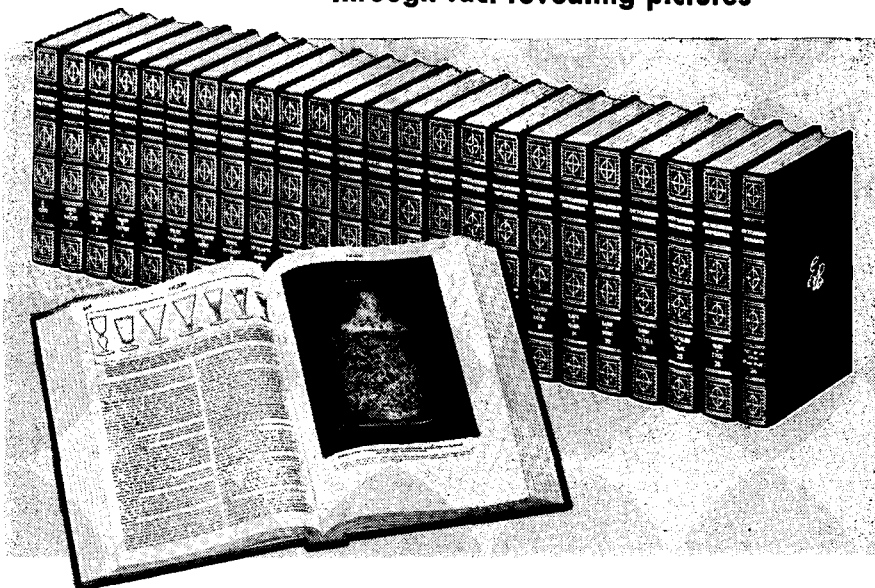
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ain, and the United States; take what
each has to offer; and balance them
all off against one another.

The passive peasants

The success of this or any similar
policy will depend, not just on Chinese
or Vietminh intentions, but on in-
ternal developments within the king-
dom itself. Though it is underdevel-
oped and sadly needs technicians and
competent administrators, Prince Si-
hanouk’s little country is fairly well
off by Asian standards. It exports
rice, rubber, cattle, kapok, pepper,
timber, and fish.

But government office is held by a
little group of men from families of
wealth and feudal position, while the
entire middle class is made up of
foreigners — French, Chinese, and
Vietnamese. The great majority of
Cambodians are simple peasants.
Their standards of living are very low.
Health facilities, schools, roads are
inadequate and often nonexistent.
Local officials are too often corrupt
and negligent.

Partly because there is enough to
eat, partly because of the tropical
climate, partly because of their pas-
sive Buddhist philosophy, the Cam-
bodians who live in little stilt-sup-
ported huts across the tropical coun-
tryside are an easygoing people; the
peasants would put up with their lot
a long time without revolting.

But in Asian countries revolutions
are not made by the peasants, as
popular writers have it, nor by the
workers, as orthodox Marxists must
insist. Revolutions are made by in-
tellectuals, who ardently desire their
country’s progress, feel thwarted by
an inefficient and corrupt bureauc-
racy, and are looking for a faith, a
way, and a challenge.

Like many other Asian intellectuals,
most young Cambodians simply do
not know what Communism in prac-
tice is like. If their country does not
advance by other, democratic meth-
ods, they may see Communism as a
short cut to rapid modernization and
development. The Vietminh are eager
to convert them to this thesis.

This situation offers the challenge
and opportunity of a lifetime to
Prince Sihanouk, patriot, popular
leader, democrat, and king turned
politician.



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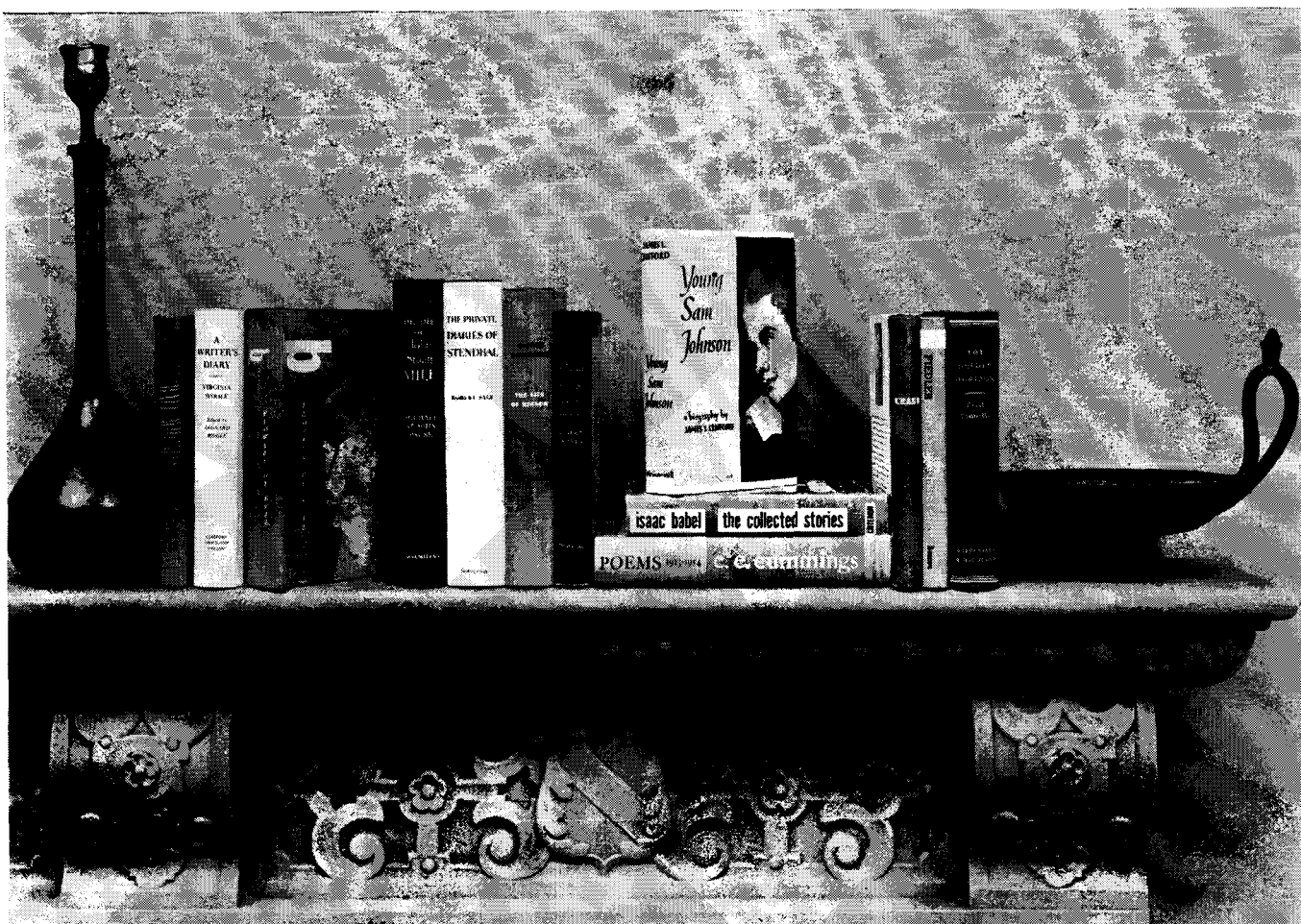
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Norway

NORWAY is a land of contrasts — a land of black, sharp, glacier-like cliffs and green, sloping, arable countryside; of dark, sinister waters cleaving massive rocks and of bright, friendly harbors; of stark, wind-swept mountaintops and white, sea-lapped fishing villages. And its people truly reflect the characteristics of the land itself, for they are at once most hospitable and fiercely independent.

The Norwegian's zest for independence is revealed in his love of the out-of-doors, in his flair for the slightly grotesque in art, in his strong attraction to the improvisations of American jazz, and in his walking of a political tightrope in international affairs.

The heart of the matter lies in the fact that, despite its Viking tradition and its vast legend and folklore, Norway has been an independent country only since 1905. For four centuries previous to that time it had periodically pledged its allegiance either to the Danes or to the Swedes and had been constantly struggling to be recognized as a separate nation.

When the Danish prince Carl was chosen by the Norwegian Storting to be the king in 1905, he refused the crown until his appointment could be confirmed by popular vote. He well knew that he would rule over a people that disliked to be governed by fiat and that a limited monarchy was the only form of government that would succeed. The overwhelming vote in his favor has been amply justified by the fifty years of economic progress which Norway has enjoyed under the leadership of its now octogenarian king, Haakon VII.

During the First World War the newly formed kingdom prided itself on remaining neutral. But the Second World War was a different story entirely, and before an adequate system of defense could be set up, Norway was invaded by the Germans and was inextricably involved in the conflict. The government continued to direct affairs while in exile in Britain, and the staunch Norwegians, enduring the hardships of seeing their country ravished, and irritating their captors with wry jokes that often ended in death for the Nazis, sat it out

until they were at last liberated in 1945. Despite the five difficult years of Nazi occupation, the country has effected a remarkable recovery, and is respected throughout the world as a nation.

No silent partner

Experience taught the Norwegians the necessity of collective security in the event of future wars, and in April, 1949, Norway officially became a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But even though it is proud of its affiliation with the West and is scornful of Sweden's neutrality, it remains wary of some of the policies of the West. Memories of bombed cities and the resultant poor housing facilities are still too vivid to make Norway a trusting advocate of the rearmament of Germany. And the ugly specter of a reunited and military nation across the North Sea causes much uneasiness.

Norway will never become a silent partner in any alliance. This is a country willing to pay the price for its convictions and eager to pull its own weight in any agreement. Thus the Norwegians have shown a great willingness to be trained and to learn the techniques of American scientific methods, but they want to do things for themselves and, quite sensibly, with the least amount of disturbance to their own way of life.

For this industrious nation has fought hard to get a living out of a land full of natural obstacles. In stony, mountainous areas it seems nothing short of a miracle to see small patches of green farmland, with perhaps a potato crop planted, or a few cows grazing, where a less ambitious people would have feared to attempt such a conversion.

Tiny hamlets situated high up on the tops of dark cliffs edging the narrow fjords attest to the endurance and determination of their inhabitants. In many cases the only means of access to the outside world is by rope or cable down the face of the precipice to the waters below, and thence by small craft to the nearest outpost on the fjord. These craggy fastnesses hold a handful of people who have managed to make themselves self-sufficient and who are contented with struggling against a nature which has captured their very lives.

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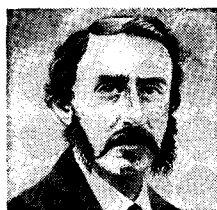
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*



(Bret Harte)

A Winnetka lecturer discovered a book in which it is stated that Mark Twain, whose favorite whiskey was Old Crow, invited author Bret Harte to his Connecticut home. Here Twain and his house guest joined in a drink to celebrate Harte's completion of one of his most entertaining stories.

*

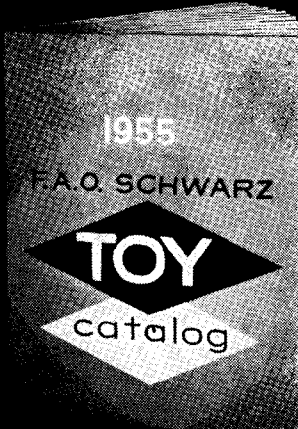


(Gov. Rob't Letcher)

A Kentucky scholar uncovered an original letter from Governor Robert Letcher of Kentucky written in 1849, advising his friend, Orlando Brown, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, D. C.: "Never open your mouth unless it is to swallow a 'leettle' drop of the Old Crow."

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In times past, it has been said, certain farmers refusing to pay taxes could quite easily avoid the visit of any government official attempting to collect the levy by simply pulling up the rope or ladder. But a more modern law insists that there should be some other access to all taxable property. Sometimes this means that a primitive sort of step is formed in the rock or that iron bars roughly provide a foothold, but the law is loosely observed and not many strangers are able to penetrate these castles in the sky.

Fishing and forestry

Perhaps because the very terrain of his country presents a stiff challenge to him, the Norwegian has come to love dearly the sea and earth which have provided his chief means of livelihood. Over the years, fishing, farming, and forestry have been the principal occupations of the large majority.

The fishing is mainly seasonal, depending to a large extent on the great migrations of fish along the coastal waters. For example, in the waters off the Lofoten Islands, north of the Arctic Circle, each year from about February 1 to April 15 great processions of fishing craft ply their way up and down among the skerries. The average catch at this time varies, but 80,000 tons is considered a rewarding result. Herring, cod, and halibut are most abundant, and modern freezing methods have facilitated the export of 90 per cent of the annual catch.

Whaling is also a major factor in the Norwegian economy. Each year expeditions are conducted in far-off Antarctic seas where certain islands and a part of the mainland have been Norwegian territory for some two decades. Whale oil is drawn at huge factories at sea and is sold abroad in great quantities.

The abundance of birch trees and tremendous conifers provides lumber and pulp for paper mills situated in various parts of the country. It is quite common to see the circular nets of cut timber either floating like giant lily pads on the top of the inland lakes or being towed along by boat to a mill further on. In the past ten years, as much of the wood as could be spared without endangering the country's economy has gone into the building of houses, but a great deal



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of it is sent overseas. Norway's trees provide the products for about 25 per cent of her total exports.

Plentiful power

The many waterfalls that are to be found everywhere are harnessed to make electric power. In fact, Norway has such an abundance of electric power that most homes are even heated by electricity. Many people cannot afford the deluxe appliances that Americans are used to, but the power is available at very low cost.

Metallurgical and electrochemical industries have contributed to the economic expansion of the nation. And the steel plant opened at Mo i Rana, just south of the Arctic Circle, should help to cut the high costs of construction. Until now Norway has had to import all of its steel. The government has recently built an aluminum plant at Sunndalsøra, southwest of Trondheim, which will produce at least 50,000 tons of aluminum annually. These and other industrial schemes designed to put natural resources of water power and iron ore deposit to more lucrative use should contribute a great deal to the nation's economic well-being.

Revitalized transport

Although maintaining the time-honored traditions of his ancestors, the modern Norwegian is not contented with staying in a rut. New techniques are finding their way into every occupation. Building and sailing sturdy ocean-going ships have long been the Norwegians' pride. They now can boast of the third largest merchant marine in the world, with a large percentage of sleekly designed motorships that would make almost any nation envious. Considering the fact that the merchant fleet suffered heavy losses at the hands of the Germans, the revitalization of shipping has been a gigantic accomplishment.

It is not only in the sea, but in the air as well, that great initiative has been shown. The Scandinavian Airlines System, with its inauguration of commercial polar flights from Oslo to Los Angeles and from Oslo to Tokyo, has clearly shown that Norway intends to take full advantage of her unique geographical position. Whereas formerly it took 70 hours to fly to Tokyo by way of India, it is now possible to make the trip in 32 hours by



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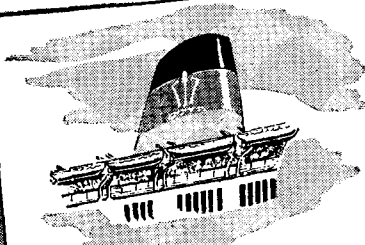


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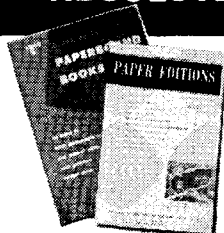
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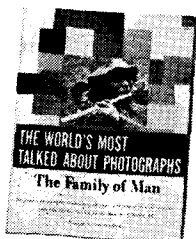
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way of the Arctic Circle; and air travel time from Bodø to Los Angeles is but 22 hours. The airport at Bodø, north of the Arctic Circle, is being enlarged to accommodate the increased number of intercontinental flights, caused by this revolutionary change in the system of flying routes.

Norway's social reforms

This change-over from an economy strictly geared to agriculture, fishing, and forestry to a more flexible and a more highly industrialized economy has, of course, been gradual, and was not accomplished without some growing pains. The high standard of living which the average Norwegian enjoys today can be attributed in large measure to the foresightedness of the Labor Party with its insistence on pension plans, regulated hours of work, and health programs.

Since 1909 this modern welfare state has had some form of health insurance. Under the present National Health Security System it is compulsory for all wage earners and optional for the self-employed. Approximately 85 per cent of the population come under the health insurance program, and benefit from the free medical care provided.

Those employed in dangerous occupations are covered by a special type of insurance which, in addition to medical care necessitated by an accident, guarantees workmen's compensation should it become impossible for the victim to work a full number of hours during the week.

An old-age pension scheme provides for all over seventy years of age who have no other means of support or whose income is inadequate. Norwegians also receive something similar to our unemployment compensation, but since 1945 there has been little unemployment.

As early as 1919 an eight-hour day was established as the legal working day, and by the following year most workers were given the right to two weeks vacation with pay. In the past eight years a three-week vacation with pay has been guaranteed to the large majority of workers.

The fact is that Norway's social reforms have kept pace with the industrialization of the country. As a result, though taxes to pay for the large

welfare program cut heavily into the weekly pay check, the average worker's lot is a happy one, unencumbered by worries about the future.

And this is in keeping with the Norwegian attitude that all work and no play was never beneficial to anyone. Although Norway has made great advances during the past half century, its people have never concentrated solely on the serious side of life. And when four o'clock comes each day, they leave their work behind them, for there is always a tomorrow. From Oslo it is but a short ride by *trik* to the Holmenkollen ski area; and in summer, sailing in the fjord is just as convenient.

Easter exodus

Easter marks the awakening from the long nights of winter and the return of the bright sun to the horizon. During the week before this event, there is a mass emigration from the cities to the mountainsides, and the capital city of Oslo seems a ghost town inhabited mostly by visitors from abroad. Families are off to their huts; hikers with their rucksacks begin their treks partly by train, partly by bus, to villages used as base camps for explorations beyond. Snow is still to be found on most of the slopes, and there is plenty of opportunity for cross-country walks on skis.

As the days encroach upon the nights and the midnights become twilights, the Oslo fjord abounds in sailboats and motor launches of all descriptions. The climax is reached on Midsummer's Eve in June when every available craft from kayak to fast motor-driven yacht is decorated with flags, bunting, and branches of birch trees, and every Norwegian who has a friend who knows someone who has a part interest in a boat gets aboard for the celebration.

The harbor for miles around resounds with song, and as the last rays of a late-setting sun cast their pink and purple shadows, small bonfires begin to appear on the islands and on the hillsides overlooking the city. Families and communities gather around the holocausts, fireworks spray the skies, laughter and gaiety echo roundabout. Here is a nation of modest, simple folk, spontaneously friendly, proud of its inheritance and its countryside—a sincere and stalwart ally.



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Hungary

TO SAY that the regimes in the satellite countries start sneezing whenever the temperature in Moscow drops is to use a cliché, but it does not even come near to explaining the appalling regimentation and uniformity imposed on those unfortunate nations by the Kremlin. A mere decade ago they were quite different from one another. All had characteristics of their own, good ones and bad ones. Within ten years they have been made over in the image of the U.S.S.R. They are all small Soviet Unions now.

This uniformity is not imposed by direct orders from Moscow. It is inherent in the system — the type of society, economy, and government — foisted upon them. They all have identical problems, needs, and difficulties in practically every sphere of life. If one knows one satellite, one knows them all. With a few minor variations in emphasis — not in substance or principle — the story is the same in any of the satellite nations from Czechoslovakia to Bulgaria on the Black Sea.

Through the same acts of terror the governments of these countries are trying to enforce the making over of an agricultural society into an industrial one which fits neither the resources nor the background or temperament of the particular nation and therefore encounters resistance at every turn.

The governments themselves have unintentionally caused the dislocations of manpower, the disruptions of markets, the destruction of their nations' natural balance. The results are a decrease in output and lack of food in countries which could produce plenty if left undisturbed. The governments counter these results with unsuccessful drives to step up production by coercion and terror and by greater emphasis on the principles which brought on the whole calamity. Then come still more resistance, suspicion, hatred, still lower morale among the people; and the vicious circle grows wider. In every satellite country these circles are about the same, and are created by their own force, not by the daily or weekly policy orders from Moscow.

Take Hungary as an example. Right now she is perhaps the black sheep in the eyes of the Com-

munist leaders. Not too long ago the magazine of the Cominform summed it up in these words: "In analyzing the economic developments the Central Committees of Communist and Labor Parties in the Peoples' Democracies have discovered . . . very serious difficulties. . . . One can see that the productivity drives have slackened in most Peoples' Democracies . . . [and] that this has been caused by poor leadership on the part of the Government and Party."

In Hungary, where a large decrease in productivity has been admitted over the past year and a half, party officials and publications have carried on a constant though unsuccessful campaign to remedy the situation. From their exhortations and accusations we learn what is going on behind the Iron Curtain of censorship and control.

For the time being, they say, it is impossible to boost production through construction of the additional factories which would be needed. This is why it is imperative to accomplish the goal without them. Of course that is easier said than done. But what lies behind this criticism and request is much more significant than the demand itself.

Agricultural cities

It has been said that the trouble with the Communists is that their prophet Karl Marx was a city boy who knew nothing about the farm and the farmer. This is true to a certain extent. But the problem lies deeper. The totalitarian Communist dictatorship can be imposed more easily on a city, on a factory, on a large group of people who are concentrated in a comparatively small area and who have little or no ownership of the tools of production or the land — which to a farmer is a major tool of production.

The system does not and cannot work with millions of individual farmers. Stalin discovered this despite his cruelty to the farmers in the 1930s; Tito grudgingly acknowledged it after the famine of 1948. Russia's present party boss, Khrushchev, several years ago drew the same conclusion when he advocated agricultural cities in which farmers would live like factory workers and then go out to

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the field every day as a factory worker goes to the plant. The scheme was a failure and came to a quick end by order of Stalin.

But the agricultural city is merely the collective farm on a grand scale, and the collective farm is still the core of Communist agriculture. Without collectivization on the farm, Communism ends; with collectivization, farms don't produce enough. This is the unsolved and probably hopeless dilemma of the Communist leaders: Can you have private ownership, capitalism, on the farm and Communism in the city? Naturally, this would mean a compromise in their whole ideology. Therefore the Communist leaders are forced to ride the farmer harder and harder, while his resistance grows fiercer, his output smaller.

A logical tactic of the Soviets and satellites was to overemphasize industry, which not only is more suited to regimentation but also promises the machines needed for a mechanization of agriculture. If farming is to be put on a factory basis, it must be mechanized to begin with. So the Communist countries plunged head over heels into industrialization regardless of the consequences to an already weakened agriculture.

From farm to factory

In Hungary the number of industrial workers increased by 54 per cent between 1949 and 1953. In 1953, roughly four years after the Communists really went to work remodeling the nation in the image of Karl Marx and Joseph Stalin, the number of industrial workers was twice what it was before the war and the number of construction workers was two and one-half times as great.

Where did all these hands come from? Some 200,000 were transferred from the land to the city. This may seem like a small number, but for a nation the size of Hungary it is comparable to transferring well over 4 million people in the United States from the farm to the factory in the brief span of four years.

The effect on agriculture has been extremely severe. It has taken the youngest, strongest, and most efficient elements off the farm and moved them to the city factories. The age level on the farms has risen sharply,

and efficiency and productivity have proportionally dropped.

These adverse effects, plus the lowered morale of the peasant, his unwillingness to produce in the shadow of a commissar, and the devastating interference of the commissars, have made Hungary a country of food shortages, whereas she used to be a country overflowing with food.

In desperation and out of resentment against the farmer, the Communists have adopted a principle of collective guilt, so to speak. A farmer is requested to deliver a certain quota of, say, grain or fruit. If he claims that his farm has not produced that much in the past year, he must buy the difference from another farmer, because he must deliver the quota whether or not he grows it himself. The latest idea is that the entire village is held responsible. None of the farmers is allowed to sell anything on the free market until every one of them has delivered his quota to the government.

The effect on industry

All this has pretty well ruined agriculture in Hungary, as in the other satellite nations. But has it helped industry? Here we can let the Communists tell their own story.

"While the workers are fulfilling their part as leaders with ever-growing self-assurance," wrote the official Communist Party paper in Budapest not long ago, "plenty remains to be done in improving discipline and fulfillment of duties. The reason for this is that about 50 per cent of the workers in industry and in the building trades have come from the farms. Some of these new workers have carried over the attitudes of the small landholders and the lack of discipline of the petit bourgeois. . . . Among the workers are many uprooted elements from other classes who are determined to wreck discipline. Their ideas have found fertile soil in many factories; discipline has been undermined; absenteeism has increased and so has restless shifting back and forth. . . . The productivity trend is unsatisfactory."

A few weeks later the same paper, *Szabad Nep*, again inveighed against these dangerous elements among the workers. "It is necessary," the paper said, "to take strong measures first

"...without Me, YOU Can Do Nothing"

It would be hard to convince some people that these words of Our Lord apply to them.

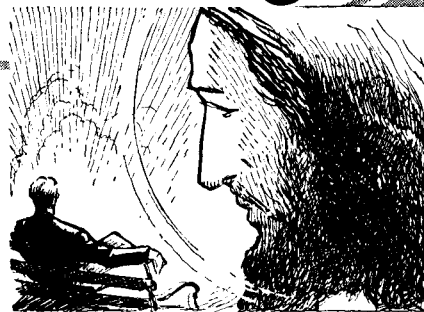
Like the Pharisees of Christ's time, they attribute their successes to their own merits. They may concede that they "got the breaks" now and then, but in the main they vainly think they have succeeded because of their own superior qualities. "Oh, sure," they may say, "God has been good to me" . . . but most of the credit they take unto themselves.

In this age of self-glorification . . . when so many seem convinced of the necessity of "tooting their own horn" . . . the Catholic Church may seem out of step in preaching its 2,000-year-old message of humility. And likewise unpopular with some people will be the Church's reminder that the sin of Pride still ranks first among the seven capital sins condemned by Christ.

Our hope here, however, is not so much to convince the willfully arrogant of the error of their ways. Our purpose, rather, is to point out that the capital sin Pride covers a multitude of other sins which are subtle and not easy to recognize. The Catholic teaching in this respect may not appeal to those afflicted by Pride, but we think it will be received with a spirit of good-will and approval by humble people of all faiths.

Pride, for example, can be a worse sin than murder under certain circumstances. It was the Original Sin. It is often the besetting sin of the individual who demands to see the divine credentials and assumes to judge God. And there are sins prompted by Pride which violate no civil law, yet are deeply offensive to God.

The Catholic Church constantly reminds its people to acknowledge their weaknesses and confess their sins . . . to realize that human merits are from God and are not due to the worthiness of



the individual. This confession of unworthiness is among the very first prayers uttered by the priest and the people at Mass, when they proclaim to God and to "all the saints" in heaven that they have sinned . . . "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Catholics, of course, are exposed to the same occasions for sinning as other people. And like others, they have the God-given free will to choose between sinning and not sinning. On the other hand, they have the guidance and help of the Church . . . and the Sacraments . . . in the struggle against temptation. How this help works with respect to the Seven Capital Sins . . . Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust . . . is shown in a helpful pamphlet which we will send you free on request. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-34.

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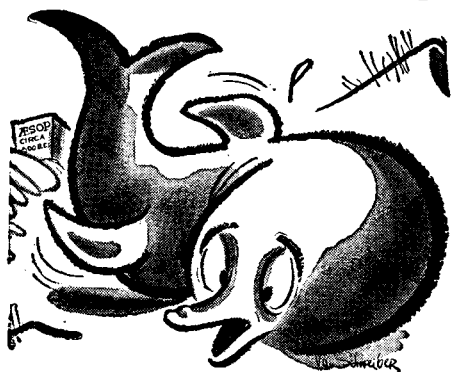
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THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN



The lion had his hands full fighting a wild bull, so he called on his friend the



dolphin who came racing in to the rescue. But once on land, the dolphin was as helpless as a fish out of water—could barely flop his way back to safety in the sea.

Aesop, of course, used this story a long time ago to say that when you need help be sure you ask someone both willing *and* able to give it.

We're using the story again because it still makes a lot of sense—especially in this business of investing.

Time after time, we come across people who call on the butcher, the baker—nearly anybody but a broker—for the investment help they need. Time after time, we see people buying stocks on the say-so of friends—or worse still—the passing remarks of a stranger.

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against those who do not conform to work discipline because in the past twelve months half a million work shifts have been lost through unjustified absence from work." This year coal production has lagged behind the already unsatisfactory output of 1954, according to *Szabad Nep*.

Slumping morale

So the transfer of anti-Communist elements from the farms to the factories has seriously and progressively undermined the morale and production of Hungarian industry also. But it would be a mistake to blame it only on the newcomers. The evil lies much deeper. The regular workers in industry, too, have little use for the Communist sweatshop principles.

In almost amusingly naïve amazement another Communist Hungarian paper, *Hirlap Gyor*, put it this way: "If occasionally good yarn reaches the weavers from the spinning mill, they still don't dare to produce more because the norm inspector stands behind them and would increase the norms. The higher norms would of course remain even when there is poorer yarn again. . . . A worker remarked: 'I have been a weaver for ten years now; I am considered an experienced laborer but this does not show in my wages.' . . . This is why one sees nothing but sullen, uninterested expressions on the faces of the workers."

The go-slow movement is growing fast for these and other reasons, and the effects have multiplied the difficulties. Nonfulfillment of orders, belated shipment of raw materials and products, are playing havoc with production schedules, compelling plants to slow down even more drastically than their own labor trouble necessitates, and so more work hours are lost. This boosts production costs and cuts the much-demanded productivity.

There are two additional signs of low morale: an ever-growing rate of industrial accidents and a mounting number of thefts of raw materials and tools from the plants. The death penalty has been employed as punishment for such "crimes against the nation" as stealing a few dollars' worth of stuff from a state-owned factory. But not even such Draconic measures have been effective, and Hungary now has set up what are

called "honesty brigades," which are supposed to "guard the nation's property."

Resistance among youth

The Communist revolution has also boomeranged in two other spheres. As in the U.S.S.R. and in the other satellite nations, the Hungarian party bosses have waged a fierce war against the well-to-do classes, the professions, the former merchants, and the kulaks or once comfortably off farmers. None of them has been allowed to give his children a higher education. Now the government has discovered with amazement and chagrin that "it must be noted with regret that especially the children of workers and small farmers do not want to study."

This lack of interest is not confined to studies in the scholastic field; it also applies to the learning of the ideas and theories of the party. So the party complains about lack of discipline, absenteeism, and malingering among youngsters as well as among adults.

Laments one Communist mouthpiece: "This proves that the studying youths have not been impressed with the merits of the Soviet Union. . . . Dissatisfaction with and contempt for our achievements, refusal to make sacrifices, and pacifism are not rare. Such weakness can be found particularly with the studying youth and the farm youth. . . . The influence of reactionary clergymen and in some areas even of the kulaks is spreading constantly . . . the number of illegal Sunday-school teachers has grown. . . . Education has not been sufficient to arouse in the youth love of and respect for the Soviet Union and friendly nations."

The regime has been unable to impose its principles on the nation—not even on the younger generation, whose entire education has been dominated by Communist regulations. Obviously, despite all totalitarian ruthlessness and trickery, a large proportion of the population has remained immune to indoctrination.

A rather revealing instance came to light in an indignant outburst of one Hungarian party paper last May when it complained that the party's candidate for chairman of the council (mayor) in one Hungarian town was beaten by the former chairman, who

had the support of the kulaks and reactionary elements. How did he do it?

He spread the rumor that the first act of the new mayor would be to close the churches, and so a whispering campaign started against electing any party member to the council. It was a partial success, preventing the election of several comrades. Needless to say, headquarters in the capital put things "right" in the end by force, but not until after a county commission had failed to straighten out the situation, which indicates that the grass-roots uprising was not confined to the town but had even affected the trusted party investigators on the county level.

Tightening the reins

This poses the ultimate question: In whom can the regime trust if not in the peasants, the workers, the Communist-educated youth, or the functionaries on the town and county level? The answer is pretty obvious: They can trust only in the bayonets and bullets of the militia. In other words, they have returned to the old imperialistic slogan that war is the continuation of politics by other means. This is why, over the past year, terror, arrest, deportation, and show trials have reached a new high.

The Hungarian rulers especially remember that it was their party which first tried to copy the Soviet experiment after World War I in the blood-stained regime of Bela Kun, who had no more popular support than the present government. But Bela Kun was followed by the first Fascist or Nazi-type regime, even prior to Mussolini and Hitler. So the Communists will take no chances. They know the alternative to their terror methods is not compromise but suicide. Unwilling to commit harakiri, they have only one choice: namely, to tighten their grip still further. This they will do to their last ounce of strength.

Any display of more liberal policies is merely a show and temporary. In the end they must carry on according to the principle by which they have gained power, the principle of force. Then they cannot but alienate wider and wider segments of the population, including the working class. They cannot help sowing the wind, and they are bound to reap the whirlwind.



A LITTLE HELP NOW . . .

The furor raised by the Rudolph Flesch book, "Why Johnny Can't Read", still surrounds us. But autumn's swirl — world series, social life, business — is consuming and few parents, even of "Johnnys", get around to making any change until failure-time . . . June . . . after a wasted year. People are just too busy.

But — if your child has to face complete failure, help may be too late, and private help will be hard to find. Watch him now!

If *your child* seems upset and is floundering in his school work . . . Don't wait out this "stage"! A little help now — a change in school and environment may mean the saving of his school career.

There is no *one* "right school", nor can any parent afford to feel stymied about school. Awareness of the child's situation, careful consideration, investigation of local and boarding schools are your first steps. You are bound to find a choice beneficial to your child and compatible with your pocketbook. Tutoring schools, year-round schools, military schools — there are all sorts of possibilities.

Of course, your child's situation may not be serious, but you may not be entirely satisfied with his present school set-up. In any case, we advise that you start looking early in the fall. School enrollments are at a peak. Applications must be in early for mid-term and for next fall.

We shall be happy to suggest schools for you to investigate. Schools will be selected entirely according to your child's needs, and no preference is given to those advertising in this magazine. However, the directors of schools listed in any issue will welcome your questions and help you in every way they can. When writing to us, use our coupon and add all details which will be significant in your selection.

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STUDENTS — PARENTS GUIDANCE DIRECTORS

Our 1955-1956 School and Camp Guide has just been published. For information on many of the better schools and camps — also tips on Home Study — write for your free directory.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16**

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New York, New York

PERSONAL DATA

For a boy or girl.....

Present grade..... and age.....

Entering when?

Boys..... Girls..... Co-ed.....

Location of School.....

Large or small

Approximate total cost:

Special activities:

.....
.....

Name
(Parent or guardian)

Address

Telephone number

A-10-5

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Exercise and Obesity

SIR:

The closing paragraphs of Dr. Jean Mayer's article, "Exercise Does Keep the Weight Down" (July *Atlantic*), carry educational implications which those of us in the relatively new profession of recreation have long been trying to impress upon a tradition-bound public.

In brief, our school physical education programs should train youngsters in a wide variety of skills and physical activities with a carry-over value into later life. Instead we tend to cater only to our outstanding athletes in a highly competitive program based on the three major sports — football, basketball, baseball.

Ramifications of this traditional program have been demonstrated by undesirable psychological and sociological manifestations. Some of these are: —

1. Students and parents place an inequitable importance upon prowess and success in athletics in relationship to the overall school program.

2. The nation has become dedicated to spectatoritis.

3. Extra services are given to the physically well-endowed rather than to those pupils who are in dire need of therapy and instruction in physical activities.

4. Fear of failure and ridicule prevents many youngsters from exposing themselves to game-centered activities in which a person is rated and judged only upon his degree of skill.

5. Programs are evaluated on the success of athletic teams rather than upon the quality and quantity of educational and recreational service to the community.

When great forward strides have been made, it is unfortunate that many physical education and recreation programs pressured by well-meaning but misguided leaders and adult sponsors magnify and perpetuate the situation by presenting unbalanced programs offering a minimum of activities to only a small proportion of the community's youth population.

MORTIMER H. MORRIS
Montrose, N.Y.

SIR:

As a physician who is constantly faced with problems concerning weight reduction, I was greatly encouraged by the publication of Jean Mayer's article. I, too, believe that exercise keeps the weight down, but some of my obese patients do not share my theory.

VIRGINIA L. MORELAND, M.D.
Denton, Tex.

"Teen-age Criminals"

SIR:

To place primary blame for the rising tide of juvenile delinquency on the failure of parents to assume their rightful burden of responsibility, as does Judge Elijah Adlow in "Teen-age Criminals" (July *Atlantic*), may state an accurate premise, but it does not support his conclusions. If he is satisfied, on this premise, merely to exhort parents to do their duty, he will, I suggest, enjoy this empty satisfaction and no more. Nor will an increasing judicial severity upon the juvenile offender contribute more than a confirmation of criminality in persons who usually are sooner or later to be released into society.

If the fault lies in the omissions of parents, then correction must come either in remedying the fault or in otherwise supplying the omissions. One sure way to fail is to exhort alcoholic and immoral parents to mend their ways, or mothers who work, often because they believe it a financial necessity, to quit working. At the very least, we might be concerned that the next generation of parents be no worse and preferably a good deal better than the present. This, as an organized society, we can accomplish only through agencies other than the homes of the future parents, for those homes are presided over by the parents of the present generation who, we admit, have failed to prevent delinquency in their children.

The fact is that many children of inadequate parents have achieved success in the orderly pursuits of modern life and in the rearing of their own families. It may be fairly speculated that these persons gained the motivation for their accomplishments through some rewarding contacts outside their own homes. Schools, churches, youth organizations, and — for the juvenile delinquents — judges, enforcement officers, and probation officers may supply such contacts. It is certainly realistic to admit that these agencies have so far proved inadequate to the enormous task. But it is certainly not realistic to lump them together with an already outmoded philosophy of parental *laissez faire*, label the whole ball of wax "The New Liberalism," and thereby condemn the agencies for the failure of the philosophy.

JOHN DEJ. PEMBERTON, JR.
Rochester, Minn.

"Accent on Living"

SIR:

It is disgustingly evident that Charles W. Morton gave as good as he got in the August *Atlantic's* "Accent on Living," describing his cruise as a civilian guest aboard a Navy destroyer. No doubt writer Morton received the usual red-carpet treatment — special tour by the captain, a mess boy to serve his meals, a berth in "officers' country." And, as was expected of him, he paid his debt to the Navy through ridiculous effusions of approving propaganda.

Witness such remarks as these: "All the *Hancock's* people felt that destroyers are just right"; or, "... every man with whom I talked aboard the *Hancock* was convinced that he was riding the very best [ship] of the lot"; or, "Everything's a tight fit and everyone is humorously accommodated to that circumstance."

Well, la-de-da. Really now, not just right, not every man, not the very best?

Writer Morton and this reader must have seen two very different Navies. And judging from the present low re-enlistment rate, no one else has seen Morton's Navy. This is not surprising; such a Navy exists only in the minds of brainwashed civilian writers.

DEWEY CLIFTON BROCK, JR.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR MR. BROCK:

Your letter convinces me that there must indeed be two Navies, and I shall continue to prefer mine to yours.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. MORTON

"Destry and Dionysus"

SIR:

My sincere congratulations to Martha Bacon on "Destry and Dionysus," which came out in the July *Atlantic*.

Having known Faust about the same time she did, I read with interest what she had to say about a very strong and unusually talented man. To me no one could have written a more sympathetic description or given a truer picture of the personality of Faust.

Martha Bacon, although only a child in those days, was so impressed by him that after all these years she can still make alive so vividly the vital, charming, and completely unpredictable Faust.

I feel sure all the people who knew



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

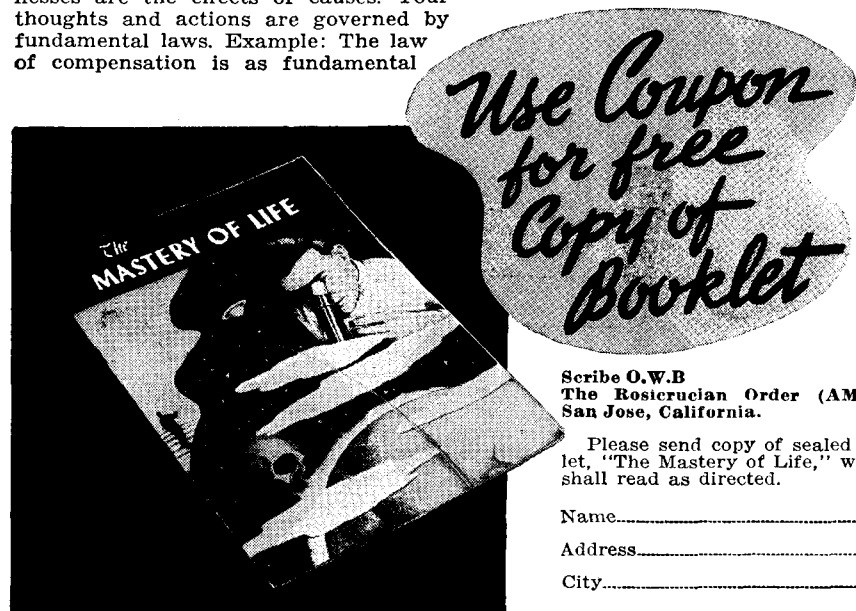
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



Scribe O.W.B.
The Rosicrucian Order (AMORC)
San Jose, California.

Please send copy of sealed booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Is Erika really free?

Erika fled with her family past the Iron Curtain to Western Germany. But now she and her family are bound by new shackles — the bitter chains of poverty. In their escape from oppression, the family left behind practically all their belongings. There is little for Erika — inadequate shelter, no warm coat for the approaching winter, worn-out shoes. Erika doesn't understand all that has happened. She only knows how hungry she is, how lonely she is without her toys, how bleak her new life is.

You can help a child live for freedom — Erika is but one of thousands of youngsters who escaped Communist slavery only to face the spectre of want in Free Europe. Through the Save the Children Federation you can provide one of these little children with supplementary food, warm clothing, shoes, bedding and other necessities. You will receive the story — and a picture, too — of the youngster you sponsor. You may write to "your" child and the family so that your generous gift of material aid becomes part of a larger gift of friendship and understanding.



You can also sponsor a child in Finland, France, Greece, or Korea. The cost to you is only \$120 a year, (\$10 a month) — little enough to prove to a child that freedom's way is the heart's way. Mail the coupon today!



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- I would like to sponsor a needy child _____ (Western Germany, Finland, France, Greece, Korea, or where need is greatest. I will pay \$120 for one year. Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, \$30 for the first quarter ☐, \$10 for the first month ☐.
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Faust will read with great appreciation Martha Bacon's recollections of him.

A. BALDWIN
Florence, Italy

SIR:

If I'm not too presumptuous, I should like to add a final chapter on Heine Faust. I knew him in Hollywood before he embarked as a foreign correspondent.

While serving Warner Brothers as story editor, I engaged Heine for writing assignments. I got to know him well. At first he eyed me suspiciously, under the impression that I didn't know the difference between a dactyl and a spondee. But soon he warmed up to me most graciously.

He had a charming habit of going off to lunch at twelve o'clock and not returning until about three-thirty, when he would put in an appearance in my office, a little shaky in the knees. I knew he had used the greater part of the afternoon for drinking. There were two rules that the head of the studio laid down during office hours: one, strict observance of working hours; the second, no evidence of alcohol. Whenever Heine would come in at three or four o'clock, I was terrified that he would run afoul of the boss; consequently, I always led him to his office. Moreover, I always falsified his time report in his favor. These are a few of the little deeds I did for him, which need not detain us.

Suffice to say that Heine's office, during his sober moments, was crowded with writers who discussed their problems with him. Not once did he fail them. He had a princely aspect about him and many a time he would wander into my office to sing the praises of some writer or other whose job was a little shaky. I also suspect that he performed the writing chores for them. When Richard Aldington joined the staff, he was a little bewildered until Heine came to his rescue. I remember him telling me not to sell Richard Aldington short, as well as other writers who were a little uncertain. In my talks with Heine, I gathered the impression, beneath it all, that he regarded himself as a deep failure, even though he commanded the highest prices in the wood pulp field.

I remember the day he notified me that he was to leave as a foreign correspondent. I told him this was a young man's game; whereupon he de-



The 1956 Atlantic \$5000 NON-FICTION AWARD

WHAT KIND OF BOOK?—

It might be the autobiography of an archaeologist or an aviator or the mother of a large family. It might be a character portrait of an endearing and unforgettable American, or a book of personal adventure or philosophy. It might be a study of race relations or the latest innovations in agriculture. It might be a book of science or of social science, or a work throwing the spotlight of criticism on any of the vulnerable aspects of our democracy. It could be a book about personnel relations or the history of our labor unions, whose rise to power is seldom discussed in other than violent terms. The winning book does not necessarily have to be on an American subject. It could come from England or the Continent. It must be in English, typed, unpublished and distinctive.

The manuscript should not be less than 70,000 words or more than 150,000. And it should be veritable.

CONDUCTED BY—

The contest is conducted by the Atlantic Monthly Press in association with Little, Brown and Company. No Entry Blank is required.

THE PRIZE—

A prize of \$5000—half as an outright prize, half as an advance against royalties—will be awarded the winner.

**All Manuscripts Must Be
Submitted On or Before
MARCH 15, 1956**

**THE ATLANTIC
NON-FICTION CONTEST
for 1956**

8 Arlington St. Boston 16, Mass.

nounced me sharply and said, "I'm going to be attached to a division; I'm going to follow it into battle. If the men are brave, I will praise them; if they are cowards, I will damn them."

With that we shook hands warmly, and that was the last I saw of him. I did read somewhere an account of his mortal wound from a sergeant who was an eyewitness. He wrote that Heine was laid low by a shell. A medic tried to pick him up but he waved him aside and said, "Don't bother about me; take care of the other boys." Within seconds, Heine had gone to his reward.

JAMES J. GELLER
Hal Roach Studios
Culver City, Calif.

I Personally —

We thought you might be interested to hear about one instance in which your publication was very useful.

Some time ago a neighbor was having trouble with his aquarium; the water persisted in becoming cloudy. We remembered seeing an article in an *Atlantic* on this very subject. We found it, lent it to the friend. Eventually he returned the copy with many thanks. He had followed directions, the trouble had been solved, and enough time had elapsed so that he knew the cloudiness was henceforth preventable.

You may not remember the article. It is titled "My Aquarium" but, unfortunately, does not include the author's name. You will find it on page 426 — oh yes, in the February, 1958, issue.

The number is in a bound volume which my wife brought from her family home in Effingham, New Hampshire. The volume was part of her father's library.

HAROLD E. COWAN
Dedham, Mass.

In the opening years of the *Atlantic* all contributions in the magazine were anonymous. The author of the article in question was actually A. R. Coggeshall. — THE EDITOR

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.



WINS ESSAY CONTEST WITH N.I.A. TRAINING

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What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas — and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination, but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack — yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior, in each case, success can come only after the *missing links* have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided — incomplete. It needs rounding out.

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One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week, you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time, they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100 or more, for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, current events, travel, hobbies, literary affairs, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

For those who want to know—Free Writing Aptitude Test

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is FREE — entirely without obligation. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

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General Electric research and engineering are changing the way you will live

New ideas for electrical living are being perfected in 38 laboratories

Your home today and in the future can have comforts and conveniences you wouldn't have thought possible a few years ago. Here are just a few examples:

Now you can have a refrigerator, in white or in color, that is mounted on the wall like a kitchen cabinet. (See left.) The Weathertron, G.E.'s all-electric heat pump, can warm your home in winter, then reverse itself, and cool the house in summer.

There can be luminous ceilings in your living room, and lighting in all living areas that you can change to suit your mood.

It will not be too long before TV cameras will check the front door or a child's bedroom and "report" back to you on a living-room monitor. And in the future you may have a large-screen television set so flat it will hang on the wall like a picture.

Many more ideas like these—not only for homes, but for farms, industries and defense as well—are on the way from General Electric scientists and engineers. Our postwar investment in new research and development facilities, when completed, will reach 155 million dollars. And we will continue to invest in the future, because, as we see it, progress in "electrical living" has only just begun.



Electronic oven that roasts meats in minutes is being developed in our appliance and electronics laboratories. Executive Vice President Roy W. Johnson points out features of experimental model to a housewife. For the booklet, "Wonder Home of 1964," write General Electric, Dept. H2-119, Schenectady, N. Y.



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This is the first of two chapters which the Atlantic will draw from JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN's forthcoming book, Dylan Thomas in America. Mr. Brinnin, a poet and teacher long associated with the Poetry Center of the YM-YWHA in New York City and now teaching at the University of Connecticut, was instrumental in bringing Dylan Thomas to America in 1950. He handled the many and difficult details of the poet's three tours; he became an intimate friend who visited the Thomases in Wales, and the deeply troubled observer of an unfolding tragedy. His account of those fateful years is, as Katherine Anne Porter puts it, "most honestly and movingly and disturbingly told."

DYLAN THOMAS IN WALES

by JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

WITH my friend Bill Read from Boston, I sailed for England in July, 1951. When I phoned Dylan Thomas from London he asked us to come to Laugharne immediately, and we promised to arrive at the beginning of the next weekend. We took the rickety night sleeper of the Red Dragon from Paddington Station at midnight and got off at Cardiff just after sunrise. Through the kindness of the British poet Henry Treece, whom I had met in New York, I had been invited by Aneirin Talfan, a friend of Dylan's who was in charge of the Welsh Home Service, to give a lecture for the BBC. Our stopover in Cardiff was for the purpose of discussing with Talfan the nature of remarks I would make.

Our train from Cardiff to Carmarthen was slow and overcrowded with bulky children in scout uniforms. We watched the landscape change abruptly from the ravaged, begrimed valleys and sooty towns of the mining country to the electric green of the estuary region where sheep lay still as stones on hillsides and little picture-book castles were perched on promontories above inlets and the mouths of rivers. Pulling into Carmarthen in a hiss of steam, we sighted Dylan, the most important and impatient man on the platform. He was handsomely turned out in new tweeds, a bright silk ascot around his neck, a cap sitting rakishly over his protruding curls. He led us out to a waiting car he

had hired in Laugharne, and introduced us to his chauffeur, Billy Williams. We got in, settled back for the ride to Laugharne, went about three hundred yards, and stopped at a pub.

Some two hours and six or seven roadside pubs later, we had covered the brief thirteen miles to Laugharne. Entering the village at the beginning of the long Welsh twilight, we drove through crooked streets lined with gray stuccoed houses, caught sight of the jaunty little town clock-tower with its weathercock sitting in the wind, passed by the wooden turnstile leading to the Castle, and stopped in the seaside bottom of the village at the Cross House, the pub where Caitlin, Dylan's wife, was to join us.

It was the hour when the little pub was just beginning to fill up with villagers and Welsh song, the first notes of which struck us as curiously unmelodic and definitely off key. Through the din of rising choruses, Caitlin arrived, bringing with her two friends, the Leishmans, who had driven over from Swansea to have dinner with us. I was quite taken aback by her Celtic blonde beauty first, and then by the puzzling combination in her manner and bearing of the primitive and the svelte. She was fashionably dressed in a wide-skirted red coat, her loosely-combed flaxen hair falling brightly over her shoulders. Struck by her sharp, exquisitely fine-boned features, her composed, seldom-changing

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expression, her observant yet frightened or distrustful eyes, I mentioned to Dylan that he had not prepared me for her at all. I had expected a country girl. Minutes later, I noticed Dylan whispering to Caitlin. "Didn't I *tell* you?" I heard him say, and he came toward me. "Caitlin says you're just as nice as I said you were, but she never believes anything I tell her."

Someone passed around a jar of pickled cockles and we ate these with our bitters as the pub became more crowded, smoky, and boisterous. A grimy man in a cap began to sing the Welsh national anthem. This was uproariously taken up all around, and we departed from the Cross House on a loud cracked crescendo of Welsh pride.

There were, we learned, two ways of going to the Boat House, where the Thomases lived. Over Caitlin's protest, Dylan decided that we should go, not through village streets and lanes, but by the seaside path which the tide washed over twice a day. First we had to cross a deceptively narrow rivulet. In attempting to make this in one leap, most of us came down ankle-deep in mud. Bill, carrying Caitlin, lost his footing, and they landed, sprawling, in marsh grass. We pulled them upright, but Bill's glasses had jumped from his pocket and had already been washed out to sea. Duck-footed, we picked our way along the oozing paths leading under the walls of Laugharne Castle and got to the Boat House through an opening in the breakwater that fenced in the small back yard.

We were deep in the misty gloaming by now, so that our first sense of the house was but a partially true one. Not until daylight could we understand that it was as much given to the sea as sequestered against it. Beginning with the terrace, on which stood a few old weather-beaten chairs and a knob-kneed table, there were four ascending levels. Advancing into the house by the back door, you stepped onto the second level, and found yourself at the foot of a stair well from which a dark genie's cavern of a kitchen led off to your left, and a shining ship-cozy dining room to your right. The stairs were as steep as those on shipboard, but you could keep your balance by hanging on to a rope railing as you ascended. At the head of the stairs, on the third level, was the front door. Opening this, you would find yourself at the bottom of a wild garden through which a stony, muddy path wound steeply upward through blackthorns and wild roses to a sort of promenade paralleling a mossy wall running along the property on which the Boat House stood. Leading off from the front door to the left was the bedroom of the oldest child, Llewelyn; to the right was the sitting room with an adjoining bathroom. To reach the fourth level of the house, you had to pass through the sitting room.

While Caitlin prepared our meal downstairs, we talked in the sitting room as the radio crackled with Light Program music from London. The sitting

room was informal, with a coal-burning grate over which stood a collection of china objects on the mantelpiece, and — except for a series of unframed Renoir prints Caitlin had tacked on the walls — wholly mid-Victorian in feeling. The night was warm enough to allow doors and windows to remain open; sleepy birdcalls and the wash of tidal waters filled the silences in our conversation.

Downstairs, the six of us crowded the dining table in a room so tiny that anyone could touch a wall just by reaching out. We were talkative as Caitlin served us a good dinner of baked ham and steaming greens, but most of the conversation was initiated by the Leishmans, who wanted to exchange with Dylan news of old friends they shared in Swansea, where Dylan had lived until he was nearly twenty. Caitlin had very little to say throughout the meal, and I had the feeling that she was meticulously observant but, for some reason, also suspicious. Her physical radiance, which, because she had no awareness of it, showed with a special charm, was a natural attribute; but within it, one felt, there was a spirit alternately caged and restless, quiescent and removed.

It had been a long day for Bill and me, and our pub-crawl along the road from Carmarthen had made us sleepy. When the Leishmans left soon after dinner, we were glad to retire. I was put in the sitting room, which in the nature of things was a thoroughfare for the whole Thomas family as they went to or from their bedrooms; and since Llewelyn was still away at school, Bill was given his room, which was decorated with drawings and photographs of airplanes and battleships, and had a library of boys' adventure books. Dylan and Caitlin retired to the fourth level, where Aeron and Colm, the younger children, were already asleep in an adjoining room.

2

THE soft singsong voices of children and the dazzle of the sea in every window woke me early. The whole family, except Dylan, had passed alongside my day bed as I slept soundly; now Caitlin, out of doors on the terrace, was calling us to breakfast. As we ate fried eggs in the sweet morning air, Dylan struggled out to join us, groaning, disheveled, but in his characteristically good morning temper, and began his meal with a plate of fried kippers.

Aeron, getting ready for school in the village, came to ask her mother to comb tangles out of her hair. Physically she struck me as being very much like Dylan, with large dark eyes, a ruddy complexion, candy-brown hair golden on the edges, and with a bearing that was staunch and self-contained. In the presence of strangers she seemed not so shy as preoccupied and indifferent. Behind her came Colm, the most beautiful child I have ever seen. His head might have come winging from some

Tiepolo ceiling on which bodiless cherubs gaze with a vague sweetness at some sacred event. Silent, attentive only to his mother, he showed no interest at all in the visitors, and shortly disappeared with a little hum of self-pleasure back into the house. As Caitlin worked over her daughter's knotted locks, Aeron grimaced, screamed, fretted, and otherwise dramatized her agony; yet she refused to allow her mother to give up until every hair was smoothly in place. When, finally, the ordeal was done with, she picked up her books, shot off through the house, up the garden. In a few minutes, looking overhead to the promenade, we could see her sailing by on her bicycle.

We went to the Castle after breakfast, Dylan jauntily leading Bill and me into the village along the high sea-wall. As we walked, I noticed a large bird on one of the sand bars exposed by the receding tide. It was sitting with its black wings stretched out in what seemed a very painful position to hold for more than a moment. Dylan said it was a cormorant. I asked him why the bird was holding itself in so awkward and torturous a manner. "He thinks that's what a cormorant *should* do," said Dylan. "Nobody ever told him otherwise."

To enter the Castle we had to pass through a turnstile where, at one time, visitors were asked to pay sixpence admission. The turnstile was untended now. Little trees and bushes reached out from the Castle at all angles. One had the feeling that the whole structure had passed through a kind of transubstantiation, that it was almost one again with the earth on which and out of which it had been constructed. Crumbling everywhere, its life running out like sand in an hourglass, invaded by flora and little fauna such as mice and owls, it seemed to be dying into time, quietly and without protest. By climbing wooden ladders placed inside one of the towers we came to a battlement. The roofs of Laugharne lay below and about us, as many-faceted and monochromatic as an early cubist painting. In the continually restless wash of the estuary beyond, snowstorms of white birds lighted on sand bars, then rose at some invisible signal, wheeled about, and snowed down suddenly somewhere else. The morning had begun to turn damp and gray; we were glad to scramble down from the crenelated heights and follow Dylan to Browns Hotel, where at last the pub was legally open.

Ivy Williams, the innkeeper of whom Dylan had often spoken and to whom I knew he was deeply attached, greeted us pleasantly but noncommittally and served us each a glass of pale ale. A motherly, girlish-faced woman with large intelligent eyes, she smoked cigarettes continually in a long black holder as she gossiped with Dylan. At the same time, she kept disappearing to watch over pots and pans on the stove, coming back to tend bar as other villagers came in for late-morning pick-me-ups.

Dylan's greetings to the villagers and theirs to

him were made in mumblings and monosyllables — a sort of respectful, familiar, yet at the same time distant exchange. They knew, of course, that he had business in the big world, that he had been to America, and that he was regarded importantly in London; and most of them had probably heard him on the radio or seen him on television. Yet nothing in their manner toward him suggested that they were particularly impressed, or even that they understood just what Dylan's distinction was. For his part, and without effort, Dylan's manner in his own village seemed to be directed toward looking and acting as much like everyone else as possible.

3

LEAVING Bill and me in the pub to chat with Ivy, Dylan went out to make arrangements for an automobile excursion he wanted us to take in the afternoon, and to call on his father and mother, who lived just across the street from the hotel. The day had become even more gray and cold, with a sea-chill that seemed to get through one's clothing and touch the skin. When we returned to the Boat House for lunch, Caitlin was not at all enthusiastic about Dylan's plans, saying that she would be happy to have the three of us go along without her. But she gave in to our pleadings that she join us, and we all walked back to the village. Dylan had again engaged Billy Williams and his old Buick, which served as a community taxi. We started out by driving northward to St. Clears, then westward, bound for the very tip of southwestern Wales.

Caitlin, seated between me and Bill in the back seat while Dylan chatted with Billy Williams in the front seat, began in a low voice to ask me about Dylan's amorous adventures in America. Surprised and uncomfortable, I was able to offer only a few vague answers as I tried to find some way of changing the subject. But my evasiveness displeased Caitlin and she did not hesitate to say so. When I could see that she expected me to share with her confidences I had had from Dylan, I was nonplused, yet hopeful of finding some means to save our being alienated so early in a relationship. I then tried to answer some of her questions but, with Dylan's head barely three feet away from ours, was hard put to say anything that would satisfy her, or to find a way to postpone so inflammatory a discussion.

Because of the Welsh practice of lining roads with high wind-breaking hedges, there was little in the way of landscape to see as we drove along. But eventually we came to an open space just a few hundred yards from the sea, and stopped before a barren little pub facing a rather desolate stretch of pebbled beach over which cold waves threw icy-looking dashes of spray. There was not a bather in sight, but Caitlin announced that she, at least, was going in for a swim. While the rest of

us adjourned to the pub, she changed into swimming clothes and, as we watched from the doorway, advanced without hesitation toward the black waters and splashed in. Huddling about the bar like orphans of the storm, we tried to warm ourselves with talk and drink until Caitlin returned, shaking water out of her hair and saying she was wonderfully refreshed. Shivery, we had another drink, climbed into the car, and moved on. But now there were further embarrassing questions and further congenial though ineffective attempts to evade or postpone them, to the point where I could sense that my lack of coöperation was setting up a tension with which I was quite unprepared to deal.

Caitlin had finally become silent, and perhaps a little morose, by the time we got to our destination, the village of St. David's Head. There we left the car to inspect the ruins of a monastery that once marked the farthest western point of medieval Christianity in Britain, and to visit the great crude-stone cathedral. We wandered in and out of huge galleries and took photographs on a greensward enclosed by great lichen-covered walls. The happiest result of our visit was a group portrait of Dylan, Caitlin, Bill, and Billy Williams. In spite of the rather low-keyed enthusiasm with which we had started on the trip, and against the low-voiced conversations and mounting tensions that dogged us, the group in the picture somehow looks beatific, almost Biblical.

Back in the car, Caitlin suggested that we return to Laugharne. Dylan would not hear of this, and appealed to Bill and me. We said we would be happy to do whatever they decided; but we both already knew that no one would be happy no matter what anyone decided. We sat in silence at a crossroads, the wind singing mournfully about our impasse. Then, with a shrug of resignation, Caitlin gave in, and Dylan directed Billy to drive us to a place where we might have tea. This turned out to be a stark white wooden house overlooking marshes on the outskirts of St. David's. As we waited, in magnified unhappy silence, for our skimpy servings of toast and tea, Caitlin remained wordless, her mind closed against the company and far away. Everyone was uncomfortable, restive, and no one could find any means of alleviating the worsening situation. Tea warmed our spirits but little, and when we returned to the car I knew that everyone felt as I did: that the trip had already shown itself to be misconceived, ill-assorted, and interminable. Again Caitlin suggested that we go home. I hoped, desperately now, that Dylan would agree, but he did not. He had in mind a place beyond Fishguard where we could have "a magnificent lobster dinner."

4

HEADING northward, ever further away from home, we were now a thoroughly disconsolate

party. The pub visits Dylan insisted we make every few miles of the way seemed only to deepen our despair. We would straggle back to the car, prisoners of one another, making fizzling little attempts by a word or a gesture to see ourselves in the absurdity of the predicament. But finally, as we rode along in utter silence, we rounded a hilltop to sight Fishguard harbor through a mist so heavy that it seemed permanent, then drove on toward what Dylan described as a famous old cove once used by smugglers and pirates. There, just a few yards from the sea, was a somewhat ramshackle clapboard inn snugly sequestered between cliffs. We were the only patrons. The flustered proprietress, who obviously expected no one on this miserable evening, greeted us with notably more anxiety than pleasure. The promise of a lobster dinner which Dylan had used in goading us onward was, it turned out, rather untenable. The proprietress said she had one lobster — a fairly good-sized one, to be sure — and that she thought she could "make it do." The thought of searching for another place to have a meal in which no one was interested led us to accept her offer without hesitation.

We were soon seated at a well-appointed candle-lit table. Barley soup came first, followed by a sort of salad within the depths of which we might search daintily for infinitesimal fragments of lobster. No one had enough poise to make a joke of this pathetic process, and we picked away in benumbed silence. Then Caitlin ordered our waiter to bring a bottle of white wine. For some reason, Dylan vehemently objected to this. A scene ensued; imprecations and sulky threats were exchanged as the wide-eyed waiter brought in the order and scurried back to the kitchen. Caitlin poured herself a glass, and the rest of us meekly followed her example. Candles flickered in the appalling quiet as, finally, we sipped tea and picked hungrily at a few gutted lobster shells.

As we were getting into the car to begin the long homeward trip, Caitlin ordered Dylan to sit between Bill and me while she joined Billy Williams in the front seat. We drove off, more bogged in hopelessness than ever. Dylan willed himself into sleep almost at once. It was dark now, and with Dylan suddenly unconscious our sense of being encased in a dilemma became even more acute. Caitlin began speaking to Billy and we heard her say loudly that she was anxious to get home, where she was expecting a visit from some "real friends, not Americanos." Other remarks, only parts of which I could overhear, carried the same resentment. Bill and I remained silent.

At last, but only after having been lost in fog several times at crossroads and having been misdirected by Welsh-speaking natives, we came upon the road to Laugharne and got back to the Boat House about eleven o'clock.

Dylan, urged from sleep, went directly and un-

speaking to his room. I was waiting for everyone else to retire before going to bed in the sitting room when Caitlin came up the stairs, brushed by me swiftly, and turned as she reached the entrance to the third floor. "Now you can see what I mean," she said angrily. "America is out!" Without a further word, she left. Bewildered, I conferred with Bill. We would have to leave, I felt, and at once. Consulting a railroad timetable, we found there was no train from Carmarthen before daylight. With Laugharne already bedded down for the night and "bible-black," we knew there was no exit.

We tried to come upon some hidden reason for Caitlin's displeasure and to arrive, with very little to base judgment upon, at some objective sense of our situation. Unless she regarded my refusal to relate details of Dylan's relations with women in America as a betrayal, we could find nothing overt that might account for her anger or explain her rudeness. We decided, tentatively, that we were but incidental victims of some old grudge, some old unresolved irritation between her and Dylan, or between her and Dylan's friends. Perhaps, we thought, but with no reason or faith, everything would be different in the morning. Perhaps the little storm our presence had brought on had really nothing to do with us. But we knew we were grasping at possibilities and feeding on cold comfort. We went to bed uneasy, unhappy, and wondering what to do.

5

IN THE morning Caitlin was as sunny and mild as the weather. She greeted us pleasantly, had big cups of tea sent up while we were dressing, and later sat down with us for breakfast on the terrace. It was as if the dreadful day before had never existed. As we sat in sunny ambience, throwing crusts of bread to expectant swans that floated by under the breakwater, we allowed the bad dream to pass. We would take the new day as it came. Soon Dylan arrived with a shining morning face that showed no sign of the stress which had, just nine or ten hours before, sent him into unconsciousness. When the meal was over, he guided Bill and me into the village to visit his parents in their little gray house, The Pelican, on the main street just a few steps from the post office.

His mother — short, voluble, with frizzy white hair — fussed over us and sat us down to a second breakfast of toast, tea, and a hard-boiled egg in a white china cup. His father, a lean, reserved man dressed with careful and quiet elegance, sat by the grate fire, an afghan over his shoulders. As Mrs. Thomas kept chatting inconsequential, clucking about the kitchen sitting room, one had the feeling that Dylan's father was content merely to observe this gathering of his son and his son's friends. Dylan fretted in some embarrassment under his mother's

overattentiveness, yet there was obviously a bond between them that nothing could embarrass. But if he was unquestionably the apple of his mother's eye, in his father's eye he was still an object of a curiously dispassionate interest. There was something respectful yet unmistakably distant and wary between the two men, something that made for a mutual lack of ease. His mother's busy solicitude, one felt, was an old familiar means of denying or ignoring this.

When she took Bill into her kitchen garden to help her dig some vegetables to bring to Caitlin, I had a rambling chat with Dylan and his father about an American's impressions of Wales and then about America and some of Dylan's adventures there. But no real conversation developed — mainly, I thought, because none of us, and especially Dylan, could break through the formal father-and-son relationship to say freely and unguardedly just what he meant.

David Thomas had been a schoolmaster, I knew, and I had learned from Dylan that much of his own early education had been more the result of his father's tutelage than of formal schooling. Not until after Dylan's death did I learn that his father had had an early unrealized ambition as a poet. This revelation explained somewhat my feeling that Dylan's father looked upon him with as much curiosity as with pride. The poet *manqué* had brought the poet *réussi*.

When Bill came back into the kitchen with a basket of beets and carrots and tomatoes, we said good-by and were ushered through the long dark middle hallway that conventionally divides Welsh houses.

Dylan now wanted to go to the pub at Browns Hotel, but since neither Bill nor I was ready to begin another day's drinking, we all three parted to go separate ways. Bill went off through the village to climb the hedgerowed slopes of Sir John's Hill; I went back to the Boat House and into Dylan's studio to make a first draft of my radio script.

The studio, which Dylan called "the shack," was painted green, perched above the house and about a hundred yards from it on the stone-walled path leading into the village. While it was no more than ten feet long and seven feet wide, large windows on two sides brought in sunlight and sea light, saving it from seeming cramped. One window looked upon a watery vista — shallows between long sloping hills — terminating in the Irish Sea; the other looked out across the narrow part of Carmarthen Bay toward Sir John's Hill. The interior, originally whitewashed, was now a grimy, weather- and insect-speckled gray. On the walls were tacked-up photographs which wet weather had curled or faded or mottled with mildew. Topmost in the room, over the small wooden table that served Dylan for a desk, was a handsome portrait of Walt Whitman. Other photographs showed Marianne Moore in a big black

hat, a youthful version of Edith Sitwell, a study of a Mexican mother and child by Cartier-Bresson.

As a whole, the studio was a rat's nest of chewed, rolled, and discarded papers — piles of manuscripts, unanswered (often unopened) letters, empty cigarette packages, small stacks of literary periodicals, tradesmen's bills, and publishers' brochures. Snatches of reworked poetry lay under empty beer bottles. Volumes of poetry moldered where they had been placed months, years, before. Besides its single table and two straight-backed chairs, the studio contained three or four half-filled cartons of books and a small black coal-burning stove.

I cleared a small space for myself in the litter of the table top, opened a window to let out wasps that had suddenly come to life, and sat down to make notes for my broadcast.

A few hours later Dylan and Bill came to take me to the Cross House, where we drank for a while as the customary Saturday night song-fest raged about us. We bore it until our eardrums ached, then said good-nights and walked by the village route back to the Boat House.

Sitting down to dinner some time after ten, we came around to discussing weird murder cases and our various notions of proper punishment for convicted sex fiends. Dylan zestfully told of a man who had disemboweled a young virgin, arranged her entrails in decorative patterns, and written her name in her own blood on a windowpane. Caitlin felt that this was a case where the murderer should receive the same treatment. Dylan felt that all sex fiends should be shot.

There seemed to be no disagreement in their points of view, but as the gruesome conversation progressed I became aware of a rising tension between them and of a tendency in Caitlin to ridicule any idea that Dylan might express. Holding an empty matchbox in his hands, Dylan suddenly flipped this in Caitlin's direction and it landed on her shoulder. She picked up the matchbox and threw it in his face. Dylan said that that was unfair — the matchbox had just slipped from his fingers. Before he could finish his sentence, Caitlin, with one fierce grip, reached for his hair and pulled him out of his seat and onto the floor. The first thing Bill and I knew, we were in the midst of a melee. Chairs got knocked over, dishes were pushed from the table as, blow for blow, the combatants wrestled toward the kitchen. Gaping, we sat benumbed over our cooling food and listened helplessly to sounds of skirmish coming from the next room. With a sudden sharp cry, Dylan broke away and we could hear him running up the stairs. In a moment Caitlin came back to the dining room and, towering over us, her eyes flashing, her face steely, said, "Thank you for helping a lady in distress!"

Stunned by the episode, we tried limply to explain that we felt we could not interfere, and attempted otherwise to make some semblance of

conversation that might lead us out of nightmare. We were successful in this, oddly enough, and a long discussion of Dylan's and Caitlin's married life ensued. Listening, not without genuine sympathy, to her litany of Dylan's inadequacies as a father, husband, and provider, we had come upon the one means of gaining Caitlin's interest and, temporarily at least, her acceptance. In our shaken state, Bill and I could contribute little but monosyllables of agreement and, we hoped, understanding. But our small response seemed no discouragement to Caitlin, and she poured out her grievances for more than an hour.

During this monologue I found the telling clue to her distrust and dislike of me. "Dylan always speaks of you as his closest friend in America," she said, "but all you do is flatter him and make him feel like some sort of god. When he came back from America his head was bigger than ever. They ought to know what he's really like in America — all those fool women who chase after him while I'm left here to rot in this bloody bog with three screaming children and no money to pay the bills he leaves behind him. He won't go to America again without me — and I shan't go, so that's that."

She left us to our own devices then. Once more, confounded and dismayed at the unhappiness we had seen so blatantly expressed, we went to bed. The house where lived "the plagued groom and bride who have brought forth the urchin grief," the house which Dylan had described as "a sea-shaken house on a breakneck of rocks," was, we knew, shaken by something more violent and no less threatening than the sea.

6

WHILE we had now become used to the incredible, we were still incredulous when, once more, the morning revealed everything in order, everyone calm, soft-spoken, and congenially at ease. We played games with Aeron and Colm after breakfast, lazily fingered through the Sunday newspapers from London, and listened vaguely to religious music on the radio.

As Bill took his camera and was about to set off on a tour of the village, Dylan asked me if I would mind coming to the studio to hear some of his new poems. Taking two bottles of ale with us, we climbed through the brambled garden, walked along the upper wall from which we could see the great esses the tide left in the estuary, the "scummed, starfish sands/With their fishwife cross/Gulls, pipers, cockles, and sails," and went into the studio.

He first read "In the White Giant's Thigh," then "Poem for His Birthday." His reading in private, while naturally less loud, was fully as rich and dramatic as in public. His professional attitude toward each poem as a text to be communicated dissolved any feeling of embarrassment that might

have touched so intimate a performance. Then he scrawled the inscription, "To dear John from cheap Dylan, with love," across the bottom of a type-written copy of a poem he was going to use as a prologue to the new English and American editions of his *Collected Poems*, and asked me to read it. But first he would have to point out the rhyme scheme, which he did not think anyone would notice without careful study. The first line of the first section rhymed with the last line of the second section — with one hundred other lines between; the second line of the first section with the second last line of the second section, and so on until lines fifty-one and fifty-two formed the only rhymed couplet in the poem. When I expressed amazement at the intricacy of this scheme, Dylan said, "As a matter of fact, the poem began as a letter to you."

"What happened to the letter?" I asked.

"I just kept the idea and some of the images and went on with the poem instead."

He had finished another poem, still untitled, which he had written for his father, who, he felt, had but little time to live. It began, "Do not go gentle into that good night." I asked him if he had shown the poem to his father. He had not, he said, but hoped he would have the courage to read it to him very soon. What he most wanted me to hear were fragments of a "kind of play for voices" he was thinking about. This would be called "Llareggub Hill" and was to be a dramatic poem on the life of a Welsh village very much like Laugharne. It would have no conventional dramatic continuity, but would consist of an interweaving of many voices, with the strong central voice of a narrator to supply the unities of time, place, and situation. He then read me the section that revealed Captain Cat speaking the dreams that take him back to a life at sea. This was one of the fragments that were to be expanded into his last work, *Under Milk Wood*.

7

WE BEGAN to speak of working methods. I had noticed that on many of his manuscripts Dylan would add a single word or a phrase, or a new punctuation, then recopy the whole poem in longhand. When another addition or revision was made, no matter how minor, he would copy the whole poem again. When I asked him about this laborious repetition, he showed me his drafts of "Fern Hill." There were more than two hundred separate and distinct versions of the poem. It was, he explained, his way of "keeping the poem together," so that its process of growth was like that of an organism. He began almost every poem merely with some phrase he had carried about in his head. If this phrase was right — which is to say, if it was resonant or pregnant — it would suggest another phrase. In this way a poem would "accumulate." Once "given" a word or a phrase or a line, he could

often envision it or "locate" it within a pattern of other words or phrases or lines that, not given, had yet to be discovered.

He had picked up somewhere a notion that he liked: poems are hypothetical and theorematic. In this view the hypothesis of a poem would be the emotional experience, the instant of vision or insight, the source of radiance, the minute focal point of impulse and impression. While these make up what is commonly called inspiration, poetic logic should prove the validity of the ephemeral moments they describe. To look at a new poem, then, is to ask: How successfully does it demonstrate its hypothesis?

About the reading of poetry, he felt that only perusal of the printed page — or perhaps the interior critical monologue, or private discussion — could give to each poem the full concentrated time that any poem is justified in asking for the assessment of its success or failure to demonstrate its own hypothesis. In public, only the poem itself can be presented, and there its effect depends upon the immediacy with which the hypothesis, the moment and motive of inspiration, can affect the reader through his ear. In other words, and as he was later fond of saying, the printed page is the place in which to examine the works of a poem, the platform the place in which to give the poem the works.

There was one line in "Fern Hill," he said, that embarrassed him. He felt he should not have allowed the poem to be published until the line had been excised in favor of a better one. But months of thinking how to change it had led nowhere. When I asked him what the offending line was, he gave me a copy of the poem and asked me to pick it out. I could not. Then he pointed to the passage,

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the
gay house

Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart
was long,

In the sun born over and over,

I ran my heedless ways . . .

and said with a sneer, "'*Ran my heedless ways*' — that's bloody bad!"

Our talk rambled then, but I remember clearly Dylan's saying that now, finally, he was determined to write only "happy poems." But that was a great trouble — it was so very much more difficult to write a poem happy in sentiment, rather than tragic, and still manage to have it come out believable and good. He was absorbed in this notion, I could see, but also troubled. Implicitly, he was saying what many of his poems had already said: that his wisdom was the perception of joy — an insight so comprehensive and instantaneous that the meaning of joy is defined not as a relative state of human emotion but as another name for life itself. Yet there was little joy in his face as he thumbed hesitantly through a clutter of unfinished manuscripts, and little conviction in his voice as he spoke

of his writing plans. At last, as if to conclude our visit, he said that his aim now was to produce "poems in praise of God's world by a man who doesn't believe in God."

Stepping out of the shack into twilight, we went into the village to the hotel to drink bitters in Ivy Williams's kitchen and play nap with her and two villagers who dropped by. This was a card game; our stakes were big black pennies; a winning hand seldom resulted in a gain of more than sixpence. When we had played for about an hour, Caitlin came in. She had been across the street to visit Dylan's parents, who, she reported to the company, were outspoken in praise of "Dylan's nice American friends." They had naturally expected that Americans would be coarse and loud, she said, but felt that these two were "gentlemen." Still uneasy in the circumstances of the weekend, I was more pleased that Caitlin should want to repeat the sentiment than by the sentiment itself.

Dylan was reluctant to leave the card table, but after some urging Caitlin got him to leave the game and start for home. It was late evening, calm and starlit, when we reached the Boat House. Dylan said he was too sleepy for supper. Since Bill and I were departing early in the morning, we said good-by to him with some mention of a possible meeting a few days hence in London or a few weeks hence in Paris. After shaking hands with us in the sad-eyed, apologetic, winning way with which I was now familiar, he went off to bed. Sitting down to our final meal with Caitlin, Bill and I were apprehensive, but we need not have been. We soon talked at ease in the blue glow of the grate fire; Caitlin even spoke of coming to America, as if that were what she most had had in mind all along.

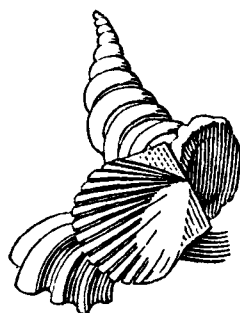
Next morning we were up at five. Caitlin gave us toast and tea, and in a warm farewell that seemed to cancel all our mutual misgivings, we carried our bags up the stony garden path and waved to her from the high gate. A hired car was waiting for us

at the end of the sea-wall. We drove through shining morning mist to Carmarthen and boarded a train for London.

Mr. Brinnin's manuscript was, of course, submitted to Mrs. Dylan Thomas; in consenting to its publication she asked that the following statement be included: —

There is no such thing as the one true Dylan Thomas, nor anybody else; but, necessarily, even less so with a kaleidoscopic-faced poet. He is conditioned by the rehearsing need to withhold from the light his private performance till it is ready for showing. I am not quarreling with Brinnin's presentation of Dylan. It is impossible to hit back at a man who does not know that he is hitting you, and who is far too cautious of the laws of libel to say plainly what can only be read between the lines. I want only to make clear that an intensive handful of months, at divided intervals, over a comparatively very short number of years do not, however accurately recorded and with whatever honest intentions, do justice to the circumference of the subject. And, though I have tried very hard to keep off this painfully tricky, already overwritten subject, I think it is only fair, after reading Brinnin's one-sided, limited to Dylan's public and falsely publicized life version, that I should try to show what went before. To give some dawning idea of the long-growing years, with none of Brinnin's skill but with a longer and, I hope, deeper understanding of the changing man hidden inside the poet. I feel that I should (that it is an Augean duty, pushed on to me against my will) do my best, with a still hot shovel of overloaded feeling and a lot of windily winding words, to vindicate first Dylan, then me, then both of us together.

And hope that the truth that I am trying blindly to say, to find out for myself, will come out through all the literary muddles and faultily not detached attitude. And I hope it is a better truth than Brinnin's.





In this pungent paper of dissension, HOWARD MUMFORD JONES laments the passing of the free elective system and explains why the compulsory and windy courses of today are having such a juvenile effect upon the college undergraduate. A scholar and author, Mr. Jones has been Professor of English at Harvard since 1936, and was Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences from 1943 to 1944, and President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences from 1944 to 1951.

UNDERGRADUATES ON APRON STRINGS

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

1

I WISH to argue an unpopular cause: the cause of the old, free elective system in the academic world, or the untrammelled right of the undergraduate to make his own mistakes. Doubtless my case is one-sided and prejudiced, though it seems to me the case for controlled education is equally one-sided; nor does the fact that controlled education is just now in the ascendant make the present system eternal. Doubtless also there was a vast deal of waste in the old system. But as I have seen no study of waste under the present controlled system, I am prepared to hazard the guess that the present philosophy, though it produces bright, interchangeable students in quantity with almost no pain, is not inevitably the philosophy of education that will preserve this republic unto the latest generation.

I take it everybody knows what is meant by the old, free elective system. It was common in American colleges and universities in the last decades of the nineteenth century, and it lasted into the twentieth. In its time it was heralded as a tremendous advance over an older form of educational control. Theoretically everything was wrong with it, if you are to believe the twentieth-century diagnosticians. It was, they pontificate, the quintessence of *laissez-faire*. It encouraged individualism — rugged or otherwise. It let the student choose his courses and his instructors, something that he had come to college to do. It permitted the lazy man to be lazy and it permitted the student who had found, or thought he had found, his vocation, to concentrate on that vocation — that is, in the jargon of the present hour, to “narrow” his education by electing courses that seemed to him to fit his own particular case. The theory of the old, free elective system was a function of an obsolescent notion of the college and of the university, a notion advanced by Ezra Cornell, who wanted to found a university in which

anybody could study anything. Nobody has ever made it clear to me why this idea is a product of the Old Nick himself.

Manifold objections were raised to the old, free elective system as practiced, for example, at Harvard under President Charles W. Eliot. It was argued that when an undergraduate could choose chemistry for fourteen out of his sixteen courses required for the bachelor's degree, he was not receiving a proper education. Whether the youth in question was merely eccentric I do not know — he may have been a genius, though I do not see how the authorities could tell; and all I can say is that, if you put college credits aside and look at the thing in terms of self-development, he was following the path originally trodden by persons like Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, John Stuart Mill, and Napoleon. The last was so bored by ordinary courses he showed no ability at Brienne except in matters that had to do with his genius for war. I have sometimes speculated what another Napoleon or Edison would do in our carefully calculated courses in general education. Is it at all conceivable that in setting up these required patterns of instruction we are either postponing or obliterating the expression of talent? This is, of course, the century of the common man. But I wonder what Leonardo da Vinci would do in the century of the common man.

It is also argued that the old, free elective system was, as I have indicated, a godsend to the lazy. I do not dispute it. I only want to know what the lazy are doing in the present well-regulated systems of general education. Have they disappeared from the college campus? Are these courses — overviews of the history of Western Man, for the most part — so exciting that the lazy now automatically catch fire and kindle to intellectual challenge? Am I to infer that pedagogical skill has so vastly increased,

the lazy have ceased to be? I have lately been re-reading Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, including the wonderful passage in which he narrates how and why the University of Chicago taught him nothing in particular and taught it very well. But nobody later than Mr. Sheean seems to have confessed. All I know has to do with the complaints of English teachers about the indifference of students to ordinary requirements in prose.

Another customary charge against the old, free elective system is that it overcompensated the "popular" teacher and ignored the specialist who really knew. Perhaps it did. But has the situation altered under the present controlled system? As I watch the ebb and flow of enrollment in various courses nowadays, I wonder whether the world of the campus has changed. I seem to see, cynical fellow that I am, the same fashions at work — a surge into psychology or social anthropology, a surge into Russian, a surge into modern poetry. I see, or dream I see, the idols of the campus drawing their usual full houses while the classrooms of essential scholars have their modest quotas where the real work of the university is done. I venture to doubt that the "popular" teacher has somehow miraculously dissolved into the smooth, impersonal fabric of required courses in general education.

Products of the free elective system, graduating any year between 1895 and 1915 (my dates are approximate, or, as the New Critics would say, symbolical only), came into social or economic or cultural or political power in this republic some ten or twenty years after being graduated. They fought World War I. They carried forward the technological revolution that accompanied or followed that catastrophe. They were in the saddle during the administrations of Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge, and you can, if you like, say they are responsible for the twenties, for the stock-market crash of 1929, and for a variety of other sins. Perhaps I have no defense. All I can murmur is that American literature, American art, American music, American science, and American technology came of age during this quarter-century; and though I am as ready as the next historian to admit that 1929 was a catastrophic year, I am not persuaded that the world-wide depression setting in at the end of the twenties was the direct result of the old, free elective system.

It is also argued that the free elective system did not produce an informed citizenry, aware of the glorious history of the United States, alert to the significance of Western culture, and alive to the philosophic values of democracy. I dare say some part of the charge is true. But as I think of the careers of Robert M. La Follette, Frederick Jackson Turner, Robert Morss Lovett, Edward A. Ross, Charles E. Merriam, Frank Norris, Albert Bushnell Hart, and a variety of other persons associated with education in those years, I wonder where these

characters and others like them picked up their singular dedication to civic virtue, and I speculate also on the immaculate morality of American public life when, some twenty or twenty-five years from now, graduates of the present controlled theories of education shall have completed their labors in the way of loyalty oaths and filled all the key posts of the republic with pure and righteous men. I seem to recall that teachers such as Royce with his doctrine of loyalty to the Great Community, James with his philosophy of the average man trying it on, and Dewey with his notion that if you want democracy you begin with the young — I seem to recall, I say, that these gentlemen had a particular knowledge of the democratic process. It would be vulgar of me to say that a crisp version of this philosophy may be found on the postcard which said: "Live every day so that you can look any man in the face and tell him to go to hell." On this assumption Mr. Lincoln Steffens seemed to think that there was something to be said even for the corrupt political boss, and Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch seemed to believe there might be something that Christian ethics had to offer society. Nowadays we have the disciples of Freud and the neo-Calvinists.

2

WELL, it may be asked, what have we substituted for the old, free elective system? The substitution is not altogether bad. We have many, many more undergraduates in our colleges than we had in 1880 or 1900, and we have to do something with them; otherwise they will be disappointed of a degree, and the consequences may be disastrous for college financing. And inasmuch as ours is an excessively mobile population, we have invented for education what we invented for industry — a beautiful system of interchangeable parts. You may start your education in California and finish it in North Carolina, but it will not be much of a jar as you move, say, from Stanford to Duke. If Harvard has courses in general education, so do several hundred other colleges. If Wisconsin has a student radio, so do scores of other universities. If Iowa has a student theater, so do Michigan, Yale, Texas, and, for all I know, The Greater Southwest Teachers College State University. The philosophy of rugged individualism, which in its time gave a unique flavor to the new Johns Hopkins University, has now so far passed from favor that when they instituted Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts, they ignored the opportunity to make an institution dedicated to intellectual excitement and created a school as much like the other schools around it as they could.

Putting intellectual matters aside, I submit that the motto of our present prevailing system of interchangeable parts is "adjustment." The freshman "adjusts" to his college. The sophomore "adjusts"

to his professors, and by and by the senior is supposed to "adjust" to the outside world, nobody asks why. I doubt that "adjustment" would have made much sense to Emerson or Thorstein Veblen or Edgar Allan Poe or John Sloan or Jonathan Edwards or Frank Lloyd Wright or Carlson of Chicago or Einstein of Princeton. In my observation the world adjusts to the genius, not the genius to the world; and if Woodrow Wilson was right in saying that the principal purpose of a liberal education is to enable you to know a good man when you see him, I doubt that psychological testing is a proper telescope. Of course it can be argued that the thousands who annually pass through the American college are not geniuses, and this is true. But what about the genius who would like to be trained in his calling? Are we keeping paths open for the lonely talents who really shape culture and who are not content to imitate culture in others? Or are we so universally bent on "adjustment," all in the interests of a smoothly running society, we propose to break or smother the John Reeds and the Thorstein Veblens before they develop into dangerous reds?

Adjustment operates, in the jargon of the day, on two levels: the intellectual and the personal. Intellectual adjustment begins as required courses for freshmen (and sometimes sophomores) who have commonly just escaped from a good many required courses in the secondary school. And these required courses are the products of the kindest thoughts and a considerable administrative skill. Their instructors are hand-picked and, being selected, brood conscientiously over Great Books, The Development of Western Man, Humanism, and other well-meant exercises supposed to replace the old, pernicious survey course in English literature or the history of Europe. Commonly, however, inspection shows that the new required courses are simply the old courses blown up out of all manageable size. I may call them processing courses; and like all processing, they are directed at the average, the medium, the median, or the mean, whatever one's statistical philosophy devises. The difficulty is that in these enormous surveys instruction, like the radius vector of the planets, sweeps over equal areas in equal times. Meanwhile those who are not average are bored.

But the precious ointment in our sight is not intellectual adjustment but personal adjustment, and this is a sacred cause — so sacred that we have invented a weird and unique hierarchy of secular priests to see that the student forever "adjusts." There is on the face of the civilized globe no other group like it. We have deans, tutors, counselors, vocational guides, counselors on marriage, alumni advisers, medical men, and psychiatrists. We have orientation week, campus week, the reading period, religious retreats, and summer camps. I am not prepared to argue down the validity of any one of

these inventions taken singly; all I am prepared to say is that, taken as a whole, they befog the idea that higher education is an intellectual exercise. Higher education becomes adjustment. And what these well-meant therapeutic devices do is to postpone decision-making. The symbol of this refusal to face the fact that in life as in war there are final occasions is the make-up examination.

Under the old, free elective system, when a youth went off to college, he went off to a mysterious place where he had to learn the rules by himself or suffer the consequences of not knowing them. This situation, however naïve in terms of "adjustment," had one big advantage: he was at last Away From Home. Going to college was like Bar Mitzvah in Hebrew tradition: once past it, you not only entered upon man's estate, but, moreover, there was no return. You had cut the leading strings; and the fiction of the nineties that pictures the Yale undergraduate with his bulldog and his pipe was true to the facts. Today we do not cut the leading strings, we merely lengthen them. It is not true that an American lad cannot make a significant mistake as a young collegian, but it is true to say that an entire battery of adjusters is happily at work to see that his mistakes shall never, never harm him. Mistakes should not be harmless. Experience, said Oscar Wilde, is the name we give to our mistakes. Take away the mistakes, and what good is the experience?

American college life is, or has become, a wan attempt to prolong adolescence as far as it can be stretched. If this seems excessive, look at any alumni reunion. To the intent of keeping the young idea in "adjustment" this regiment of supervisors dedicates a zealous professional activity. And their intent could not be more laudable. The intent is to promote the unalienable right to happiness. The intent is to do away with waste. The intent is, in the name of democracy, to see that the son or daughter of any or every taxpayer shall not fail. In order not to fail, the offspring must "get something" out of a college education. This, of course, puts an excessive strain upon the advisory staff, which forever demands more recruits, just as it puts an excessive strain upon the intellectual staff, and partly as a means of reducing this strain it has proved easier to channel young America into true and tried educational courses, usually set forth as required work in general education.

General education proves in fact to be a reduction in the classroom for average consumption of a certain average quantum of information about the behavior of Western Man. Why does this sort of thing represent an advance on my zealous scientific undergraduate who, inspired with enthusiasm for chemistry, took seven eighths of his work in what he came to college to find out? I cheerfully grant that, however superior as a chemist, he may have been a poor citizen, but are we turning out better

citizens? The hope of the republic rests upon an informed citizenry. All the investigations into the book-reading habits of Americans, college graduates included, reveal that the reading of books drops sharply at the school-leaving age, and that we read fewer books in proportion to our population than does any other nation of the West.

The ancient fable of Mark Hopkins on a log is only a fable, and I do not favor the log. But I do favor Mark Hopkins. That is to say, I think there is a good deal to be said for the lopsided zealot, on fire with fanatical enthusiasm for the first crusade, aerodynamics, quaternions, the Federal Reserve system, or the superiority of William Butler Yeats to all other recent poets. I do not expect him to transmit this enthusiasm to the sad

average, but I should like to give him the opportunity to colloquy with his younger kind. In Blake's words, the way to the palace of wisdom leads through excess. I suggest that our well-meant hope that waste may be reduced may mean that excellence is reduced also. I suggest that the purpose of an academic institution is, or ought to be, to produce men of singular and exceptional talent, not merely conformable citizens. I am not quite clear, and never have been, why everybody has to be exposed to equal parts of Euripides and Beethoven, the Middle Ages and modern times, biology and mathematics. Like Mr. James Thurber, all I could ever see in the microscope they gave me in botany was a reflection of my own eye.

But of course this is merely an exercise in dissent.



HADRIAN'S VILLA

by ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

WHEN the colossus of the will's dominion
Wavers and shrinks upon a dying eye,
Enormous shadows sit like birds of prey,
Waiting to fall where blistered marbles lie.

But in its open pools the place already
Lay ruined, before the old king left it free.
Shattered in waters of each marble basin,
He might have seen it as today we see.

Dying in discontent, he must have known
How, once mere consciousness had turned its back,
The frescoes of his appetite would crumble,
The fountains of his longing yawn and crack.

And all his genius would become a riddle,
His perfect colonnades at last attain
The incompleteness of a natural thing;
His impulse turn to mystery again.

Who sleeps, and dreams, and wakes, and sleeps again,
May dream again; so in the end we come
Back to the cherished and consuming scene,
As if for once the stones will not be dumb.

We come like dreamers searching for an answer,
Passionately in need to reconstruct
The columned roofs under the blazing sky,
The courts so open, so forever locked.

And some of us, as dreamers, excavate
Under the blanching light of sleep's high noon,
The artifacts of thought, the site of love,
Whose Hadrian has given the slip, and gone.



Radioactive fall-out from test explosions of atomic bombs has made clear to Americans that nuclear warfare would mean annihilation of large areas. Less well understood is the fact that leakage of radioactive materials resulting from careless operation of atomic power plants and other peacetime uses of nuclear energy can be just as deadly. For a sober review of the facts about radiation we turn to N. J. BERRILL, Professor of Zoology at McGill University. A leading embryologist and specialist in marine biology, Professor Berrill is the author of several books, including Journey into Wonder, Sex and the Nature of Things, and Man's Emerging Mind, which will be published this fall by Dodd, Mead.

THE MENACE OF RADIATION

by N. J. BERRILL

1

EVERY time an atomic bomb explodes, every time in the atomic age to come an industrial atomic plant erupts, every time we become careless in the disposal of atomic wastes that will accumulate in embarrassing quantities, the world we live in will become a little more radioactive. Some of the radioactivity will be short-lived; some of the products on each occasion will remain radioactive for generations.

If we make a persistent preparation for atomic war or if we develop atomic energy with the same carefree abandon characteristic of the industrial age so far, we can look forward to living in an environment increasingly contaminated with radioactive particles of kinds that can actually enter our system and lodge there with disconcerting consequences.

Radiation, even radioactivity, is not new. The life of the planet has been subjected to and in part called forth by solar radiation, both visible and invisible, from infrared to ultraviolet, and at all times has been bombarded by cosmic rays and the discharge of radioactive rocks. And inasmuch as living matter, whether of a pine tree or a man, embodies the earthly elements it feeds upon, we should not be surprised that we are to a slight degree naturally radioactive ourselves.

We take unto ourselves and incorporate into our very protoplasm whatever elements come our way, for better or for worse. The lighter elements come and go quickly, taking their place in the protoplasmic architecture within an hour or two of ingestion, remaining for a few days or weeks or even longer but sooner or later moving on as newcomers move in and displace them. Water itself behaves in this manner and so with carbon, nitrogen, oxy-

gen, sodium, potassium, and a host of others. The heavier and rarer elements tend to occupy key positions, like jewels in the chemical clocks, and remain in them for longer periods, perhaps indefinitely so long as they are not jostled out of place.

Insofar as there is a certain natural radioactivity in the earth and air around us, the radioactive elements responsible stream through our substance together with the rest. There is, for instance, the same proportion of radioactive carbon in our bones and tissues as there is in the atmosphere, which comes to us by way of the food we eat. There is even a trace of radium. The total radioactivity is measurable but it does us no harm, for it has been a condition of life for so long a time, probably even from the beginning, that all living processes are adjusted or reconciled to its presence. Trouble arises only when the external intensity of radiation or cosmic bombardment increases or when larger quantities of radioactive elements enter the living system and become built into the cells and tissues.

The effects of radiation are cumulative, and a dose is usually estimated as a product of intensity and duration. Radioactive agents may be of various kinds according to their source, and range from almost insignificant electrons of X rays to the massive alpha particles emitted by radium or the relatively enormous nuclear particles resulting from atomic fission. They all act in essentially the same way when they enter a living cell, although with varying effectiveness, and either act directly as disturbers of the peace or indirectly by jarring the native chemical inhabitants so that they in turn are stirred to unwonted action.

Sooner or later, depending on the size of the active agents, how many of them enter within a given

time, and how long the attack continues, some vital component of the delicate living mechanism will receive a direct hit or the whole will become so electrically charged by the invading energy that the cell either disintegrates or is so changed as to be a dangerous outlaw unable to conform to the rules of good tissue behavior. No matter how small the missiles thrown into the machinery or how gentle the trickle of electrolyzing energy entering the cell, if the activity is kept up long enough something vital will be damaged. For this reason there is no threshold below which man-made radiation can be considered safe. All radioactivity above the natural level is dangerous to life if continued indefinitely, and in the age to come public ignorance in this matter and official secrecy may readily become the unforgivable biological sin. Nature accepts no excuse for stupidity.

2

AT THE most innocuous level, radioactive substances are used for investigative purposes both in plants and animals, including humans. The radioactive isotopes of such elements as phosphorus and potassium are commonly employed to trace these elements through the tissues. Their radioactivity, however, is usually weak and the time spent in the body is short, so that radiation damage is negligible, as is the case when radioactive iodine is employed in localizing and estimating thyroid gland activity. The thyroid normally extracts iodine which has entered the blood from the digestive tract and builds it into its own active agent which regulates the basal rate of the metabolism of the body, but it does not discriminate between ordinary iodine and radioactive iodine, and when this is made available, the isotope rapidly accumulates in the gland with the rest and yields information in somewhat the same manner as tracer bullets indicate the flight of an otherwise invisible stream.

Radioactive iodine can be used as a biological weapon as well as a detector. In the case of Graves' disease, which arises from overactivity of the thyroid gland, radioactive iodine is allowed to accumulate in the gland to an extent that delivers a dose of radioactivity five hundred times as large as the tracer dose, which is strong enough to kill many of the thyroid cells, thereby reducing the overall activity of the gland and bringing it within the normal range.

The most spectacular use of the iodine isotope, however, is in the treatment of cancer of the thyroid. Sufficient is introduced into the patient to deliver radiation ten times as great again as that employed to control overactivity, so that cells accumulating the radioactive element are killed by its action. Advantage is taken of the avid appetite for iodine, whether radioactive or not, which thyroid tumor cells possess in common with normal

thyroid cells, and the malignant tissue in this instance is destroyed by its own lack of discrimination.

Yet already we are faced with a radiation hazard. The patient of course may himself suffer somewhat from the general radiation of the iodine isotope, but these effects will be mild compared with the penalties of harboring an actively growing thyroid cancer. He will also irradiate the region immediately around him, although, like light radiating from a source, the radiation disperses or weakens as distance increases. Such a patient must wash his own neck, for the hands of a nurse would receive as much as a day's allowable radiation if she permitted them to remain for one minute within three inches of the neck with its contained radioactive substance; and the patient's urine must be stored in lead containers for seven weeks before it can safely be discarded.

What can happen to a cell or a tissue can happen to the whole organism. Cells are killed if the radiation is intense or of long duration, or the cells may continue to live out their individual lives but be unable to divide and so serve as a growing tissue. The distinction is important if you prefer one kind of death to another. One can die from direct injury to tissues, whether from radioactivity or simply heat radiation; or one can die because fresh replacement cells are no longer produced to take the place of those that are constantly dropping out of existence, particularly in the case of blood cells. These, both red and white, have but limited individual lives of a few weeks at the most, and millions are born and die each day. Your continued existence depends upon this steady renewal, and anything that restricts the source of supplies jeopardizes your whole being.

The same situation holds in the case of the skin, where new cells are forever being produced at the basal layer and dead tissue continually sloughs off from the surface. And so with many other tissues. Irradiation can put a stop to all this. You might be unaware of being hurt but, according to the degree to which the general capacity for cell divisions is reduced, you might suffer or even die from anemia or from some other equally insidious interruption of the peculiar activity which is you.

Of all the tissues of the body, the marrow of the bones appears to be more secluded and out of harm's reach than any other. This is the tissue which manufactures both red and white blood cells and also the minute blood platelets which enable the blood to clot. Yet powerful radiation can penetrate the marrow as though nothing were in the way but water. When this occurs, as it did in the case of most of the victims of the Japanese bombings who escaped being killed by the heat blast, the effects are devastating. The body defenses against bacterial disease are broken down when the white blood cells fail to enter the blood stream in ade-

quate numbers. The linings of the throat, lungs, and intestine ulcerate and become diseased as the ever-present bacteria invade the tissues; the majority of the more belated A-bomb deaths arose from this deficiency. Another major cause of death was the tendency of the body linings of skin, lungs, and intestine to suffer widespread pinpoint bleeding, a sort of diffuse and seeping hemorrhage resulting from the lack of blood platelets which normally plug every microscopic break in the living dikes the moment one appears. Other victims, whose marrow tissue was not quite so severely affected, suffered from various degrees of red cell anemia, leading at the very least to oxygen lack throughout the body and to impaired vitality.

The fishermen of the *Fortunate Dragon* who came under the fall-out of pulverized radioactive coral dust three hours after the explosion at Bikini in March, 1954, were found by Japanese physicians to be extremely deficient in both white cells and platelets, and to have both radium and radioiodine in their systems. Only some exceptional medical treatment based upon experience gained after the Hiroshima holocaust has limited the fatality so far to the single death of last September. Even now it is too soon to say that the surviving men are safely through their ordeal; for quite apart from the probable retention of radium in the body, there is a possible delayed effect which has been demonstrated in animals subjected experimentally to radiation exposure. Dr. John C. Bugher, head of the Atomic Energy Commission's biological and medical committee, has informed the armed services subcommittee of the Senate that there is a statistical shortening of life expectancy, not from any specific cause of death but from a general acceleration of the aging process. Cell replacement rates are lowered, and the waning struggle to replace worn-out units sets in sooner and reaches its mortal climax at an earlier date.

The massive experiment on human beings is still too recent for any significant results to be available. In a few more decades, if statistical records of the Hiroshima population are kept, we may know whether we are as susceptible as our laboratory animals. As a countercheck we have the three hundred individuals of the Marshall Islands and task force personnel who also received injurious radiation in the March, 1954, Bikini test, according to Dr. Bugher. The probability, however, is that the life expectancy of irradiated humans has been as definitely shortened as it has been in laboratory rats and mice.

An ominous sign would be the occurrence of incipient cataract at an unusually early age, such as was seen shortly after the end of the war in a number of American scientists all of whom had worked with the atomic cyclotrons, and in over 40 per cent of those irradiated persons who survived the Hiroshima blast. Even X rays of a certain dosage

produce lens opacity or cataract in rabbits after a latent period of about six months. The damage appears to be within the slowly dividing cells of the lens epithelium, which subsequently give rise to degenerate lens fibers. Yet this is but a visible sign of radiation impact. The tissues of the body as a whole are just as vulnerable, although some are more sensitive than others; white blood cells lead the way, bone and nerve are the least susceptible, while the basal cells of the reproductive glands are somewhere between.

3

THE general pervasive effect of external radiation, however, is — so far as the individual is concerned — overshadowed by the heavy radioactive elements or particles which readily enter the living system and there take up a more or less permanent abode. Radium itself has long been notorious in this connection, for it localizes in the skeleton, and workers in industries using luminous paint were the first victims of ignorance of this danger. The hard substance of bone is made up mostly of crystals of calcium phosphate; but while there is a steady turnover of material as in other kinds of tissues, the process here is relatively very slow and years may elapse before displacement occurs. Elements of the same group as calcium, however, have the same predisposition to enter and become part of the bony tissue; or perhaps it is better to say that bone cells do not distinguish between calcium and its richer and heavier relatives such as strontium and radium. Strontium is usually harmless since it is not normally radioactive, but radium as such is naturally unstable and is in the process of changing to lead with the emission of alpha particles and electrons of tremendous energy, which leads to a somewhat paradoxical biological situation.

Radium encased in platinum to regulate the radiation has been extensively employed during the first half of this century as needles implanted in cancerous tissue to kill off the malignant cells within a certain short range, in the same manner that radioiodine kills thyroid cells. The far more powerfully radioactive isotope of cobalt now being produced in atomic plants by long-continued bombardment of ordinary cobalt with high-energy neutrons, however, seems about to take its place in the treatment of cancer. On the other hand these therapeutic radioactive agents are themselves only too well able to cause cancer; they can produce it and they can cure it, though under very different circumstances.

A living cell is vulnerable in several ways. The whole can be smashed to smithereens if the radiation is excessive. At a lower radiative level the cell may be left intact but be unable to divide to form two daughter cells, with whatever consequences to the organism as a whole that such restriction im-

plies. If, however, the radiation, particularly the kind emitted by radium, is not too disruptive and does not interfere with the cell's capacity to undergo division, it may still produce a change in the chromosomes of the cell so that it behaves as a stranger among its neighbors.

A dislocation of the cell's internal governing agents may be brought about by a lucky or unlucky shot so that, while the cell remains as vigorous as ever, it no longer is held in bounds by the normal restraints and now proliferates with a wild abandon, invading the tissues of its host and onetime parent as a malignant cancerous growth. Radium incorporated into bone and discharging its radiation unceasingly into adjacent cells is likely to bring about such a change as this after firing away at random for about fifteen years, and about 10 per cent of its victims suffer consequent cancer of the bone since bone cells are those that are within closest range.

In the past the likelihood of developing bone cancer as the result of absorption of radium was slight, once the danger was recognized. The hazards now facing us are much more formidable. Uranium miners, for instance, appear to have assumed the role of the earlier radium workers, although in the case of miners generally the occupational hazard is primarily the dust which lodges as particles in the lining of the lungs. When the dust is radioactive, the lining cells are subject to the same sort of unremitting bombardment as are bone cells in the case of radium. And according to Dr. Wilhelm Hueper of the National Cancer Institute at Bethesda, lung cancer by 1953 had killed 40 to 50 per cent of uranium miners in Joachimsthal and from 75 to 80 per cent of the miners in other radioactive mines in Schneeberg in Central Europe.

Aside from the unthinkable catastrophe of atomic war, the greatest threats we probably have to contend with — greater perhaps even than a continuation of test explosions — are the common failings of industry intensified to a fantastic degree by radioactivity: namely, the faulty disposal of atomic waste and the possibility of accidents either to workers within an atomic plant or to the plant itself and the community around it.

Accidents can happen, as in the case of the Chalk River Atomic Pile in Canada in 1952 when a crack in the reactor allowed a stream of neutrons to escape and contaminate the plant with radioactivity, causing a three-month shutdown while the plant was decontaminated. So far as is known, no harm was done to the personnel, the radioactivity has been brought under control, and virtually all of the radioactive water which escaped was recovered. Chalk River, moreover, is a well-isolated community comparable in its own way to Los Alamos. When atomic power plants become numerous and the problem of disposing of the large quantities of

waste fission products becomes acute, the penalties for carelessness or stupidity may become too great to be tolerated.

Unwanted and deadly fission products somehow must be disposed of. Dr. L. P. Hatch of the Atomic Energy Commission laboratory at Brookhaven predicts that by the year 2000 the annual wastes will be equivalent to more than 400,000 tons of radium. What shall we do with them? The suggestion made in England that they be buried in deep abandoned coal mines raised a protest among miners, and the containers were quietly sunk in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the edge of the continental shelf. By the time the containers have eroded, the radioactivity within supposedly will have subsided; thus the deep sea may in fact be a safe place for such disposal. The products can, of course, be put to some use, such as destroying or sterilizing insect pests in grain or preventing the sprouting of tubers in storage, as proposed by the director of the American Machine and Foundry Company's Atomic Energy Department in New York City. Human ingenuity will undoubtedly find many uses for them — which is the trouble, for fission products are not like fire, which burns but can be seen. They are as deadly as their rays are invisible, and it is only human to make mistakes.

4

ONE of the fission products most likely to be produced as a by-product of atomic energy and probably from test bomb explosions is radioactive strontium, which acts like a lighter and more lively radium. If exposure to radiostrontium is acute, dogs and goats, for instance, remain in good health until about a week before death; then fever, lethargy, loss of weight, cutaneous bleeding, and ulceration of the skin and mouth all appear as the animals' tissues come rather suddenly to the end of their resources for renewal — and death occurs. In its chronic effects, however, radiostrontium is a producer of bone tumors outranking radium itself. Within two hours of inhalation or ingestion the maximum amount is already incorporated in the bones and will stay there for as long as twenty-five years, occupying the same chemical positions as calcium. Accordingly, much more gets built into the skeleton of young growing animals or of any individuals who have been on a low calcium diet and are, chemically speaking, reaching out for as much calcium, or what appears to be calcium, as they can get. Young people would be exposed to greater risk than older persons, whose bones are hard and fully formed. Specific substances of this sort together with the subtle effects of general irradiation typify the dangers of the atomic age.

Accidents, however, can happen on a scale comparable to small atomic bomb explosions, for the nuclear power plants that will inevitably be built

may have a wildness of their own far surpassing any other industrial projects. Nuclear power reactors are more hazardous machines than any other kind, because they will at all times contain radioactive materials, fission products, and certain kinds of reactor fuel, and because a plant will at times contain much more fissionable material than the safe amount.

The fission products are produced by the reactor fuel during the process of fuel consumption, and consequently are bound to accumulate as the power is generated. They include a large variety of radioactive chemicals which if inhaled or swallowed would be from three million to one thousand million times as poisonous as chlorine, itself the most deadly of the more common industrial poisons until now. Dr. Edward Teller, of hydrogen-bomb fame, says that "there is still no foolproof system that couldn't be made to work wrongly by a big enough fool. The real danger occurs when a false sense of security causes a letdown of caution." For a nuclear power plant has a built-in capacity for self-destruction within a fraction of a second, resulting from the fact that the reactor core under certain circumstances will accumulate enough fissionable material to start a runaway chain reaction and blast. If this should happen, the plant of course would be wrecked, but the main hazard would be the release of the radioactive fission products in the form of a cloud which would be lethal for most of the plant personnel. If such a cloud should escape from the building, it would have much the same effect as the fall-out from an atomic bomb, although on a more restricted scale.

In discussing this topic at a meeting of the Atomic Industrial Forum in New York, Dr. George Weil, who in a sense initiated the atomic age himself by pulling out the last control rod of the first atomic pile, predicted that if such a cloud drifted away at three or four miles an hour from a plant which had been producing 100,000 kilowatts, people in the path of the cloud for a distance of several miles would inhale lethal quantities of the fission substances; and if the cloud should touch the ground, the lethal distance would extend further, with varying degrees of non-lethal or delayed injury affecting a much wider area. Dr. Weil suggested that since it is impractical for a power industry to be located in remote unpopulated regions, and since it is too expensive to build elsewhere on sites large enough to contain the damage, buildings must be built gas-tight and fission-tight, with warning systems to enable a community to run from the path of any fission cloud that might escape.

5

INsofar as we develop atomic energy, exploit radioactive isotopes, and prepare for atomic war without protecting ourselves from radiation, we

will injure ourselves in peculiarly nasty ways. We can blame only ourselves if we permit this venture to get out of hand, knowing beforehand the penalties we invoke for stupid or careless action. The menace of the atomic age now forces mankind as a whole to look forward, seeing with troubled concern the biological sins of the parents descending upon the children generation after generation.

The problem is this: that the progressive evolution of any species, man included, occurs to a great extent by little spontaneous changes or mutations in the hereditary chromosomes of the reproductive cells. These changes appear to be at random, and the only reason why they result in a progressive change in a particular direction is the natural selection of those variations which make their owners more likely to leave progeny. Which changes are valuable and which are not depend greatly upon external circumstances, but the random nature of the changes themselves seems to be for the most part due to an inherent chemical instability in the hereditary substances.

A small percentage of the changes, however, appears to be the result of bombardment by cosmic rays from outer space and of radioactivity from the crust of the earth, and any increase in this high-energy radiation increases the frequency of the changes without in any way altering their random character. The more frequent the changes, therefore, the greater the need to select the good from the bad; and unless there is such an intensification of selection when the rate of change or mutation is raised, the long-term consequences may be disastrous to the health and prospects of the species.

The present concern of scientists everywhere — except in Russia, where the generally accepted theory of genetics has been repudiated — comes from recognition of the particular radiosensitivity of both male and female reproductive cells, and of the fact that there is no level below which radiation can be considered to have no effect. Not even the natural radioactivity level of the environment itself is safe if we should counteract the process of natural selection altogether, which in some ways we are tending to do. Generally speaking, unless circumstances are forcing a species to change its character to some extent in order to survive, almost all hereditary mutations must be considered to be disadvantageous. The great majority of mutations so far observed involve a loss of vigor and a lowered reproduction rate. In the case of mammals, one quarter of such naturally occurring mutations are thought to be caused by the normal environmental radiation, although all the relevant information is not yet available. In our own case, considering our exceptionally long exposure to such radiation before we reach our usual reproductive age, the percentage may be even higher.

Persistent radiation of a human population at

only a slightly higher level than that already existing may accordingly, in the course of many generations, result in a progressive inferiority and lower vitality and breeding potential. Dr. Curt Stern of the University of California has shown experimentally that even in short-lived insects like the fruit fly an increase in total radiation level to merely twice that of the normal environment produces a marked increase in the frequency of mutations. We would be no less susceptible under similar conditions, and it is exactly those conditions which are now in sight.

The present rate of setting off test bomb explosions in the United States and elsewhere, if maintained, is calculated to double the total radiation level of the environment within a few decades. If the practice or its equivalent is continued indefinitely, the results can be disastrous, particularly to mankind. We are in any case inclined to let all breed who can, irrespective of quality; and if by chance the changed individuals should be more rather than less fertile, which is a possibility, the process of deterioration would be speeded up and could well become catastrophic. Of one thing we can be certain, which is that persistent radiation, however weak, is bound to produce change, however subtle, and that such change will affect the whole organism and nearly always in a detrimental sense.

In a report released in March, 1955, Dr. Robert H. Holmes, director of the United States Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission in Japan, stated that the 70,000 babies born to A-bomb irradiated parents seemed healthy and happy, but said that whether their descendants will be affected remains to be seen. It is, as he implies, much too soon to estimate what the consequences may be. The immediate damage to the parental reproductive glands has already passed. Infertility existed among the adult survivors for a while but it disappeared eventually as the damaged cells died and were replaced by others, which may have suffered small mutational changes in their chromosomes but were otherwise healthy. Early miscarriages took care of most of the abnormal embryos conceived during the transitional period. Yet the fact remains that mutations almost certainly did occur in response to the radiation and that sooner or later they will make themselves felt.

We must expect all the distressing hereditary conditions known to man, such as hemophilia, color blindness, congenital deafness, and so forth, to be increased in frequency by irradiation which reaches the reproductive organs; and since the effects are cumulative, even the smallest doses of lowest intensity will add their quota to suffering and distress. They may be long delayed, possibly

for hundreds of years, yet eventually genetic murder will out. If such effects are considered by policy makers to be too insignificant to justify measures to avoid them and mutations are invoked every generation, the effects would pile up layer on layer and the general decline would accelerate. Only a corresponding rise in the overall birth rate, accompanied by a stringent selection, could counteract it. This, as a matter of fact, is where the problem becomes aggravated.

Mankind can be divided into three sections according to its practice or philosophy with regard to reproduction. The Western world, insofar as it promotes the welfare of the individual and raises the average life expectancy close to the Biblical span, reduces the birth rate and tends to bring the population more into balance with its resources. At the same time it very definitely curtails the selective force of circumstance, for the more we take care of the less vigorous and less well endowed members of our society and allow them to be more rather than less propagative than the rest, the more vulnerable as a whole do we become to radiative reproduction rot.

In southeast Asia, including China and India, the situation is very different. Average life expectancy is less than thirty years instead of more than sixty, and both the death rate and the birth rate are approximately at the biological maximum for a human population. In such communities as these the untoward effects of atomic radiation, while still serious, would be progressively eliminated at a much faster rate than in our own society. In fact if the human race as a whole subjects itself to excess of atomic radiation beyond a certain but undetermined amount, a general return to the short-lived but rapidly reproducing populations characteristic of humanity everywhere until a few centuries ago may well be a condition of survival.

The third section of mankind is Russia, which fits neither the Western nor the Eastern category. It is intent upon raising the average life expectancy to a level comparable with that of the West and at the same time raising the total population as rapidly as possible — a high birth rate and a low death rate, which is essentially a transitional stage between the old and the new. The peculiar state of mind lies less in the reproductive trend than in the officially propagated belief concerning the nature of inheritance. This might be unimportant if the consequence were merely Russian misunderstanding concerning the breeding of crops and domestic animals, but it places Russia in the role of a man playing with a shotgun he believes is not loaded. If it goes off, we are all likely to be in the line of fire.



An Atlantic Story



Author of My Name Is Aram, My Heart's in the Highlands, The Human Comedy, and The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills, WILLIAM SAROYAN has been writing since he was thirteen years old and has published more than thirty books and plays. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1939 for The Time of Your Life but refused the \$1000 because he "already had \$1000 at that time, and because commerce has no right to patronize art." He accepted the Drama Critics' Circle Award for the same play, "because there was no money involved, and because I knew some of the critics and wanted to meet the others at the free dinner." He lives in Malibu, California.

THE INVENTOR AND THE ACTRESS

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

THERE was a boy and the boy's two older sisters in the house across the alley. Sometimes he liked them and sometimes he thought they were the worst thing that had ever happened to him, for they were always coming into the yard that was his own as if it were theirs, too.

They had the family name of Shehady and the boy was called Paddy by his sisters. Paddy called the biggest sister Bellie, which she hated because her name was Belle, and he called the other one Daze, though of course the name was properly Daisy.

Belle was always dolling up in her mother's old clothes and asking if she looked at all like Ava Gardner or Marilyn Monroe or any of the other women she had seen lately in a movie, and of course she never did. She always looked like Belle, who looked like nothing at all in God's green earth a fellow could half think of as being a girl. And yet that's all she thought about: to be a girl, a big girl, a great big girl like Ava Gardner.

One day when Paddy came over into the yard he said, "Guess what Bellie's going to be, Jim?"

"How should I know what she's going to be?" Jim said. He was always a little surprised and annoyed by the way Paddy came up on a fellow all of a sudden and asked some fool question in his shrill nervous voice. Once or twice when Jim had been thinking about something to invent he jumped when he heard Paddy's voice, but lately, about a year now, he wasn't jumping any more, and not getting especially annoyed, either.

"Actress," Paddy said. "She's going on the stage. Daze ain't going with her."

Jim was removing the dry black casings from walnuts that had fallen off the tree in the back yard. After you got the casings off they were ready to break with a hammer. They were hard walnuts, but once you ever got through the thick shell the meat in there, arranged in a way that was so perfect a fellow never could figure out how it was done or who ever thought of such a thing, was the best-tasting thing in the whole world. That was what made it worth Jim's while to go to all the trouble, getting his hands stained black from the casings. The tree was old. It grew a great many walnuts every year. There were some in the garage from two or three years ago. His mother spoke once of using them for fuel, there were so many of them and nobody eating them, but Jim told her he wanted them. He was going to clean them and eat them, but of course he never got around to it, and every now and then his mother probably burned some. They made a great fire, but he didn't like them to be burned. He kept the casings and empty shells in a box, and set them aside for his mother to burn, but he didn't want the whole walnuts burned. You just don't burn things like that.

"What are you doing?" Paddy said.

"Cleaning these walnuts," Jim said.

Paddy had seen Jim dozens of times cleaning them, but he asked the question every time, as if Jim was actually finding out from the way they were made how to invent something that would

make him one of the richest men in the world. Jim always answered the question as if it were brand-new.

"Can I help you?" Paddy said.

"Sure, but you'll get your hands dirty."

"I don't care."

So Paddy Shehady sat down under the tree in Jim's back yard and began to take the casing off one of the walnuts.

"How many of 'em have you got?" Paddy wanted to know.

"The garage is half full of them, almost," Jim said.

"Are you going to clean 'em all?"

"Well, I clean *some* and put 'em away," Jim said, "and then when I want to break them they're clean and ready. If you break them when they're not clean you can't break them right and you spoil most of the nut inside."

"Can I break this one and eat the nut in there?" Paddy said.

"Sure," Jim said. "But don't hurt your hand."

2

PADDY had hurt his hand twice already, once bad enough to have Mrs. Shehady herself come over into the yard — not enough the two girls and the boy coming over all the time, the mother, too — and she'd wanted Jim to tell her just what Paddy had done to hurt his hand so. Jim had told her, and then she had asked if Jim's mother was home, and he'd told her she wasn't, and then she'd asked a couple of hundred other questions, the mother herself standing there by the hour and not letting him go about his business. She was a big woman, almost as big as the wrestlers he'd seen at the side show during the County Fair last summer, but it was fat mostly. At the same time she was nervous and she was always wondering when the cost of living was going to come down where it used to be.

One day Jim heard Mrs. Shehady ask his mother about that, and his mother said she didn't know, which didn't help Mrs. Shehady very much, and Mrs. Shehady couldn't think of anything else to say for a long time. The time she'd come about Paddy's hurt hand Jim told her Paddy had hurt his hand breaking walnuts. She then wanted to know if Jim had pushed Paddy or anything like that and Jim got annoyed and said he not only hadn't pushed Paddy, he had demonstrated to Paddy a dozen times how to break a walnut without hurting his hand.

But Paddy always hurt his hand, at least a little. The time he hurt it bad he jumped up, howling and stamping his feet and saying, "I've smashed my hand, I've smashed my *whole* hand!" He kept shaking it and jumping up and down and running around in circles, and finally he broke down and cried bitterly, swearing at last, accusing Jim, saying

it was Jim's fault, and then ran home. He didn't have far to run, and Jim could hear him wailing to his mother, and his mother saying all sorts of silly things to ease the pain and make him forget.

"I won't hurt my hand," Paddy said now. "She's going to be like Ava Gardner, she says. You know? All done up that way, lying there on tiger skins, and all that? She's lying on the linoleum now."

"What linoleum?"

"In the kitchen," Paddy said. "Practicing. She's not allowed in the parlor, so she's practicing on the linoleum. She's got an empty Quaker Oats box that she's using for a pillow. She's got Daze saying things to her, so she can practice saying things back the way Ava Gardner does."

Paddy placed the walnut he'd cleaned — but he hadn't cleaned it right — on the boulder that was as big as a big eggplant and he held it carefully with two fingers. He then picked up the hammer, and Jim watched every move he made to stop him from hurting his hand again if it looked as if he was going to. Paddy brought the hammer down on the nut and broke it, but not in half, not along the line where it was sealed together, as Jim had told him so many times was the place to strike it with the hammer. The nut was *smashed*, and Paddy's fingers were hurt a little, but not much, not enough to make him jump up and cry. Paddy just dropped the hammer, grabbed the crushed nut into his right hand, and shook the other until the pain was gone. Then he transferred what he had to his left hand and began to pick through the debris for anything there that might be fit to eat.

Jim broke one, too, to be eating with him, and Paddy said, "Bellie don't want to be somebody that ain't famous and beautiful. She wants to be rich and refined, too. She says if she practices a little every day she can do it. She's got Daze coming in and out of the kitchen saying things to her, like servants, like the men who go to visit Ava Gardner, like her old father, like her poor sister, and everybody else, so Bellie can lie there on the linoleum and say things back to her."

"What's Daze *say* to her?" Jim said.

"Well, you know," Paddy said. "There was one time there where Ava or one of the others said to her own mother, 'I don't ever want to see you again,' and all the old mother had gone to her about was to ask her to come home. They were lonesome or something. Well, Daze comes in and says, 'Oh, my daughter, come home. We need you!' And then Bellie says back to her, 'Three years ago you drove me out into the world. I don't ever want to see you again.' And stuff like that."

"I'll break this one for you," Jim said. He broke the nut clean in half, then cracked each half so that most of what was in there could be picked out clean and whole. He handed the stuff to Paddy, then broke one for himself.

"She's going on the stage," Paddy said. "She

sent me over to ask can she use the garage for a stage."

"What garage?" Jim said.

"*This* garage," Paddy said. "We haven't got a garage, just the tool shed that's full of junk. Can she use your garage for a stage?"

"When?" Jim said.

"Well," Paddy said, "now, I guess. She's in the way there in the kitchen, and my mother don't like it. She's got to step around her, and sometimes she stands and listens to the two of them saying things back and forth. Bellie says she can't practice with Mama standing there all the time not liking any of it. Shall I go and tell her all right?"

"Sure," Jim said.

Paddy got up and ran back to the house across the alley.

3

IT WAS all right having them for neighbors most of the time, but once in a while it seemed like the worst thing that ever happened to him because he just couldn't refuse them anything, or ask them not to come around so much, and that meant he had to stop so often thinking about the other things he was always thinking about, especially his inventions. Now, though, he looked forward to seeing Paddy's sisters, especially Bellie practicing to go on the stage.

He went into the garage, to give the place a new glance, to see if he could figure how it would serve as a stage. At one end were a dozen or more apple boxes full of black walnuts, at the other end was some old and broken furniture, some pots and pans, and some boxes with magazines and books and other stuff in them.

He was in the garage when Paddy put his head in and said, "She wants to know can we come in, Jim."

"Sure," Jim said.

Then Paddy, Bellie, and Daze one by one stepped into the garage. Bellie was all done up in black, and she was trying to act big-eyed and sad and dreamy like Ava Gardner or one of the others, and Daze was standing near her, half admiring her and half not knowing what to make of her.

"Well," Bellie said. "About *here*, I thought, Jim. This is my room, you see. I'm lying here on a tiger skin, rich. But I'm sad because I've got so much money and no children. Now, when I lie down here, somebody's going to knock at the door. It's going to be a man who's heard about me. I say, 'Yes?' Then you, Jim, come in."

"*Me*?" Jim said. "Let Paddy do it. I'll sit over here and clean some more walnuts and watch."

"It would be ever so much better if you did it, Jim," Bellie said. "Daisy will be my maid. If I want to see my tigers she'll bring them in, or if I want to eat a few litchi nuts she'll bring them to me on a gold plate."

"I'll sit over here and watch," Jim said.

"Can I lie on this old sofa?" Bellie said.

"Sure," Jim said.

Bellie stretched out on the sofa and grew sad. Without giving up her sadness she said, "You stand over there, Daisy, and wait for me to ask for the tigers. You go out, Paddy, and after a minute knock at the door."

"What do I say when I come in?" Paddy said.

"Are you the famous Madam Antoinette de la Tour?" Bellie told him to say.

"Madam *who*?" Paddy said.

"Antoinette," Bellie said sadly.

"Antoinette."

"De la Tour," Bellie said.

"De la Tour," Paddy repeated. "Madam Antoinette de la Tour."

Paddy went out and Bellie got ready to practice, but Paddy came right back in again without knocking.

"What do I say after *that*, Bellie?"

"Paddy!" Bellie said bitterly. "I won't have you calling me Bellie. I'm going on the stage. My name's Isabelle Shehady, but of course I'm going to change it to Belle Shade. I think that's awful attractive, don't you, Jim?"

"Belle Shade?" Jim said. "I guess so."

"Well, anyway," Paddy said. "What do I say after I say what you told me to say?" He tried to remember what she'd told him to say. "What *did* you tell me to say?" he said.

"Listen carefully, Paddy," Bellie said. "Are you Madam Antoinette de la Tour?"

"All right," Paddy said. "Then what do I say?"

"Well," Bellie said, "you say that, and then when I say what I say, you say whatever what I say *makes* you say. You know the way they do. All right now, let's start."

Paddy Shehady went out of the garage. Belle Shade, as she preferred to be called, got herself into the mood, and Daze stood behind the sofa trying to be earnest about the whole thing.

Paddy knocked at the door.

"Yes?" Belle Shade said.

Paddy stepped in. "Are you Madam Antoinette de la Tour?" he said.

Belle Shade looked at him sadly a moment, and then, growing more sorrowful than ever, she said, "I am."

Paddy looked at Jim, but Jim didn't help him any. Jim was just looking at Bellie, so Paddy looked at Daze, but Daze didn't help him any, either. Daze looked as if she was at a small child's funeral, so Paddy looked at Bellie again.

"I have come from Arabia to see you," Belle Shade told her brother Paddy to say.

"I have come from Arabia to see you," Paddy said.

"What part of Arabia?" Belle Shade said sadly. Now, you couldn't very well blame Paddy for

not knowing what to say next, but there he was feeling miserable because he didn't know what part of Arabia he'd come from, and at the same time not daring to break the mood.

"Bagdad," Belle Shade whispered.

"Bagdad," Paddy said.

"That's very far away," Belle Shade said with terrible grief, "for as you know this is Paris, and Paris and Bagdad are very far apart."

"Yes, they are," Paddy said. He was getting into the spirit of the thing now, and chances were he'd do all right as the man from Bagdad. "But I got here all right," he went on.

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?" Belle Shade said.

"I came by train," Paddy said.

"I trust you slept well en route," Belle said.

"I slept all right," Paddy said. "I trust you slept all right en route, too."

"I have been here the whole time," Belle said.

"I have not traveled since Chuck fought the duel. I have been in Paris the whole time, here in this lonely castle with my memories."

"Oh," Paddy said. He thought fast, then hit on something. "How is Chuck?" he said.

"Dead," Belle said.

"How is his father?"

"Dead."

"Has he got a brother?"

"Yes, he has a small brother," Belle said.

"How's he?"

"He's dying," Belle said. She let her hand fall backward toward Daze.

"Marie," she said, "please bring me my tigers. I'm lonely."

"Yes, Madam," Daze said.

Daze got on her hands and knees and crawled around the sofa to Belle Shade, who looked sadly at her tigers. Her hand fell on Daze's head.

"My poor, lonely tigers," Belle said.

"Well," Paddy said, "I guess I'll go back to Bagdad."

Belle Shade sat up suddenly, almost terrified. "Wait!" she cried.

"I'm a little late," Paddy said. "It takes a lot of time to get back to Bagdad."

"Wait, wait!" Belle cried. "Don't leave me!"

"Why not?" Paddy said.

"I'm dying, too."

"Is it anything contagious?" Paddy said.

"No, no!" Belle said. "You're safe. It's sanitary."

"What have you got?" Paddy said.

"A broken heart," Belle said.

"You better call a doctor," Paddy said.

He went out quickly. Daze stopped being two tigers, and got up and went to Jim.

"Belle wants to be famous," she said. "She's very good, don't you think?"

Belle Shade was still acting, still dying of a broken heart. Paddy came back in and looked at her a minute. "Who's Chuck, Bellie?" he said.

"Belle Shade, Paddy! Will you please stop calling me Bellie?"

"Well, anyway, who's Chuck?"

"Anybody," Belle said. "A man. In the play."

"Oh," Paddy said.

They all went out into the yard now under the old walnut tree. Jim sat down and began to take the casing off a walnut. Paddy sat beside him, and then Belle and Daze. They spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning and breaking walnuts, eating them, and talking about the stage, and life itself. It was almost dark when Mrs. Shehady came across the alley to get them and stop a moment to chat with Jim.

"How's your mama?" she said.

"She's fine, thanks," Jim said.

"Where is she?" Mrs. Shehady said.

"Well, she's not home from work yet," Jim said.

"At the store?"

"In the office at the store," Jim said.

"I always forget," Mrs. Shehady said. "Walpole's. It's the best store in town, too. You tell her I was asking for her."

"Yes, ma'am," Jim said.

Then they all went off in the dark.

Jim got all the casings and shells together, put them in a box, and took the box to the fireplace in the living room, trying all the while to think of something useful to invent. It was only five, and dark already. His mother wouldn't be home until around half past six. He started a fire in the fireplace and sat at the window, looking out at the house across the alley, at the people in the house.

Mr. Shehady was home from his job at the Southern Pacific, and Mrs. Shehady had them all at the table in the dining room. She was pouring soup into bowls and putting the bowls down one by one in front of them.

They were a good family and he liked them — the small sensible father, the big nervous mother, the simple son, and the two daughters, the one who wanted to go on the stage and be famous, and the one who didn't know what she wanted to do.

Most of the time it was fine having them in the house across the alley, but sometimes when he was thinking, when he was trying to figure out something complicated or wonderful to invent, and they surrounded him with their strange ways, he believed their getting into his life was just about the worst thing that ever happened to him.

"I've just got to invent something," Jim thought, but he couldn't get Belle Shade out of his mind long enough to think of something.

"Whoever invented her," he thought, "sure must have got a big surprise."



Chief foreign correspondent for the London News Chronicle, JAMES CAMERON is one of the first Western observers since 1949 to travel freely in Red China. He covered 6000 miles, accompanied by Communist guides, and when he tired of seeing what they wanted him to see, his stubbornness brought him other encounters and observations still more revealing. His objective account of what is going on inside Communist China he has set forth in his book, Mandarin Red, which is being published this autumn by Rinehart.

WOMEN IN RED CHINA

by JAMES CAMERON

1

EVERYBODY had talked and written so much about the new freedom of women in Red China that it had to be a fact, and it was. Probably no other single factor in the Revolution was so revolutionary. The old condition of the Chinese woman had of course been brutal — an almost unbelievable destiny by Western standards and deplorable even by those of the rest of Asia. There *were* no accepted rights for a woman in the old China — the very birth of a girl was traditionally held to be a misfortune. Many times I asked, “Is it a *fact* that female babies were occasionally drowned?” and always I was told, “Certainly. Not invariably, of course, but often enough. In the case of the river by my own village, for example. . . .” Everyone had an example, recounted with the same gravity as the tales of the bad food and the Western imperialism and the unsatisfactory dams; a curious gloomy satisfaction: “You have only to look to see the change.”

The Chinese woman of the old days had been unwanted — not always unbeloved, perhaps, but usually. It was customary for her to be betrothed very young to some child, or occasionally some man, she had never seen; that is not rare in the Orient, but there were not many of the matriarchal compensations of the Hindu wife, and none of the oblivion of the Muslim purdah. After marriage she was to all intents and purposes the slave of her mother-in-law and her husband; she became an integral part of the new family, and could on no account return home. If her husband died, she could not remarry; or if she did (it was occasionally known) the law would automatically protect her relatives if they killed her to save the family face. There were even more curiously barbaric touches: if the affianced man died before the wedding, the girl could be traditionally compelled to “marry” his memorial

tablet, which provided her with every conceivable legal disadvantage. Up until fairly recently there was a great deal of selling into concubinage or the brothels. There was no female right of divorce. An illegitimate child provided no claim on the father. Not one in twenty female children went to school. In the last year of the Kuomintang occupation of Shanghai 6500 babies were found abandoned in the streets.

On the first of May, 1950, the new Government announced the Marriage Law. It abrogated the old “feudal” matrimonial methods as “arbitrary and imperative, based on the superiority of men, indifferent to the rights of children.” The document of the law itself is quite startling, not for any originality in the system it defines but for the hopeless negations it replaces. It opens with the statement: “The New Democratic Marriage is based on the free choice of partners.” It abolishes “bigamy, concubinage, child betrothal, interference with the remarriage of widows, and the exaction of gifts or money in connection with marriage.” It states that marriage requires “the willingness of both parties.” It gives men the right to marry at twenty, women at eighteen. It says, “They have the duty to love one another, to live in harmony, to engage in useful production, to help each other in the building of a new society.” It gives them both the right to retain their own name. Abruptly, in Article Thirteen, it says bleakly: “It is strictly forbidden to drown newborn babies.” Children born out of wedlock “have the same rights as those born in wedlock, and are protected from all persecution and insult.” Each partner has the right to inherit the other’s property. There is a quiet concession to the historic traditions of filial piety: “Neither parents *nor* children shall maltreat or desert one another.”

It was all astonishing and somehow pathetic, for all its worthiness and solemnity. "They have the duty to love" — is there such a thing as a duty to love? — "to engage in useful production . . ." They would walk down to the Administrative Office of the *Chu*, the city district, of the *Hsiang*, the rural area, and one saw them going off, each preserving his and her own name with steadfast democracy, to the factory for Mutual Aid in building the New Society as required by statute. It seemed very splendid and a little sad: a gray way to legislate for ecstasy. And then you thought of the exhausted young-old women imprisoned in someone else's kitchen, of the fourteen-year-olds in the Shanghai whore houses, of the village match-maker extorting his 20 per cent from dowry, of the little girls and the adolescent boys facing each other for the first time across the bewildering nightmare of the marriage bed (for the first night only, it was usually conceded, they had it to themselves, with the old women fretting impatiently in the doorway); you thought of all these things, and legalized free will did not seem so bad at all.

With all that, of course, went politics — the suffrage, the committees, the dialectics. It meant the transition of women, in one bound, from the mother-in-law's scullery to the immutable tables of Marxist-Leninist education. It meant the All-China Women's Democratic Federation — and it was no time before I was in the thick of *that*, sitting in one of Peking's uncountable and identical reception rooms (the pink wallpaper, the vast and threatening chandelier, the electric-blue upholstery, the endless procession of teacups; if it had not been for the reflective portrait of Chairman Mao it could have been a Woman's Guild anywhere in South London). The All-China Women's Democratic Federation is what its name suggests; in the extraordinary extension of fantasy that permeates all contemporary Chinese life this completely Communist organization has contrived to affiliate with the national branches of both the Women's Christian Temperance Union *and* the YWCA, whose political flexibility in this matter, I felt, could scarcely enjoy the full approval of their headquarters.

"We Chinese women had to start from nothing — nothing at all," said the Madame Secretary, "and now look at us." I did; there were half a dozen of them in the regulation blue uniforms, very earnest and dedicated and less than lovely — how is it, I wondered, that feminist organizations all over the world must be built around a nucleus of characters so outstandingly unfeminine? The ladies of the All-China Women's Democratic Federation were physically at one with the suffragettes from the word go. The blue boiler-suits did not help.

But their facts were fluent and useful. "The women have reached a high level of patriotism," said the Madame Secretary. "The textile industry is mostly run by women. In 1949 a Chinese woman

could tend twelve looms, now she can handle twenty-five. Of course there's equal pay. A woman worker gets fifty-six days of maternity leave with pay. Land reform gave women just the same share-out of land as men. A husband can't tell his wife 'I feed you' any more, because all she's got to say is 'My work is entered in the Labor Book too.' "

The Madame Secretary said this with enthusiasm, and there was a general flutter of applause. "As a matter of fact, women are now about 30 per cent of the country's working power. And what is more," said the Madame Secretary, snapping her fingers for the eleventh cup of tea, "they *go to school*. Thirty-four per cent of the pupils at primary classes are girls. In the high schools it's a quarter. How many girls went to school in the feudal days? Not one in twenty. Now even the old women in the *Hsiangs* go to adult classes; they want to know how to *read*. Unheard of."

Then, inevitably, the facts faded into the textbook maxims; the lesson which could only be admirable in its own right became a bore when touched up and colored with the inescapable phrases. "The vital need to make contact with the masses. . . . A state of emancipation unknown in the capitalist-dominated countries. . . . Thanks to the selfless leadership of Chairman Mao. . . ." It could have been wholly and precisely true, but how swiftly the jargon stultified the good ideas, fossilized the excitement of the experiment. The women were always the worst, unable to let a stimulating story tell itself, always forcing one, as they forced themselves, into overemphatic attitudes. I kept nudging the Madame Secretary's rhetoric back to facts, then it was better; when she got back to figures she was glad and you could see she was glad; she was one of the world's busy virgins who rock statistics in their arms like infants.

"Of course women are encouraged in industry. There's legislation to see that they get eight weeks' leave on full pay if they have a baby. Miscarriages are well looked after, too — fifteen days if you have it in the first two months, thirty days if it's after that. For working mothers there is a statutory thirty minutes off every four hours for suckling babies. The insurance laws let women retire at fifty — sometimes forty-five, if they're in a heavy job — on about 55 per cent of their pay. That is a *great* deal better than men — they don't retire till sixty.

"Of course we have the vote — Article Eighty-six of the Constitution gives women *all* rights. It has been only five years, and what have they done?"

They had done a great deal. There was Soong Ching-ling, who is Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the First Revolutionary, and who is also Vice-Chairman of the Standing Committee of the State Council and sits on the right hand of Mao (while her sister, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, if one really seeks a paradox, sits across the water on Formosa

at the right hand of the man whom Red China officially execrates as a condemned traitor). There is Shuh Liang, who is Minister of Justice. There is Li Teh-chuan, Minister of Public Health. There is Chieh Ying, Minister of Supervision. There is Ho Hsing-ning, Minister for Overseas Chinese Affairs. There is Chang Chin-chiu, Minister for the Textile Industry. They are all women, and where would they have been ten years ago?

"Doubtless washing dishes," said the Secretary, crisply. "As quite probably so should I."

2

Down in the quarter where I lived, in the Tung Tan district of Peking, the small streets and alleys net themselves into difficult patterns behind the main avenues, each with its low undulating horizon of roofs tiled in unglazed green, each with its street blackboard. The street blackboard was a large rectangle of the plaster wall painted black and covered daily with new columns of chalked characters — items of news, new municipal regulations, directives and suggestions from the neighborhood political center, lowest unit in the chain of party control: the Street Committee.

The Street Leader of my district was Mrs. Chao Ching. I went along with Wei, the interpreter, to see her — the alleys ducked and turned inexplicably; they were gray and drab but completely clean; on almost every corner a vegetable peddler stood gently wailing his wares, and the children played their solemn, personal Chinese games. Mrs. Chao Ching lived not far away, through a doorway into the usual square courtyard inhabited on four sides, with an ash tree in the middle. Her room was bare and bleak, brick walls and a stone floor. Like all Chinese other than the wealthy, she seemed to have the minimum of *possessions*; however long and full the life, there seldom seems to be anything to show for it. Mrs. Chao had a bed, one tall chest, a table, and three chairs. Chairman Mao hung on the main wall between a photograph of Congressmen (Mrs. Chao had been elected a Deputy for the district) and the bright-red silk pennant that is awarded to Labor Heroes or Model Mothers or anyone similarly distinguished in good works. It was a room where clearly no one had ever relaxed; there was no place to relax in. Mrs. Chao didn't mind, you could see that Mrs. Chao had never had an idle or contemplative moment in her life — she bustled around pinching out the strands of green tea that looked like sage and smelled of flowers, talking and smiling and stepping over the cat.

She was a woman of fifty, and her husband was a teacher in a primary school. Everyone had told me that Mrs. Chao was a fine example of the Chinese woman of middle circumstances to whom emancipation had come in middle age, who had shown an admirable sense of adaptation and political

consciousness; she was a very public-spirited person, everyone said. I don't know quite what I had expected — something like the Secretary, I suppose, keen-eyed and masterful; certainly not this restless and rather embarrassed little housewife fiddling with the kettle and the enameled teapot. She talked in jerks, with long pauses, until — very soon the inevitable denouement, with the textbook words taking control.

She had lived around here always. She came from a handicraft family that got some sort of living making paper flowers for old-fashioned weddings. "I was never good at it, but I was allowed to make the leaf part. It was a long time ago, of course. I got married in the usual way — you must know about that; I never saw my husband before the wedding day. I didn't even know his name. It was all arranged by the others; there was nothing strange in that. Marriages were mainly a matter of mothers-in-law getting a new servant; that was all it amounted to. When you got married you just went to work. All I knew was that I couldn't ever leave the house, and I was *hungry*. I got two bowls of noodles a day, and worked — oh, yes, I worked. It wasn't allowed for me to go to the door of the courtyard without permission. My husband — naturally he was loyal to his mother only; that was the way everywhere. There were so many of us like that. Once a month I was allowed out to the temple and I used to burn a joss in front of the Buddha, just because it was the only thing I ever saw that had a smile. . . . It went on for twenty years."

I asked here: Where had all this happened? Mrs. Chao looked around in a vague surprise and said, "Why, here. This house. Where else could it be? How else does a man get a house except as his parents die?" She passed her eyes about the stark-empty room; the glass-windowed door into the courtyard with the thin stalking chickens.

"It was hardest during the Japanese occupation. We were very poor. I had three children by then, and an orphan nephew. By and by I used to go out peddling steam-bread and tea to the mule drivers. I know now I should have been even sadder than I was, but what did you do in those days?"

I became suddenly aware that Mrs. Chao was suffering from a deeply strangled emotion; her face continued to look brightly about the room, but she was crying. It was tremendously awkward and painful; it is an impossible thing to pass off a *crise de nerfs* through an interpreter. It introduced a bewildering new dimension into an impossible situation: you heard the stumbling pain in Mrs. Chao's voice and saw her furiously flick away a tear, and the words filtered solidly and with gray impassive accuracy through the unemotional voice of Wei, the translating machine. It was like reading *Hamlet* in Morse code. I muttered something about the

time and half rose to go, but Mrs. Chao would not hear of it; the very suggestion restored her instantly to composure. One could see how the baffled bride of twenty years ago had been reincarnated into the Street Leader of today.

"Well, you see how things are now. I suppose in my mind I was waiting for the Revolution all along. Anyhow, I was forty-five when the Liberation came, and I thought I had better do something about it before it was too late. I'm Chairman of the Woman's Group too; the local Congress meets once a month to discuss our affairs. . . . The Government gave me this task, and of course it meant I had to learn things I didn't know and do things I'd never done. Don't think everything changed in a day; you can liberate the women but what about the men? My own daughter — her father was all against letting her go to school; what use is education to a girl? he said, and of course he hadn't wanted her, anyway."

But the husband now? I wondered. There was something Chekhovian in this strange household; this was the home to which Chao Ching had come to an unknown husband, to a dominating mother-in-law, to an accepted but nevertheless dreadful condition of helotry that had lasted twenty years, with the husband always and inevitably on the side of the enemy — and now this: a state that proposed to reverse all these bitter relationships overnight in the name of the law; for the first time in a life full of frustrated resentments and persecution the woman was legislated into equality; what happened to the twenty years of hatred?

"But your husband now accepts the new system — approves it?"

Mrs. Chao smiled; the single tear had long since gone. "There is no opportunity now for anyone *not* to accept it. My husband could not take up the old attitudes now. . . . The basis of female enslavement was economic dependence; that was all. It is well known. I'm not exactly independent economically, but I can be any time I like. I could go back to making paper flowers," she laughed; "it is no longer necessary for unhappy women to hang themselves, or jump in the rivers, or eat opium to escape from their troubles. Certainly there were difficulties with husbands at the transition time, and more still with mothers-in-law. But now the road is made clear, the new society offers to all a future of prosperity and peace-loving harmony; through the example and teaching of our great leaders. . . ."

And there it was again; the spontaneity fled before the thud of the maxims; the words harnessed together in drilled and practiced teams, like circus horses. Mrs. Chao the middle-aged housewife had stumbled over her phrases and had knotted her fingers; Chao Ching the Chairman of the Woman's Group reached out with easy accomplishment for the clichés of revolution and the texts of the new

faith. It proved nothing against her. It proved nothing at all. The only thing it did was arouse once more the usual uneasy doubts of which one tried not to be ashamed. They had introduced me to Mrs. Chao — the two Mrs. Chao; which one was the real one? Had the first Mrs. Chao, troubled into tears by a memory difficult to endure, been so splendidly schooled that she spoke the Party book as though she had written it? Or — a dismal thought — had the painful moment of emotion been part of the act, the brilliant improvisation to give the moral weight? One thing was sure: *I* should never know.

She saw me off at the courtyard door that still had the threshold board to keep the devils out, a keen and likable woman who should have been wearing a cretonne apron instead of blue dungarees. Outside in the alley a blind man shuffled along beside the street blackboard beating a pair of little gongs and trailing a board painted with red characters — a fortuneteller and caster of horoscopes; they still practice, even now. But he was wasting his time outside the house of Mrs. Chao; she knew where *she* was going.

3

IT WAS dusk when I arrived in Shanghai, at a railway station that was probably more crowded, full of denser swarms of human beings, than any I had seen before in time of peace. Perhaps the surging mobs in the German stations just after the war . . . but this was different; this was multitude in order, in columns-of-route; the thousands of people who packed the alcoves and approaches to the platforms did so with the strictest discipline, herding behind their barriers, shuffling in tight rows at a steady pace, while the loudspeakers called and wailed and whistled. There was no congestion. I walked through a central concourse like an empty field, between hedges of blue uniforms. It was almost eerie. Where does everybody *go*? I asked, but my interpreter, Big Wei, shrugged. "Wherever they want to, I suppose." I said that such hosts of people must obviously have waited for tremendous periods — I thought of the platforms of the Indian stations, with the patient armies of peasants camping in turbulent groups, waiting for days. "Frequently they wait a long time," said Big Wei, "not for the train; for the ticket. Once you have your ticket, you have your seat."

"But to leave the city — their permits . . ." I began to ask, but now we were out in the street, we were shaking hands with whoever it was who was in charge of the arrangements, smiling and looking at the lights of Shanghai.

We drove at a tremendous pace through miles of streets that were more crowded than anything I had seen in Peking or Mukden or even Canton. It was necessary to be in Shanghai only ten minutes

to realize how different was its flavor from that of the capital; even through the darkness something appeared of its other-worldliness, its sophistication. Its lights were brighter, its shops were newer; there was an indefinable hint of something different in the crowds. This was clearly a city grown out of a concept that owed nothing to the great China of the hinterland; this had been the bridgehead of the West, and the marks remained.

Shanghai and Peking were in different worlds. It was this sprawling unlovely city of 6.5 million people which presented more than anywhere else the unfathomable paradox of Communist China. The difference showed up in small ways — a richer individuality of dress, a brighter splash of neon lighting, a certain uncowed anarchy among the pedicab drivers, a glimpse of lipstick here and there — but also in the biggest possible of ways: Red Shanghai was still, and of design, one of the most considerable capitalist cities of Asia.

It was still a fact that China's national processions brought forth, among the People's Armies and workers and cadres, the extraordinary revolutionary capitalists' association, with its banners and its dedication to "good labor relations." If that seemed symbolic only of lunacy, or perhaps an even less endearing hypocrisy, then the answer was here, in Shanghai. Shanghai was where the policemen in what had been the French Concession still wore French issue military helmets, where a modish Labor Heroine might even wear nylons under her boiler-suit of orthodoxy, where the great Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank building still stood, with the Red flag at its masthead. In Shanghai everything changed, every problem was different, every argument modified. Here the Government which must "explain" coöperatives to 5 million doubtful peasants, and dialectical materialism to those who burned paper money at weddings, must now persuade a hive of merchants who for decades had lived on the periphery of world commerce to turn their backs on the empty sea and face the enormous land behind.

Chinese private enterprise had always been by definition a good deal more private than most. Now the relations between the Communist government and China's mass of businessmen was governed by what was probably a good Marxist-Leninist argument, but which nevertheless looked uncommonly like a deviation.

Article Thirty of the Constitution said that the People's Government "shall encourage the active coöperation of all private economic enterprises beneficial to the national welfare, and shall assist their development." Not long before, Chou En-lai had said, "The new state of China relies on the big role to be played by the national bourgeoisie." The words doubtless meant as much or as little as the circumstances might at any time require, but the general position was this: —

The Chinese state controlled all banking, virtually all heavy industry and raw materials — about 30 per cent of the nation's total economy. Ownership by provincial or municipal governments accounted for another 10 per cent, mostly public utilities. The mixed private-public concerns, an increasing and especially Chinese affair, mostly involving local governments in light industry, was another 10 per cent; and the rural coöperatives another 15. Private enterprise, representing 35 per cent of the national economy, *still* continued with the largest share. It had not been what I had expected.

No one expected this interim situation to last more than about another fifteen years at the most. Meanwhile the "capitalist" — from the open-air cycle-repair shopkeeper to the owner of the great weaving mill — continued to live in a sort of economic dreamworld, buttressing his philosophy with the consideration that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. Nobody was prepared even to guess when, or in what circumstances, the chopper would fall.

4

THE People's Court of Shanghai sat in a dim, drear Edwardian relic of a building that was no dimmer or drearier than the usual Sessions in an English province. Moreover, outside the building someone with a gong and a fiddle was rehearsing operatics, which is more than one gets in Birmingham.

Over the judgment seat were two red flags and the usual portrait of Chairman Mao, which was perhaps no less appropriate than the Royal Arms of the Old Bailey.

I did not know what the case would be — it turned out to be a commercial squabble over the sale of a store. Nothing more clearly pointed this ambivalent position of Shanghai, still full of petty industrialists and a few big ones too. The *modus vivendi* between the capitalists and the Communists became daily more absorbing.

It is possible that anywhere but here the thing would have been a bore — an old man, manager of a shop, was accused in some circumlocutory way of fiddling with the books, misappropriating the proceeds of the sale of the shop, and evading taxation thereon. *Nothing* here, however, was a bore, least of all the elaborate Communist juridical procedure to determine which of a crowd of palpably undesirable bourgeois traders was in the right over a deal that was certainly about as Marxist as Throgmorton Street.

The presiding judge was one of the ubiquitous young-old experts of the new regime, cool and quick and fair. He sat between two civil assessors — there was no prosecuting counsel; the judge led all the examinations himself, and the defending attorney said never a word except a mitigating plea at the end. A score or so of onlookers filled the

benches — the same old blue uniforms on the Bench and off it; a court of boilermakers, like a trade union conference, with no implications of right or wrong. The old man in question was the one individual there who seemed to have absorbed but an imperfect understanding of what the Revolution had been all about. He was a testy old character who spent his time tut-tutting at the witnesses, quite clearly tiring of the technicalities. Yes, yes, he kept on saying — naturally he did this and that; who didn't? What did they all suppose he was in business *for*? When they urged upon him that a new and incorruptible world had dawned he said, Very well — why fuss? All this trifling affair had happened *before* the Liberation. Does anyone here know anything *about* this sort of transaction? He sat down, shaking his shaven head in exasperation.

It was all intensely fair and reasonable, and I felt a considerable warmth toward the keen young professional jurist presiding over the case. Once, when somebody murmured the words "political situation," the judge snapped back: "Please understand there are no such things as political considerations here. We are investigating the truth or otherwise of certain allegations, none of which remotely concerns politics." Whenever issues of conflicting evidence occurred the Bench did an odd thing: he recalled both witnesses together, on opposite sides of him, and made them argue it out. The old man kept shrugging, clearly anxious to get back to the shop. From time to time the judge would call out to him, "You see? What do you say to that?" and the irascible old man would growl, "If people will tell lies, what am I supposed to do?"

I was considerably sold on the fairness and expedition of the proceedings. Then — it always happened; the fly devoured the ointment, the great truth became distracted, the blue note intruded on the pleasant chord — after an hour or two of exemplary hearing the judge asked the parties concerned if they felt they had another word or two to add. One side said, I want my money back. The old man said, Nonsense. And then a man with a notebook rose briskly from the public benches and moved into the well of the court and said: —

"I represent the business community of the district in question, and I consider it my duty to make reference to the great work done by the People's Government of China in protecting the interests of all, both great and small. I would like to commend the work of the People's Government in bringing such men as this to trial, for wrong thinking and antisocial behavior, and I trust that the sentence about to be passed upon him will be a warning to others who do not follow the teachings of our leaders." With that he folded his notebook, slipped it into his pocket, and returned to his place.

This staggering intrusion — which for irrelevance, assumption of guilt, contempt of court, and generally intolerable interference with an otherwise

impeccable hearing would have had the man arraigned in two minutes anywhere else — was to my astonishment accepted by the intelligent and shrewd young judge without a word.

"And we hope," said this sinister visitation from the public benches as he regained his seat, "that the accused man will repent."

The judge pursed his lips and made no remark.

And quite suddenly, then, a commonplace little case of fraud turned into something with implications too sad to be borne. That was all there was. The old man was sent down for two years, still grumbling; somehow he did not seem to matter any more.

It was weeks later, far from Shanghai — enclosed and bored in the cabin of a river steamer, in fact, with all this past and far away — that I went through my notes on New China and the Law. The country was making a big effort to speed legal processes throughout its unmanageably huge size, to standardize a system of justice in a country that had for centuries defined the law as the unpredictable whim of whoever happened to wield the local stick at the time. To this end they had established 2000 new mobile circuit courts to tour the countryside, exercising both civil and criminal jurisdiction, acting as investigating and prosecuting agencies in cases of "non-coöperation" or "opposition to Government."

Then Big Wei, my interpreter, knocked on the door and came in, as he sometimes did, with that air of vague and purposeless indecision that always presaged some awkward and pointed discussion. This time I was wrong; he merely wanted to ask the question put so often, with a motive so obscure as to be usually invisible: Was everything going all right? Of course, I said; everything was arranged with great efficiency.

"Naturally we are always obliged for your comments — criticisms," he said. He often said it. "Has anything cropped up since we left Peking that struck you, one way or another?"

I was very tired, my head had begun to ache; I felt incapable of a sustained debate on the progress of the People's Democracy in China. I said everything seemed all right to me.

"I don't think so," said Big Wei, "I think you were distressed in Shanghai." Never once since we left had he mentioned Shanghai or any detail of our stay. "I think you did not like the case in the People's Court. There was something . . ."

I said, "All right. I did not like it. I thought that by allowing the thing that we both of us remember you bitched up something that you could otherwise have been very proud of."

He was in no way upset. He nodded, looked at his watch, and strolled toward the door.

"Funny thing," he said, "but I knew you would say that. I did not forget, either."



A veteran of the Second World War who saw hard fighting with the infantry in Italy, H. W. HOLLISTER ran into rough going after his discharge and wound up in the penitentiary. He is now out on parole, but the memory of his incarceration is a vivid one, particularly the strong-arm tactics of the prisoners, not the guards, which he describes in the following article and which are no doubt in large measure responsible for many prison outbreaks.

WHY PRISONERS RIOT

by H. W. HOLLISTER

1

MAYBE it is time, now that everyone else has had his say on the continuing problem of prison riots, that a former convict should make some observations on the subject. A lot of analyses of the problem have been made during the past couple of years, and a lot of solutions proposed; but most of them have managed to sound more like the product of laboratory experiments than the result of a good close look into prison itself. And nowhere does this show up more plainly than in the unanimity with which the analysts have placed the blame primarily on external "trigger" factors — overcrowding, poor food, parole policies, psychological pressures generally — while almost completely disregarding the large and obvious part played, first, by what can loosely be called convict nature and, second, by deep-rooted convict tradition.

It seems to be a general assumption that a prison riot springs into existence either directly, from just grievances, or indirectly, from the tensions peculiar to prison life which make trifling grievances seem large and insupportable. Normally, since rational people risk disaster in search of a better future only when they feel that the present has become intolerable, this would be a reasonable assumption. But who said convicts were rational people?

There is plenty of evidence to show that they aren't — a determining percentage of them, anyway — and no plan to tackle the problem of prison disorders is likely to be of much practical value unless it takes this fact into account. The first and most obvious evidence is simply one of definition. A person of sound common sense, even if his moral standards should permit such carryings-on, doesn't clean out the office safe — the combination of which is known only to his employer and himself — and still report to work the next morning. He doesn't boast of his thefts to pickup girls or other such doubtful confidantes, or flash his stolen roll in public, or do any of the braggart, exhibitionist,

nonsensical things that are reported in the crime news of every daily newspaper. This common inability of smalltime lawbreakers to conduct their affairs in a manner consistent with their own best interests seems to ensure that prisons will always be a collecting ground for men of erratic nature, with yawning gaps in their thinking machinery.

This is not to quarrel with statistics which place the convict's intelligence quotient nearly as high as that of his counterpart in free society; it is merely to say that he lacks the particular quality of mind — call it clearheadedness and plain common sense — which would let him think in an orderly manner and arrive at sensible conclusions. Nor is it to say that all convicts, or even most of them, are positively aberrant. It is only to say that the same "determining percentage" of them are — and in prison this percentage need not be large, although in a general, unclassified prison it is likely to be.

For eight years I did time in just such a penitentiary, under administrations representing opposite extremes of penological thought. This period produced a 400 per cent turnover in prison population; half a dozen work stoppages — one of them an institution-wide six-day hunger strike; numerous sporadic disturbances of shorter duration; at least two fires of incendiary origin; and one full-blown riot, with all the attendant violence and destruction.

For two of those years prison discipline was almost nonexistent. Never, probably, were inmates of a general penitentiary granted a standing of greater dignity and freedom as a matter of policy. Never did they have less cause for bitterness and resentment. Never did they have more to gain by coöperating with a truly bold and forward-looking prison program. And never was reason so lightly overthrown and privileges so joyously abused.

The details make pretty strident reading. In a single cell block, more than a hundred window frames were glassless at one time — the panes

having been kicked out in protest against poor reception on the institution radio hookup or to express some other passing dissatisfaction. Guards, especially "good" guards with records of mildness and fair dealing, were given a miserably hard time; and several guards, good and bad, were engaged in bare-knuckle combat by convicts made brave with home-brewed pruno. Inmate goon-squads, self-appointed and armed with heavy bunk chains, seized the opportunity to roam the tiers, squaring accounts with individual inmate enemies.

These conditions of limited chaos were the handiwork of a relatively small, energetic band — perhaps no more than 10 per cent of the inmate body — encouraged by the approval of the rest of the lunatic fringe and the neutrality of practically everyone else. Disorder was clearly a minority action — or, more exactly, a collection of individual actions that only superficially resembled organized rebellion. Yet the most obvious characteristics here — total irresponsibility, indifference to consequences, wanton destructiveness — are a primary ingredient in most collective inmate actions, and they spring from fundamental aspects of mass convict nature.

2

IF YOUR first experience with prison revolt is of the slow-building, inevitable sort growing out of general resentment and just indignation, it is easy to assume that disorder can come no other way; that an uprising cannot mature without whole-hearted main-line support. But many times a full-scale riot has taken place when hardly a man participating is genuinely convinced that violence — or rebellion of any sort — is either right or necessary.

Except under truly intolerable prison conditions, sensible prisoners oppose a strike, and still more a riot, for they know that sooner or later rebellion is almost sure to leave them worse off than before. Violence inevitably brings restricted privileges, tightened discipline, an uprooting of the routines that make for doing easy time. As indicative as anything of the "differentness" of convicts as a social group, therefore, is the nature of the causes for which they will unite in extreme action. I have known demands to be made, under threat of strike (and strikes can easily explode into riots), that pepper be provided for the main-line dining tables; that clean socks be delivered to the cells daily; that unemployed prisoners be permitted to swim in the stream used for generating the prison's power. A leader of one action vigorously insisted that the terms of peace include that "they turn my brother out of the hole," where he was doing time for breaking prison rules and getting caught.

The closer you look into the matter of prison insurrections, the more of this demented sort of thing you find. One of the few really justified strikes to happen during my time in prison was engineered

to obtain the release of inmate committee members who had wound up in the hole after pushing through a good many reasonable and badly needed reforms. The strike lasted two days and was successful. Besides granting the main point, the prison administration agreed to the election of a permanent inmate council. As a member of a pro tem committee, it fell to me to take the word to the regular committeemen and to see them released. Four of them accepted the news enthusiastically. The other two — the committee chairman one of them — refused to quit lockup because, they complained, it had been *their* show and we, the main line, had "sold them out." The proportion here — two to four — seems like a fair one to keep in mind.

Later, near the end of a six-day hunger strike, I was named to establish some sort of liaison among the council members scattered among the three cell blocks. All of the demands that mattered had by that time been met by the prison administration and state officials — including the one calling for the hiring of a new warden. It was a clear-cut victory for the main line, and it was only too apparent that nothing but disaster would come of crowding our luck. Yet in spite of all this, at least three of the eight-man council, backed by a whopping percentage of the main line, were for holding out longer — either in the hope of gaining further concessions or just for the joy of holding out.

With all this advance warning, the spectacle, two years later, of a "causeless" riot shouldn't have been surprising. The strike began with a demand for better food, which the administration granted almost at once. It has been conclusively demonstrated, however, that nothing can so quickly arouse leaders of wildcat uprisings to full belligerency as the simple granting of demands: the return of peace always brings to an end their moment in the sun. It worked that way this time. Nobody was able to advance any plausible grievances, although a score of not very convincing pretexts were tossed about, to an accompaniment of soapbox exhortations and flailing arms, during the hours that the project was gaining momentum. There simply weren't any plausible grievances to be had. In spite of this, when the administration made a show of force, something like twenty-four hours after the affair began, the strike turned almost immediately into a riot. The first building put to the torch was the laundry, containing a fair share of the main-line wash. Then the canteen was broken into and plundered. Then the storehouse for inmate recreation and athletic supplies went up in flames. Some of the rioters attempted to fire the dining room, one floor beneath the prison hospital, but were dissuaded by cooler heads.

It is easy to say that such irrational behavior is an expression of accumulated, perfectly normal resentment of captivity. But sensible people don't lodge a protest by pulling their homes down about

their cars. Yet upward of a half-dozen times a year, this phenomenon of self-flagellation is repeated in the nation's prisons.

Why is it that no dissenting voices are raised before the pot boils over? Why is it that the great majority of prison uprisings appear, from beginning to end, to be an expression of the popular will? It is here that convict tradition comes into the picture.

The trouble lies almost entirely in the fact that there is no loyal opposition in prison; that opposition, especially to any form of rebellion against authority, is usually taken as prima-facie evidence of disloyalty. And among prisoners, nothing is quite so assiduously to be avoided as the suspicion of selling out to the enemy. Convicts, contrary to the notion popular with Hollywood producers and novelists, are not quite the hard-riding individualists that their excursions into outlawry might indicate. Their outcast state has made them all the hungrier for social approval, even if it must be the approval of fellow outcasts. The rarest thing in prison is the convict who chooses to stand against group opinion. Even nonparticipants and nonbelievers decline to rise up and protest the din that disturbs their peace, or the disorders that threaten their well-being or even their lives. They prefer to obey the prison world's First Commandment and "do their own time." In this light it isn't at all surprising that an entire inmate body should give at least passive support to a strike leader who demands that pepper be placed on the dining-room tables or that his brother be released from legitimate punishment in the hole. There is really nothing else for them to do.

3

ALL this leads to some general conclusions that seem to have escaped most of the people who are trying to find out how to cure the epidemic of prison riots.

1. Convicts, however many exceptions there may be, are generally not mature, fully developed people; and it is about time for high-minded idealists to stop assuming that they will respond to corrective techniques in the same way that normal adults would. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the notion that prisoners are a representative cross-section of the human population, who, through mischance or uncharacteristic impulse, happen to land in jail. For the most part, notwithstanding any number of incidental virtues that may be found among them, they are truncated personalities — a separate breed whose natural habitat is prison and who find an outlet for all of their limited facilities in prison surroundings. From a therapeutic view, the important thing is to find and to concentrate all corrective efforts on the relatively small percentage who are complete human beings capable of assuming the responsibilities of free citizens.

2. By all the tests that can be applied, it is

perfectly clear that the greatest threat to prison order always lies in the small group of violently unstable men, usually at least mildly paranoid, which every prison holds. It is equally clear that convicts of this sort respond to specific kinds of treatment in a quite predictable way. They will respect strict discipline and not much else. And with absolute dependability they will interpret kindness or a softening of discipline as a sign of weakness to be exploited. Obviously, then, the first requirement of prison management is to curb this element — vigorously, using whatever means are necessary.

3. But in a general, all-purpose prison, this isn't as easy as it sounds. The disciplinary standard of any prison has to be geared to the requirements imposed by the most troublesome element in the total group — and one man's discipline, after all, is another man's repression. It is obviously neither just nor wise, from a morale or security view, to impose on tractable prisoners the relatively severe disciplinary measures necessary to whittle the paranoiacs down to size. It doesn't seem enough, then, merely to suppress the style-setters of anarchy. As soon as they are identified they should be shipped off, bag and baggage, delusions and pretensions, to a separate, maximum-discipline institution. And if no such institution exists — as in the case of all one-prison states — it should be provided.

4. This would mean that the old technique of inmate classification would have to be relied on — but with a difference. Maximum-discipline prisons have always existed, but they are regarded as a special preserve for escape risks and "bad men" who for security reasons need closer watching. It is a perfectly safe bet that there are several prison wardens in the nation today who recognize (perhaps belatedly) that it is less disastrous that an occasional convict should escape, if it comes to that, than that his prison should go up in flames at the hands of a flock of bobby-soxers. And the danger signs are easy to spot. It is the convict who swaggers in his walk, who shoulders a guard out of his path, who makes a theatrical production of his contempt for authority, and not the convict who gets caught with a pair of bar-spreaders in his mattress, who is the real threat to prison security.

If the experience of recent years means anything at all, it means that these are at least some of the principles on which the answer to wildcat riots must be based. Demonstrations can still be expected to occur, of course, as a last-resort means of calling a really hopeless state of affairs to attention.

Meanwhile it might as well be recognized that the simple fact of revolt doesn't by a long shot indicate the presence of real grievances, and that an uprising needn't have any element of good faith or good sense about it. Too often it hasn't had. The goal of sensible convicts, after all, is to get out of prison, not to run one.



An Atlantic Story



Canadian poet and short story writer born in Hamilton, Ontario, in October, 1913, GEORGE JOHNSTON received his B.A. and his M.A. at the University of Toronto. For a time he tried free-lancing, with just enough success to keep going, in London and Toronto. Then in 1940 he enlisted in the RCAF, in which he was to serve four and a half years as a pilot and eventually to do a long tour of antisubmarine patrol in West Africa. He married in 1944, and on his return to civilian life he began to teach, first at Mount Allison University and presently at Carleton College in Ottawa. This is his first story in the Atlantic.

BROTHERLY LOVE

by GEORGE JOHNSTON

MRS. BOCADIES is a kindhearted woman who is always helping people. Someone once called her a saint and started a controversy on Beater Street, but whoever did wouldn't own up to it afterwards. Rev. Gorge said something pretty good: he said, on a public occasion of some local importance, "Her heart's in the right place," and there was a cheer. It was the right thing to say. Her help was really helpful too — except for one time when she helped poor Amabel Macdonald — but she had a fault: she couldn't leave well enough alone. "Why can't you leave well enough alone?" they would ask her. She would apologize and promise to do so next time, but well enough was more than she could bear, and in spite of her most faithful promises she would get busy. For example, she got busy on Rev. Gorge.

"For goodness' sake!" they said. "Why don't you leave him alone? If ever there was a well enough, he's it!"

"I can't help myself," she said. "He ought to be getting somewhere!"

"Getting somewhere?" they echoed, in an incredulous tone. "With a new car and a trip to Florida every winter, where better could he get?"

"I know, I know!" she said, and she got busy and took mental exercises to see if they would do her any good, but they didn't really. "Maybe he could be a sales manager somewhere," she offered, knowing it was naughty.

"And get ulcers!" they said, scornfully.

"Well, he needn't get ulcers . . ." she answered,

not very convincingly. However, when his real trouble came she was by no means at the bottom of it: she was, in fact, if anywhere, at the top; he said himself that without her he might never have come out of it at all.

Mr. Gorge was an extra-special preacher. People came from all over the place to hear him and went away feeling awful. He had enemies, to be sure, but even these admitted his talents, and nobody challenged his place in Beater Memorial Church. What made his sermons so effective? Well, it was hard to put your finger on it exactly, but somehow he made people feel awful. Sunday after Sunday they would come out of the church shaking their heads and trying to adjust themselves once more, while the bells rang out in the steeple. "How can you say a talent like that is wasted?" they would ask Mrs. Bocadies. "Don't you feel awful?" Mrs. Bocadies would have to admit that she did; she looked awful; and yet somewhere deep inside her was an imp that wouldn't be shut up, and it kept saying, even in the church vestibule after one of his most awful sermons, when she wondered if she could ever face herself again, "He ought to be a sales manager!"

Mrs. Bocadies is an honest woman, in a psychoanalytic sort of way, and when such a voice as this bothers her she will empty out her psyche like a handbag and see what's in it; and on one of these emptyings-out she discovered the sales-manager imp; or, to be more scientific, she discovered the condition that produced him. "I believe," she

said to herself, "that I am in love with Rev. Gorge." This was not so remarkable a piece of analysis as it might at first appear, and Mrs. Bocadies knew it: half the congregation were in love with him; but for her it might very well be serious, whereas for the others it was more or less like being in love with one's gynecologist. But she had just lost her second husband and, whether she admitted it to herself or not, she was in the market for such a widower as Rev. Gorge, and she preferred to admit it.

A circumstance arose, however, that put the sales-manager business out of everybody's mind. It was not without precedent; that is to say, it was with precedent: it had happened at the time of the Sewage Swindle that Rev. Gorge got on to the subject of brotherly love and his sermons went all to pieces. Everybody was worried and held meetings with refreshments. "What does he think he's talking about?" they asked. But after a while it passed off, and so far as one could interpret the symptoms it might never happen again. Just to make sure, they sent him to Florida in the winter for three weeks after this, to restore his nerves.

The congregation felt good about it, and so did Rev. Gorge, and there was no reason that anyone could see why mutual satisfaction should ever come to an end. Then one morning, while Mrs. Bocadies's sales-manager flurry was still causing some excitement, little Mary Snether came home early from church. She has an unfortunate personality, poor child, but besides this she had rather terrible news. "Rev. Gorge is on brotherly love again!" she said. Everyone was upset. It was in the late spring, just the best season for the church — or by implication the worst for this sort of thing to happen — and meetings of an *ad hoc* nature began to be held. The consumption of cakes, cream, lobster, and salami was on an emergency scale.

Mrs. Bocadies emptied out her psyche, and Mrs. Needleworth and Olive Cloon, who had got the idea from her, did the same, and they uncovered, as a sort of by-product of the result, a heretofore unsuspected element in the case — a woman. She was a lady missionary from the Northwest Territories who was known among the Women's Associations as Little Snow Flower, from the title of the talk she gave to the church groups. She was a short, knobbly woman with large ears and an interesting sidelong walk which reminded one of a bear; and she was melancholy by nature, which to Rev. Gorge, in his brotherly love mood at any rate, was irresistible.

"Who was Mrs. Gorge while she was alive?" Mrs. Bocadies asked. Nobody remembered. "What sort of a personality did she have?" Nobody remembered this either, though she had lived in the manse for a year and had joined in the church activities before the beer truck backed into her. Mrs. Bocadies accounted for her own vagueness on the subject by the number of relatives she had

buried at that time; but in any case no one could remember poor Mrs. Gorge. "It doesn't matter," said Mrs. Bocadies. "Maybe the Little Snow Flower fills a need." Very well, then, they allowed; let her fill the need, whatever it may be, and go back to her Northwest Territories where she is doing such wonderful work. Mrs. Bocadies organized a missionary fund drive, and a committee was appointed to coöperate with the other churches, whose congregations were less resplendent.

2

MEANWHILE the brotherly love sermons were going on, and indeed the subject had become so deep that it was hard to see how Mr. Gorge would find his way out of it again. Meanwhile, also, the affair of the Little Snow Flower came into the open, and the atmosphere, whichever way you turned, was threatening. Rev. Gorge and the L.S.F. were constantly on streetcars together — in his brotherly love moods Rev. Gorge refused to drive his car — and they were on public platforms together and, really, they were like a pair of lovebirds.

Mrs. Bocadies can put up with mush in other people, because she has had so little of it herself, but she has a sense of the fitness of things just the same. She knows when it isn't funny any more. However, she stuck by Rev. Gorge and his L.S.F. because the grain of belief that he would make something of himself one day was stubborn inside her and wouldn't die out. It was like a nut tree, or maybe a nut. "I know I've told myself that I'm in love with him," she said. "But so what? I still believe in him. There's more in that man than preaching!"

"I wish there was!" said Mr. Snether, ominously. "I just wish there was! But until he gets on to whatever 'more' it is, we have to put up with his preaching. And I can tell you we won't put up with it much longer!" Mr. Snether would talk ominously for pastime, but on this occasion he spoke for a movement in the church whose sentiments were gathering to a committee.

"Please give them a little more time!" begged Mrs. Bocadies. She pictured to herself the couple out walking together: if they went down one side of the street the L.S.F., in her sidelong locomotion, appeared to bang into Rev. Gorge and push him into the road, but if they went down the other side she seemed to wander away. Poor Mrs. Bocadies, her emotions were confused but she knew that matters were coming to a head and it seemed of importance to her that they should work out all right.

"Mr. Gorge," she said. "I wish you'd come and pay me a visitation."

Mr. Gorge looked at his watch apprehensively. "It's a terribly busy week!" he said. "Dear me!"

"I know it is," she said, "but I've been reading psychology and, my land, the whole world's busy

these days! Do come! We'll have some tea to-morrow afternoon, just you and I together."

Mr. Gorge gasped; he had drawn a breath to ask if the Little Snow Flower might come as well and there was nothing to do now but make a gasp of it; however, Mrs. Bocadies smiled at him and held his hand, and whatever Mrs. Bocadies's other charms may be, her smile is pretty sweet.

"What did you put in my tea?" asked Mr. Gorge the next afternoon.

"Just a little peppermint," said Mrs. Bocadies, "because it's relaxing. It kind of spoils the tea, doesn't it? However, it's there now." Mr. Gorge tried a butter tart to see if there was anything queer in it, but there wasn't. He was in a distraught state of mind.

"Mr. Gorge," said Mrs. Bocadies, after he had choked for a minute on a crumb, "your life has reached a crisis, hasn't it? Why don't you tell me about it?"

"Well," he said, "I hardly know where to begin. I suppose I should begin at the beginning."

"Oh no!" she said. "That's too difficult. Why don't we start in the middle and see what develops from there?"

"Well," he said, "all right then." He looked hunted for a moment and then he blurted out, "Isn't she a wonderful woman?"

Mrs. Bocadies's eyes shone. "Splendid!" she said. "Go on!"

"Mrs. Bocadies," he said, "I haven't spoken this way before, and in general I don't like the idea of speaking this way at all, but you know I . . . I've been looking at myself pretty closely these days and I have recognized in myself, well, the seeds of greatness. I'll put it as bluntly as possible: I shouldn't be in this job at the church."

"I know it!" said Mrs. Bocadies, fidgeting with excitement. "I've said so many a time!"

"Mrs. Beater—" he went on, "I mean Mrs. Bocadies—you know these sermons I've been preaching? They come to me in a sort of trance: they're prophetic sermons, Mrs. Bocadies. When they first manifested themselves I knew they were a mark of something special . . . and then along came Madeline." He drew his fingernails across the top of his head, as though they were a rake. "Isn't she a remarkable woman? She is, if I may say so in this scientific age, a sign from heaven."

Mrs. Bocadies was fascinated. "What do you think you're going to do?" she asked.

"I have decided," he said, "to go to the Northwest Territories with her."

Mr. Gorge took a large mouthful of tea and then had difficulty swallowing it. It seemed to contain a quantity of air without which it wouldn't descend. The perspiration trickled down his nose and he stood up, fished out his handkerchief, mopped himself across the brow and around the neck, and sat down again. "Mrs. Bocadies," he said, "one

loves one's fellow sinners—we are all in the same boat together, and it's a little one and a precarious one to be sure—but as St. Paul knew, there are, in moments of crisis, few that one can trust. I have always known that you are one of the few, Mrs. Bocadies. My presence here this afternoon is evidence of this knowledge. Mrs. Bocadies—"

"It would be nice if you could call me Mabel."

"Ah!" He stopped for a moment. "Mabel," he said. "Bless you! Mabel, a fellow sometimes likes to talk about himself, and I have been unable to do so for many years. I haven't yet reached the stage with Madeline, her heart is so full of her mission, but she has been the instrument in one of the great experiences of my life: the dropping of the scales from my eyes. Oh, Mrs Boc—oh, Mabel, if you could only convince yourself that all these years, when I have seemed to be preaching so happily, I was—well, as they say, kidding myself. Maybe you could. Maybe you have known it all along. My goodness, is there anything more exhilarating than having a good look at oneself?"

Mrs. Bocadies hadn't been so enthralled by a conversation since the evening before her first husband's heart attack, when she had had her talk with Sir Edward Thorpe. "Mr. Gorge," she said, "I think you would like to bring your Madeline around here some evening and have a chat with her, just you two. You never see each other, except on streetcars and in meetings, and you can't talk there."

"It would be wonderful!" said Mr. Gorge, moved almost to tears by this evidence of sympathy.

"Well, we'll do it tomorrow evening, shall we?" she said.

3

MRS. BOCADIES lived in a rambling rug-brick mansion at the far end of Beater Street, almost out of town, and her property sloped away in a beautiful big park to the banks of the river. She left Mr. Gorge and the L.S.F. in what had been her first husband's study, after giving them coffee and buns, and went off to the other side of the house to arrange some flowers. At half past ten her maid reported that the L.S.F. was writing something at the desk, while Mr. Gorge was walking around the floor.

"Isn't it exciting?" said Mrs. Bocadies. "They are making plans."

"I don't dink dey are," said the maid, who had been a countess.

"Well, try again in half an hour," said Mrs. Bocadies, her curiosity piqued.

At eleven o'clock "de lady" was reading a book about Queen Victoria and "de dzog collair" was rummaging through a pile of geographical magazines. At half past eleven Mrs. Bocadies herself went in. The L.S.F. was asleep on a leather-upholstered settle and Rev. Gorge had apparently gone home. "Dear me!" said Mrs. Bocadies after

she and the countess had at last awakened the L.S.F. "You must be very tired after all these meetings and things! Won't it be peaceful to be back among your Eskimos and your trappers and your American aviators again, and your meteorologists and all that?"

The L.S.F. couldn't thank Mrs. Bocadies enough for all she had done, all the money she had collected and everything. Mrs. Bocadies asked the L.S.F. not to embarrass her, and told her that she had been an inspiration, and then she got the countess—who had been a garage mechanic for a while during the war—to drive her home.

The following Sunday Rev. Gorge preached an old-style sermon again. Not a word about brotherly love and lots of words to make one feel pretty awful. At first the congregation was taken unawares, but soon the excitement among them became irrepressible, and at last the shuffling of feet, whispering, giggling, and turning right around in the pews forced Mr. Gorge into his closing prayer fifteen minutes before he was through. The uproar at the end of the service was inspiring; Mr. Gorge couldn't help taking pleasure in it, he was so human and fallible after all. Many people were, of course, honestly disappointed. Mr. Snether was foremost among these, but many others besides him had developed a taste for talking ominously which it was hard to turn off.

On Tuesday evening a grand presentation was arranged, with salads and smoked oysters and chocolate cake, at which the L.S.F. was given a

rather large check; it was, in fact, the largest check in the history of Beater home missions. An orchid corsage was pinned on her and she said a few simple, moving words. Her departure at the airport was broadcast and everyone agreed that it was a pity it couldn't have been televised, she looked so inspirational; but when the aeroplane received her and then taxied out to the runway it was as though the roaring blackness had swallowed her. Poor Mr. Gorge looked left behind for a while; however, everyone came back to Mrs. Bocadies's to eat more, and Mr. Gorge brought over some old hats and was the life of the party.

After a while he and Mrs. Bocadies took a walk together among the gravel paths of the garden. It was a beautiful evening: a Ferris wheel still turned and twinkled in the distance, a merry-go-round thumped in the rise and fall of the breeze, and from time to time there was a gentle punctuation of screams from the roller coaster.

"Mrs. Bocadies," said Mr. Gorge. "I don't know how I can thank you."

"Mabel," she reminded him, and gave his hand a squeeze.

"Ah yes," he said. "That's right, Mabel." He fell silent for a moment and then he began to look awful. "Are you thinking of a sermon?" she asked, but instead of answering he looked worse, so she tiptoed away. It occurred to her that things were beginning to be well enough again, and she wondered if she would be likely to leave them alone. Probably not.



THE LAND OF COCKAYNE

(By Pieter Bruegel the Elder)

by ERIC BARKER

PLUCKING at handy plenty in their dreams
 The sleepers lie, all bulging at the seams,
 Skin-tight as porkers fatted for the fair.
 Abundance is a weight upon the air,
 A roundness from which all ripeness blooms,
 It hangs as thick as thunder everywhere.
 There is a slug that signatures the dooms
 Of sluggards stuffed like capons who've betrayed
 Their pride of place in that essential trade
 That whetted them on its exacting stone.
 Its name is surfeit, dull and overgrown
 As those it's crammed so tight they can but lie
 Stunned by the huge excess that weighs them down
 Under the deadly, ever-ripening sky.



One of the most distinguished portrait painters New England has produced, CHARLES HOPKINSON painted the leading lights of Harvard during the administrations of Presidents Eliot, Lowell, and Conant — and with such success that his fame spread far beyond his beloved Cambridge. Now in his eighties and still painting — he had a very successful showing of his portraits and water colors at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston last winter — his mind harks back to those days when Cambridge was a country town and when he, an aspirant in his early twenties, was just getting his start in Paris.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER AND HIS SUBJECT

by CHARLES HOPKINSON

1

I AM going to ramble as an old man and tell some of the things which in these days may seem quaint or amusing, and which will lead to some of the mild adventures of a portrait painter. In the seventies and eighties, I should say that the winters in Cambridge were always white with snow and the air was filled with the sweet tingling of sleigh bells. A horsecar rushed down Craigie Street with a big man in a buffalo-skin driving four horses at full gallop, disappearing in the whiteness of the distance. On a warm evening in May, the silence of Brattle Street was hardly broken by the faint trilling of the creatures who dwelt in Smith's Pond, and then perhaps one heard the romantic sound of young men's voices singing as they walked out from the College, first faint in the distance, then growing louder, and then dying away far up the street. Then silence again.

My first professional adventure (to call it so) occurred when Miss Nathurst, who lived next door, seized a portrait of mine, made perhaps at the age of six or seven — a drawing of the "Old Man with the Cows." The man in the portrait used to pasture his three cows by letting them walk slowly from East Cambridge through Craigie Street to Mount Auburn and back. It was good pasturage all the way in the 1870s. Those were happy days when a horse and buggy could be driven up Brattle Street on either side with not a care in the world — unless the horse ran away! For a runaway horse tearing along with dragging reins and a wide-eyed terrified woman on the front seat was not an uncommon sight.

Miss Nathurst's cousin, who also lived next door, was Denman Ross, one of the quaint characters of Cambridge. He had a gentle way of talking, but had a force in his teaching of art and taste which was quite remarkable. He painted for his own

pleasure and instruction, and, so far as I know, was the first man hereabouts to formulate the colors of the spectrum into a language and system which could be taught and could be employed by any intelligent artist; but woe betide a pupil who used the stimulation of his teaching to think for himself and make any change in the system! His monument is the remarkable Ross Collection at the Fine Arts Museum of Boston. Other quaint characters in Cambridge were Mr. William Newell, who would sit at a dinner party with an open umbrella behind him to keep off the draft, and Mr. Carr, who walked up Brattle Street with the help of an Alpenstock.

Brattle Street was either deep in mud or deep in dust, but the fine houses of Tory Row stood almost alone from Hawthorne Street to Elmwood. At high tide I used to see the salt water in the grass on the southern edge of the sidewalk, or watch the tall masts of a Maine lumber schooner being towed up the river to Watertown. The deep-sea hooting of the tugboat's whistle echoed among the elm trees and brought the ocean close to one.

In Boston, at T Wharf, where the fishing schooners lay three deep, you could look over the harbor at the big square-riggers anchored in the stream, or at East Boston, at the delicate tracery against the sky of the masts and yards and cordage of a full-rigged ship. Or perhaps, as you glanced to the left, up the harbor you might see the clipper barque *Sarah*, with her topsails aback, sliding out stern first from her wharf for the voyage to the Azores — with passengers surely going to visit the Dabneys at Fayal. At the next wharf, one day, I saw a small foreign-looking schooner unloading salt cod, evidently a French vessel, named the *Helene*, and hailing from a place I had never heard of. Five years later I saw her again at a little seaport town

in Brittany as she came home from the banks of Terre Neuve.

And that brings me to France and the Art School. It was Julian's, where M. Bougereau (who now remembers his waxy nudes?) would come, sit down, say "C'n'est pas mal, mais c'n'est pas assez," and go on to the next student. One learned by working every day, and by going to the Louvre. If the studio grew dark, and then the light came again, the students broke out into the Russian National Anthem. (That's all I knew about Russia then.) It was really at the Louvre that one learned — just by being there. I can sympathize with people who only care for pictures as illustrations of what interests them, for I was like that even at the age of twenty-one when I had been drawing and painting marines and landscapes for many years. At the Louvre a small Dutch picture of a ship was the only thing which interested me. I went through Holland and never saw a painting by either Hals or Rembrandt (my present idols), nor did I enter the National Gallery in London.

Then suddenly, only three years later in Paris, I saw Titian's "Man with a Glove." (I had probably looked at it often.) The next year the picture I sent to the Salon du Champs de Mars (the "New Salon" as it was called) made quite a hit, and the following year there were four of my pictures there. This seems to me, to whom works of art are such a great part of my life, a strangely slow development. The glamour of the world of art in Paris was very strong. One saw the respect shown the artist even by the shopkeepers, at least in the Quartier Montparnasse — yes, and even in far-off Brittany, where the proprietor of one of those little traveling theaters in a tent respectfully showed me, a long-haired, beret-capped youth, a seat reserved "pour les artistes." That was in Roscoff, a little stony town full of houses built in the sixteenth-hundreds, where Mary Queen of Scots had embarked and disembarked and was remembered by a ruined chapel dedicated to her.

2

AFTER the glamour of Paris came life in Cambridge and Boston once more. The first real portrait I painted was of the poet E. E. Cummings. He was a baby just old enough to toddle about on the lawn of his father's house on Irving Street. A boy perhaps seven years old came across the street to watch me work. When I asked him if he thought he would ever paint pictures like that, he replied, "I have already painted pictures which the neighbors consider excellent. I made a knight in armor which I gave to Professor Norton." "Do you go to school?" said I, making conversation. "No, my mother teaches me at home. I used to go to a school where they taught in the phonetic fashion, so that I spelled *nice* n-i-e-s." Now I, having heard

something about a Royce boy, asked, "Are you Christopher Royce?" "No, my name is Edward. Perhaps you have seen in the neighborhood a half-grown lad in knickerbockers. That is Christopher." Then from across the street came a mother's voice, "Edward, Edward," and he had to run. It was a good Cambridge send-off for me.

Life in Cambridge and Boston included, of course, the instruction and influence of Denman Ross, and here and there a portrait to paint. One by one, by painting them, I became accustomed to the characteristics of Harvard professors; and as a consequence, after some years came a one-man show in New York.

As a result of this show, I believe, I had the honor to be chosen as one of a group of artists to paint celebrities connected with the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919. Each artist was to paint three, and as I was the least well known artist in the group, three of the lesser lights were assigned to me. This was a piece of good fortune, for they were the most picturesque and could more easily be induced to pose. Oh! that lovely afternoon in the Paris sunlight as I walked through the Champs Élysées on my way to meet our Ambassador, Mr. Henry White, who had kindly agreed to act as go-between for the artists and their sitters. At the Embassy, when I told him that I was in a great hurry to get to work, my fellow painter Johansen, who was in the room, said, "I have had only one sitting from Joffre in three weeks." Mr. White went with me to call on M. Bratianu, the Premier of Rumania, my first victim. When he saw Mr. White, the United States Ambassador, he thought something fine was coming to him, but though he was disappointed he agreed to sit next day. He was a picturesque, sensual-looking man with large red lips and iron-gray hair cut *à la brosse* — what we call a paintable subject. I got ten sittings from him.

Later, at an interview with the son of Prince Saionji, the Japanese statesman, I was told that the English artist asked for only three. So things were until, at the second sitting of Saionji, his charming daughter (sitting in the room in costume) said, apropos of nothing, "I think the English artist had four sittings." So I got four. Prince Saionji, posing stiffly in his cutaway coat and striped trousers, said "Non" when I asked him if he spoke English or French. So in silence I worked with furious speed. Some time later I read, perhaps in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, of an interview by the reporter with Saionji, who, having been educated at Oxford, replied in excellent English. When I finished the portrait in Boston, I painted him sitting in a Chinese chair copied from one in the Museum, which seemed appropriate to what Japan was doing in China just then.

After that came the portrait of M. Pashich, the Premier of Serbia. "Well," said Mr. White, "when

I last saw him, he was in handcuffs!" So, you see, I did have somewhat picturesque and dramatic subjects. Pashich lived in a lowly and shabby little hotel guarded by two sloppy, friendly soldiers who reminded me of New England "hired men." Perhaps Serbians are like that. Pashich was a large, handsome man with a long square-cut beard which looked as though it were hooked on over his ears. He was apparently much flattered to think that his portrait was to hang in Washington. The job went off in four sittings, just as I could wish. So there I finished, while my fellow painters were struggling with distinguished diplomats and generals who would pose only now and then.

The Peace Conference portraits were all exhibited in New York, and the one of Saionji seemed to "put me on the map," so that commissions began to come to me. "Whom are you painting now?" said my uncle, President Eliot. "Mr. So-and-so," said I, "but I have not yet decided on the pose." "Ah," said he, "from now on you may have more work, and I advise you to make your decisions quickly." He was an administrator, poor man, so how could he understand a mere painter's problems?

And now, who were these sitters? One was Barrett Wendell, who had taught me English in college, and upon the model stand he became simple and almost youthful, telling stories of ghosts he had seen and revealing other confidences. I have often found that a portrait sitting brings out the most friendly traits in my sitters. Another portrait I painted was of Charles Eliot Norton. This was what we call a post-mortem. I'm sorry I couldn't have done it while he was alive, but I remember distinctly many of his sayings as he gave his courses in Fine Arts 3 and 4, such as: "When I look down on you gentlemen here before me, I see in many of your cravats a horseshoe. What more degrading symbol!" And when he was presiding at a dinner given at the Tavern Club to the architects of the Chicago World's Fair, he said, "It is a great honor to us to have with us you who have made an oasis in the Sahara of American civilization." Up spoke Mr. Adams S. Hill. "I think it very unfair of Mr. Norton to speak of American civilization as a Sahayra." "I said Sahara."

Tom Girdler was a different sort of man. The commission to paint him came to me because I had made a successful portrait of a most delightful gentleman in Cleveland, Mr. William Mather. He was a steel man, the leading citizen of the city, head of the Symphony Orchestra, and a refined, handsome gentleman. His office was in the same building with that of Tom Girdler, another steel man. Evidently Girdler's people had seen the Mather portrait and wanted the same artist to do Girdler. We disagreed on almost every topic of conversation. When I gave him a rest he walked about the studio saying, "This is the most disorderly room I have ever seen," and when we parted

he declared, "I'll never get into *this* sort of thing again."

When Calvin Coolidge wrote, asking me to paint his portrait, he said that since it was to be hung in an important place he hoped I would "use the best of materials." He told me how to get to Northampton, where he was living, by the only train. When I arrived at his house at 6.20 P.M., he came to the door saying "Hed your supper?" "No." "Wal, Mrs. Coolidge and I have hed ours but I guess we can git some for you." He was a good host. He was a good sitter, also, but not a vain man, for he said of the picture, in which, I must say, he had a rather sour expression, "Hed fourteen po'trets painted, and that's the best maouth anybody ever done of me." He was so perfectly Yankee — of the same stock as my own — that I couldn't help liking him, and so the painting went well.

Among my sitters was a man of learning in a very important position in the world, who, when he saw the preliminary sketch I had made for my own instruction, emphasizing certain peculiarities, got down from his seat, indignant, saying, "I thought you were going to make a dignified portrait. If you do a thing like that, I shall certainly not sit." Surprisingly naïve? A very different attitude from that of Professor "Joey" Beale, an almost grotesque little man, who was delightfully interested in every preliminary sketch and caricature I made of him.

3

THERE were a good many college professors and presidents who fell prey to my brush, and it was great fun traveling about and doing my "big game shooting," as I call it. The biggest game I shot, and the most beautiful man who posed for me, was Mr. Justice Holmes — my most exciting commission, perhaps. He must have been about eighty-seven years old, with a shock of white hair over his high forehead, and a fine white cavalryman's mustache, which he could not forget. One day after he had asked me to stay to lunch, as his secretary and I walked into the dining room together, he heard us congratulating the world on some decision toward international peace which we had seen in the newspapers. He said, "You young fellers don't know what you are talking about. I remember how, in a cavalry charge, a Reb slashed at me with his sword. I put my pistol right against his chest. The damned thing didn't go off. I wish to God I had killed that man." Now this was very soon after he had delivered the momentous dissenting opinion favoring the giving of citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer, a noted pacifist.

Another day, after asking me to stay to lunch with Felix Frankfurter and his wife, he went off to be refreshed by listening to his secretary reading to him "The Confessions of a Chorus Girl." Thus

stimulated, he kept the conversation at luncheon on the high plane of philosophy and other subjects so far above my head that I could only sit in silent awe. I am told that when Frankfurter took him to see his portrait in the Harvard Law School, where he wanted it to hang, opposite that of Chief Justice Marshall, he said, "That is not I, but perhaps it is just as well that people should think it is. How did the damned little cuss do it?" The last time I saw him, a few months before his death, he was lying on a sofa, weary with old age, but spick-and-span in dress, with a rosy but very old face. He said, "I wish you would tell me something about this painter El Greco!"

Let me now tell you an anecdote which shows the power of the paintbrush. I was painting the younger John D. Rockefeller. He sat for me in his office at his table, far at one side of the room, looking a little past me to the left. One day he said, "Some men are coming this afternoon to talk about some very important matters. I hope you will be very discreet." I told him I should be very busy and didn't understand anything about money matters, anyway. When the four men arrived and sat down in the empty part of the room, after introducing them to me he said, "I am in the hands of my artist and am sorry I cannot look in your direction, but we may begin." Presently a preposterously large sum of money was mentioned, perhaps a hundred million dollars, and at that he turned his head toward them. Silently I waved my paintbrush at him and he was back in his pose immediately.

My chief theory is that a portrait should exist in the world of art and should not resemble a reflection in a mirror. In the first place, its shapes and outlines should as much as possible (still keeping a human resemblance) be in a geometrical pattern in harmony with the dimensions of the canvas on which it is painted. It should have a color scheme derived from an arrangement of certain tones chosen from the colors of the spectrum. I keep in mind the advice of a member of the Royal Academy, Fuseli, who told his pupils not to copy but to imitate Nature—that is, to *re-create*. The painter should not try to reproduce the colors he sees in his sitter. Nature's range in light, and therefore in color, is from brightest light to darkest dark, while the artist's range is only from white paint to black paint. Therefore the artist must organize his colors in imitation of the way they are organized in nature. Yellow is the lightest color, and violet blue or violet the darkest. Perhaps you

could think of it as the keyboard of a piano—high notes and low notes with almost innumerable modulations. In darkness we see nothing. When light falls on a solid object, part of that object is lightest, another part of the object is darker, and finally the part farthest away from the light is in shadow. Those tones must all be arranged in order, in the painter's mind and on the palette.

There is an excitement in portrait painting. The thing has to be done with all the tension that one uses in a violent game, keeping this up for the two hours of a sitting. You have to think and feel at the same time. Now what is *feeling*, as the artist uses the word? I think it is making yourself into the person before you, not reasoning what sort of person he is, mentally or spiritually, but being that person as he appears to your eyes—feeling yourself resembling him in his gestures, in the way he sits or stands. If he is a person you don't like, the portrait may be a good likeness, but it will lack the something which unconsciously gets into a portrait of a person one is attracted to.

Now you may ask, "How about painting women and children?" A child, yes. That is like painting what is lovely in landscape or in a flower. Perhaps women are too mysterious. Perhaps it is too difficult to become one as I tried just now to describe "becoming" one's sitter. I have made two good portraits of women. One was of an elderly philanthropist, Miss Elizabeth Putnam, and the other is of Dr. Sara Jordan, of the Lahey Clinic. But both of them had characteristics put there by great achievements. I am speaking of "lovely women" in quotation marks—the kind Romney tried all his life to paint with not great success. Perhaps the obviousness of feminine attractiveness is disconcerting and cannot be described by me in terms of painting and the language (as I like to call it) to which I am accustomed. John Sargent, when asked why he had not made a better portrait of a lady he had painted, replied, "What could I do? She is a beautiful woman!" He meant that there was nothing in her face to emphasize or exaggerate in order to make a likeness. Nature had made her too perfect.

My difficulty perhaps is summed up in the comment made on my New York one-man show by the Art Editor of the *New York Sun*. "He is enough of a Yankee to portray a shrewd business man, is at home with his academic clients, but when it comes to the ladies, he makes them look good and not dangerous."



Books and Men



Novelist and critic, FREDERIC MORTON was born and reared in Vienna

and has long been at home in German literature. In late spring he had several happy visits with Thomas Mann, and their talks together gave him this perceptive view of Mann's last novel, *The Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*, which has just been published by Knopf. Mr. Morton, who graduated from the City College of New York, won the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship in 1947 with his first book, *The Hound*, and since then he has written two more novels, *The Darkness Below* and *Asphalt and Desire*.

THOMAS MANN'S FAREWELL

by FREDERIC MORTON

I

IN THE window of a Vienna bookshop, Thomas Mann's novels had been arranged with obvious haste into the form of a cross. On top of his last novel, *The Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*, a card lay propped whose gothic letters said "In Memoriam." That was how I first got the news of his death. It struck me hard and yet it had a wry significance in the way it came at me: through a solid middle-class plate-glass window, through a storekeeper's homage combining the sincere with the sanctimonious and mercantile. Here was a display which might have been lifted out of *Felix Krull* itself. Here was one more flourish from the great theater of Europe's society of bourgeoisie.

Mann's final masterpiece gave me a number of such odd starts. I had closed its covers at Salzburg in the Goldener Hirsch, the very hotel where the master spent some time in the period of *Felix Krull's* gestation. But the waiters there, bowing and pirouetting in their *Loden* tuxedos, looked not like Mann's models but his creatures. They took their stately rhythm from Krull's vision, not from this world. A week before, I had read a few chapters of the story in Bad Gastein, possibly the ones Mann worked on during his own stay there in the early fifties. The same strange reversal occurred. The Gastein hotels, huge old Franz Josef giants, would appear to make the perfect research background for the dramatist of the fashionably old-fashioned. Yet, on the contrary, their placid stucco seemed to have been built according to Krull's specifications.

In *Felix Krull* Mann has not only produced his most European fable, but he has also made Europe legendary. The top hats and the topazed amenities, the camel-hair waistcoats and the satin scarves, that swirl through his pages are more than the appurtenances of the myth Mann's Krull creates; they compose the myth itself. For Krull is an arch-swindler who, just because he himself is nothing, is superb in assuming somebody else's costumes.

He has no central trait except a wonderfully self-complacent self-confidence in *playing* whatever trait he really doesn't have.

His substance is manner. His story pantomimes a comedy of styles, a veritable epic of mannerisms. As in a Congreve play where the illusion would die if a single handkerchief were wrongly waved, so in this novel Krull's career would be punctured by one misused fork. But of course that never happens.

Krull's deportment never copies his condition. Indeed, the one opposes the other. So little Felix is the darling of the upper-class soirees of his native Rhine city for the simple reason that his parents dance on the rim of bankruptcy. He becomes, a little later, a knowing *flâneur* of Frankfurt's streets because his father is now a suicide, his mother the operator of a boardinghouse. At an induction examination he conjures up a most horrifying fit out of the very pink of health. Still later, as a frequently invited guest to the boudoirs of Paris's most elegant hotel, he can be an exquisite lover to his great ladies, a tantalizer sticking to *vous* instead of *tu* during the most intimate embrace, yet on rising from their beds he steps into the livery of an elevator boy.

And when in the final section of the book a Luxembourgian nobleman named de Venosta travels first class from Paris to Portugal, could the *comme il faut* crease of his flannel suit, the finely nuanced matching of his gray spats with black patent boots (smart but not dandyish), spring from the fact that he is not Marquis, not Comte, but Krull?

Now, it might be said that this naughty magnificence, this splendid embezzlement of gestures and textures, is typically an old man's work. *Krull* could be interpreted as an attempt to stay the receding senses with the beguiling puissance of the world. It may also be a liberation from the introspective heaviness which has chained the post-war German novel, even Mann's own *Dr. Faustus*,

with a thousand subtleties and symbols. Possibly it is, too, a reflection of the exile back home. After fifteen comparatively simple American years Mann returned to a shower of European banquets, homages, and honorary citizenships. Mann's as well as Krull's life exploded hourly with bright etiquette. Perhaps the boundless, shapeless dynamism of the New World made the maestro all the more receptive to the pageantry of set pattern in which Continental life paraded past him.

The book itself offers evidence of such heightened susceptibility. That part of *Krull* which Mann produced as a septuagenarian breathes a much more direct awareness of pleasurable surfaces than the original novella-length fragment published in 1911. The circus scene in particular, a veritable gorging of sense impressions, is one of the most physical he has ever written. Even Krull's character has changed in a more hedonistic direction. The first page speaks of the confidence man's great fatigue, of the "errors and passions" he intends to confide to the reader. In the eighth chapter of Book I, still part of the novella fragment, Krull denies ever having exercised extensively his talent for the arts of love. "My difficult and dangerous life," he explains with some regret, "made great demands on my powers of concentration — I had to be careful not to exhaust myself."

Here the swindler becomes metaphor for the embattled artist. Both must lick the great problem of form before being able to put illusion before their public. In fact Krull's plaint corresponds exactly to one voiced by an actual writer in *Royal Highness*. This novel is the only other full-length comedy by Mann, and it stems, significantly enough, from the same creative period as the early Krull fragment. Its scribbler explains his calling to his monarch in early-Krullian metaphysics: "Every important link to life, i.e. happiness, and love, is closed to us, since the dramatization of life requires all our powers."

But the Krull of Mann's late seventies is innocent of battle fatigue. Krull commits no errors. Almost all his acts have a purpose that succeeds. Nor does he spare his erotic energies in the slightest. Frankfurt, Paris, Lisbon, wherever he goes, his path is strewn with accessible bosoms and welcoming limbs.

Does this mean that Krull ceases to be an artist? The frivolous, miraculous answer Mann manages to give is: No! Our mountebank is, believe it or not, eupeptic while he is esthetic.

"I feed on contrasts," Mann once told me. So do some other of his colleagues on Olympus. It is the sharpest response to the present which catapults Proust into an enchantment with the past. Weren't all those pavilions of long-past remembrance unlocked by the hour-old *madeleine*? And if the Hemingway godling weren't constantly buffeted by the death ballets of war, hunt, and the

corrida, the taste of gin would not be so good on his tongue, nor the touch of his women so true.

This particular trade practice of genius has always been part of the Mann technique, illuminating the inner essence of bourgeois "normalcy" with the tensions of the artistic outsider. His heroes look in on the world through a keyhole — that most powerful of telescopes since no lens is as sharp as that of longing, no air so transparent as that of enforced distance. Thus glimpsed, the chaos of frictions and affinities, of compassions and cupidities, assumes a meaningful symmetry.

As to good and evil, the two words which confuse the world so, Mann's outsider is not immune to them, but not fooled by them either. A Nietzschean craft transforms them into violin-and-drum harmonies that orchestrate the human spectacle instead of schematizing it into moral judgments.

2

As I leaf through Mann's works I see a whole gallery of anteroom figures who eavesdrop on life's inner sanctum. There is, to begin with, Little Herr Friedemann. His humped back weighs him down upon the voyeur's peephole, and he utters a cry everyone understands, for it is the secret little bit of crookedness that makes the straight ones human. There are the Buddenbrooks, their whole corseted and cravatted congregation peering hard into a kingdom which is every moment less theirs, and who articulate on their faces the poetic, painful truth of a tribe grown too old. There is Tonio Kroeger straining against the door which keeps him out of the golden life and yet constitutes the filter through which he distills revelation. There are Castorp, Claudia, and Settembrini of *The Magic Mountain*. The white padded doors of disease part them from the green universe, and yet they gain in the ache of their division sweeter love and better wisdom than the dumbly undivided. There is Joseph, shut out from among his brothers, a stranger in Egypt, yet using his loneliness as his genie and his genius. There is Dr. Faustus belaboring the locked, tormenting portal which is also his creative pact.

Sometimes these divine have-nots do break through the barrier and seem to have, just like that, a cup of coffee with ordinary life. But I always sense something snatched about their scenes. The truth is that they carry their doors invisibly with them, and their peepholes are wherever their eyes happen to be.

Now there is finally, shockingly, Krull. Perhaps we should have been prepared for him, since his recent confreres, Joseph and "The Holy Sinner," have had an air of tongue-in-cheek success about them. With Krull it is more than an air. True, he has his anteroom. But he doesn't push against the curtain which leads into the great world. He re-

clines before it on a kitchen stool. He doesn't mind it here, for at any moment he may exchange his waiter's pants for the fine gray flannels of the Marquis de Venosta and stride out there with lazy, manor-born ease. No, he likes his back room, for it furnishes him a frame for his entrances and exits, it gives him space in which to change costumes. The withoutness which lets Mann's other figures only *see* more deeply, with such insightful pangs, helps Krull *be* more richly. Their prison is his stage door.

How does he manage to be so unembarrassed, so triumphant? His secret lies, oddly enough, in his abstemiousness. Krull does not indulge himself in devotion, passion, pride, avarice, or any other profane impulse. But he is fascinated with the *proper way* of yielding to them. Being honored by the monarch of Portugal gives the former dishwasher little prestige. What he savors enormously is the sheer ceremonial of the process. As elevator boy he opens the door to an assignation with the hotel's grandest lady guest, not excited with the sexual prospect, but busy with the problem of giving his body just the right forward inclination — the exact angle in which civility *and* boldness will be implicit — while he murmurs, "You expressed the wish, madame . . ." At a *souper* the most delicious *petit four* is less a blessing to his palate than a challenge to his flair for grasping it with negligent delicacy and disposing of it, not by gross mastication, but by way of a genteel disappearance into a napkin and a causerie.

Thus a paradox emerges out of the recently completed part of the novel. Much smoother with worldliness than the conception of forty years ago, its hero is at the same time more dedicated to his abstract quest. The end of the volume makes it plain: our confidence man, who might have become a gourmand of good living, is now a gourmet of society. His expertise interests itself much less in the rewards of make-believe than in its choreography. He roams the rungs of the social ladder as Rubinstein does over the piano keys, recognizing, like Rubinstein, differences in tone, not in intrinsic value. Life is an everlasting opera to him, in which every class plays counterpoint to every other; low gains its piquancy from high, high its loftiness from low. Even the cosmos unfolds itself to Krull, under the amusing tutelage of Professor Kuckuck, as a quaint shadow play of galactic *Gestalten*.

Essentially indifferent to content, Krull is ever enamored of form. He has "need for good form." He makes, for all his mundane virtuositities — or rather because of them — the least secular of Mann's protagonists. Which is another way of saying that he is the most artistic.

We can hardly blame him for not being much of a human being. He has none of the emotional ambiguities with which Mann can so masterfully af-

flict his characters. Doubt, hesitation, despair, all the forces that define a face in depth, cannot touch Krull — or at least have not reached him yet in this first volume, which brings him to his early manhood. His psyche knows no soul-revealing twilight moments, for his aims are lucid, his every enterprise successful. But this shallowness of personality furnishes the novel with a deep source of comedy — its prose. Krull's monolithic serenity permits him to set down his reflections with a superhuman décor. Between the fraud of his life and the staid, rotund imperturbability with which he pictures it, there obtains a hilarious masterpiece of contrast. Luckily in Denver Lindley the novel has found a translator alert to the most delicate German shadings, usually resourceful in summoning their English counterparts.

And so *The Confessions of Felix Krull* is more than Dickens upside down: the young man making good by being bad; more than the newest, gayest theology of crime; more than an enrichment of the picaresque genre. It is more than a parodistic balance sheet of European fashions and follies; more than a bizarrely perverse view of Mann's preoccupation with the artist, a caricature of the whole gamut of Mann's favorite themes.

It is in the end also the smile the grand seigneur of Western letters smiled at himself. I don't mean that *Krull* is a devious autobiography of Mann, though there are many literal analogies between the two: the failure of the parent house, the hatred of school and army life, the love of music and of dogs, the great success in inventing things that do not really exist.

I do mean something larger, if less palpable. Something that centers in the word *repräsentieren*. A difficult German word, it connotes less the ability to represent something than to present oneself. It conveys projection of a station or a rank, the playing of a role. For the last thirty years Mann had been constantly playing a role. He was an imperially affable presence at his lectures. Patiently he read, dutifully he lauded the books young authors sent him; devoted himself to their works somewhat as a monarch will devote himself to citizens' petitions. At his home he received admirers and disciples with a fine warm spontaneity that was also tempered with some protocol. He maintained a huge correspondence, friendly to the handful who were almost his peers, even friendlier to all those who were not.

I watched him on lordly occasions and detected more than once a sly modification of the famous gray mustache. I always suspected it was a grin. Now I am quite sure of it. Through Krull, Mann was laughing at his own "need for good form." And the wonderful thing for us is that he was not merely making merry with his magic, but was making magic out of his merriment.



Books and Men



The American universities, ALFRED KAZIN points out, are today more

than ever patrons of literature; they have deliberately taken novelists, poets, and playwrights into the academic community — and what effect, he asks, has this had upon the writers and the community? Author, literary critic, and professor at Amherst College, Mr. Kazin's first book, *On Native Grounds*, established him as one of our foremost appraisers of contemporary literature. A new collection of his essays, entitled *The Inmost Leaf*, will be published by Harcourt, Brace this autumn.

THE WRITER IN THE UNIVERSITY

by ALFRED KAZIN

1

ONCE, American writers all seemed to be clergymen — just as a time would come when they would all seem to be former clergymen. Then, often as not, they were politicians, and later, printers. Printers like Mark Twain became journalists before they became authors, and almost, it would seem, in order to become authors. In fact, by the end of the nineteenth century the tendency of American writers to begin in journalism, and even to stay in it as part of their creative life as writers, was so well established that this persisted into the 1920s, when reporters like Lardner and Hemingway carried on the tradition of Hearn, Crane, Dreiser, Mencken. The city room was still a legendary place for American writers; and just as every recruit in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so a reporter hid in the drawers of his desk, amid the crumpled pieces of carbon paper and the whiskey bottle that was his excuse to posterity for not finishing it, a chapter of the great American novel.

Nowadays, however, a great many writers tend to be in the universities — and I mean *writers*, those for whom writing is a personal necessity and who, whatever else they may do, see the world with a writer's mind. The university today includes not merely critics, who would seem to belong there, but poets, novelists, and dramatists of one kind or another. Many writers are professors in full harness, and there can be very few American poets under fifty who are not wrapped in what has been called the "academic cocoon."

What we are seeing just now is more than the university's friendly hospitality to writers; it is an attempt to play the active role of patron: to support the creation of literature, to take writers into the academic community, and thus to show that it regards them as assimilable, harmonious — and necessary.

This represents a very great change. When I was

in college in the thirties, it was still well understood that scholars were in one class and writers in quite another. They did not belong to the same order of mind, they seemed quite antithetical in purpose and temperament, and, at the very least, they needed different places to work in. You can no more imagine Hemingway or Fitzgerald in a university than you can picture one of the new critics out of it. In those days it was understood that scholarship was itself a trust, gravely presided over by men and women who were custodians of the best that had been thought and learned. Knowledge was seen historically; it consisted of a tradition, *the* tradition. It was not always possible to say where this tradition began, but so far as literature was concerned, it ended at the cemetery.

In 1938, a classmate of mine wanted to do his doctor's thesis on Dreiser, but was told flatly that he would not get permission until Dreiser was dead. This, with its obtuse hostility to a writer whose best work was behind him, nevertheless represented a principle that some of us were bound to respect, precisely because it was not ours. It defined the opposition between tradition and the new generation; it showed us the authority we had to fight. The scholar, on his side, knew what he knew; he knew what his subject was, and it was *not* to be confused with every confounded and ill-considered literary enthusiasm that came along. Enough time had to elapse for his subject to take its shape, for the evidence to appear. D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930) and James Joyce (1882-) were questionable and problematical additions to the canonical history of English literature.

The scholar saw himself in relation to the tradition of which he was an officer, and whether he sat on a board interrogating a candidate at a doctor's oral, or wrote a paper "establishing" the influence of a major poet on a lesser poet, he knew that he was custodian of the custodians, and so trained

those who were to carry on the same work after him. Indeed, the very picture that scholars had, in those days, of certain institutions of democracy proceeding in a straight line from the Anglo-Saxons in the German forests to their descendants on the American frontier, or of English literature evolving somewhat awkwardly but steadily from *Beowulf* to Thomas Hardy, expressed perfectly, as an image of history generally tends to, the scholar's conception of his subject and of his own approach to it. All scientists were adding to our knowledge, all scholars were working with the precise impersonality and cautious certitudes of science, and the tradition was so real that it possessed moral authority.

It followed from this that the literary scholar's attitude toward the contemporary writer was, at best, one of understandable skepticism. For how can you evaluate soundly, how can you judge truly, how can you even *know*, when the writer is still living, when the arc has not been closed by death, when the pattern may be interrupted or even changed by a masterpiece or a failure? It is easy, now, to laugh at the caution with which departments of English used to look at contemporary American literature, and in these days, when the young are brought up on it and are made to analyze stories by Hemingway and poems by Cummings, we remember with derision the time when Paul Elmer More called a novel by Dos Passos "an explosion in a cesspool," and when it was well understood, in many a cozy professorial conclave, that *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* were deliberate hoaxes on the public. But the scholar honestly thought that there was a tradition to look after; and even though he tended to be too cautious in adding to it, the writer himself respected him for trying to preserve it.

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IT WAS only when this idea of a tradition broke down that writers could become part of the university. It was when the *professors* became "modern" and "creative," ashamed above all of seeming dull—it was exactly at this point that the writer was welcomed in the university, whose proper study came to seem not the past, in its closed historic shape, but the constant interflow of "life," of contemporary experience, of every and any phenomenon that could be weighed, measured, and described.

"Aren't we writers, too?" a distinguished scholar said to me, more puzzled than reproachful, when I made this point at the faculty club. "Do you think that I'm academic?" the most academic man of my acquaintance asked me, using exactly the tone of voice an invalid might use when asking a doctor if the case were hopeless. He lives among professors of literature who are always referring to contemporary literature, or lecturing on contemporary

literature, or analyzing it with the I.B.M. machine of modern criticism, or anthologizing contemporary literature—and he feels out of touch. The old order has not, of course, passed entirely; pedants will be pedants, but nowadays they no longer have to be scholars. The real scholars, on the other hand, are no longer sure where they fit into the scheme of things. For it is the authority of culture itself that is going today, and in the world of values there are no longer any parents for the young to rebel against. Parents and children, professors and students, all are young together and want incoherently to remain "young" as long as possible. Scholarship persists as an art; the scholar himself is no longer looked up to as a judge.

Our very conception of time has changed. The past is no longer all that came before us, all that asks to be *learned*—it is something which we select as a fashion to imitate; and which past it is to be, current literature now dictates. Time past is that which serves time present, so that people study Donne because of Eliot and know Homer only through Joyce. And the American scholar has become a slightly synthetic personality—always "liberal" and a regular fellow, as much the product of mass culture as his students, usually a journalist and mostly a rewrite man.

It is in this new atmosphere that the writer has come into the university—an atmosphere in which values are in confusion and in which many fields run into each other; in which the constant search is for a philosophy, a perspective, a slant by which to leaven the great mass of facts which American scholarship piles up every year. Many scholars now give the appearance of living intellectually from hand to mouth, and it is this that explains the unbelievable influence of the critics who, in a culture that has forgotten religion and has never known philosophy, act as "idea men." We live in a culture so materially rich, so powerful, so well able to support experiment and so eager to develop itself, that the writer is urged, almost in desperation, to contribute to the discussion and it is sometimes looked on as a miracle if he comes up with an idea.

The creative writer serves all sorts of purposes in our new culture. He is something of a dancing teacher to the children of the new rich; only, instead of teaching them the art of the dance, he can show them how to analyze down to the bone what others have written. This prosperous, aspiring, parvenu side of American life explains a great deal about the writer's presence in the university. There is money around, and some of the money can be used to hire well-known writers, whose names lend prestige to the university and whose antics will supply the faculty club with gossip all winter. The writer becomes an attraction, able not only to bring in the summer session crowd and the extension division crowd, but to make the university officials advance

the claim that they are taking learning straight to the people. He serves directly in those fields, like creative writing and literary criticism of the more practical sort, which seem to have become the domain of visiting writers. And what the university does for the writer is equally obvious. It gives him, what writing can never give, a measure of financial security; and what is of extreme importance to anyone who knows what a lonely trade writing can be, it provides him with an intellectual community of a kind which simply does not exist elsewhere. It gives him a sense of belonging, and encourages his writing in many graceful and grateful ways, just as it obviously limits it in others.

Still, the relationship of the writer to the university is basically an unreal one; and while the university needs writers and some writers need the university, it would be well to realize the fundamental differences between them and not to minimize them. The scholar thinks of his field, still, as a body of knowledge to which facts are added and in which clarifications are constantly being made. But to the writer reality is something to be *transformed* — and not by the patient discussion and analysis of impersonal items, but by a creative act. The virtues of scholarship at its best — patience and humility and disinterestedness — are not necessarily the writer's virtues, except that he needs the patience to realize his hunch, the humility to allow his work to have its way with him, and enough steadiness to bring his work to a successful conclusion. It is an illusion that people interested in the same subject necessarily share the same attitude toward it; in truth, it is the essentially personal attitude that we have, the innermost point of view that we bring to anything from our very souls, and not the subject itself, that brings minds together.

Above all, the writer does not work with anyone; he is not a collaborator, he is not coöperative, and it can be to his very peril as a writer if he sacrifices the excruciating precision of his vision and his unrelenting impatience of mediocrity in order to please, to accommodate himself, to fit in. Academic life, though it may exercise no control over his writing, only over his teaching, can in all sorts of small ways exert pressure and influence on his writing. We live in a culture where the highest aim is not to live in the spirit, but to be comfortable; not to give offense or to take it, but to get along, to be happy. But no one in his senses would choose writing in order to become happy. The writer, the artist, is a man plagued by homesickness, and in furious resistance to the most commonplace treacheries, and forever in love with Him who is not the God of this world. "I put a piece of paper and a pencil under my pillow," said Thoreau, "and when I could not sleep I wrote in the dark."

Academic life thrives on coöperative specialization, on a body of scholars who not only respond

to one another but who all need each other. It thrives on promotions, honors, acceptance — and on publication at any price. In the same spirit of utter will it offers the writer promotions, too, and recognition and acceptance. But these do not help the writer in his lonely work. They may be actually harmful, for they can distract and deceive and soften him up.

But these differences and distinctions apart, it is obvious that the writer will remain part of the university and that more and more universities are likely to want writers. The writers will welcome this. Quite apart from the fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult for a serious writer to live by his writing, the money in publishing these days is in secondary media, like television and soft-cover books. Newspapers are more than ever just now, by reason of their timidity and standardization, poor training grounds for the free creative spirit, and a Mr. Dooley, a Broun, a Thurber, have yielded to a world of Timestyle, of the syndicated review, and to the columnist who is more likely to be a Westbrook Pegler than a Walter Lippmann.

Basically, the writer is in the university because of what has happened to America in the last few years — the new thoughtfulness of wealth, the amazing breakup of the conservative tradition, the open competition of the university with other intellectual agencies. The university has become one of the real movers of American life, as witness Congressman Reece's indignant charge that the Rockefeller Foundation and the *Encyclopedia of Social Sciences* had virtually brought socialism to America. The presence of so many writers in the university is really a chapter in the still undescribed revolution of America since the war. But what needs finally to be said, on the writer's part, is that he is in the university because he wants to be there. It enables him to play a role — as moralist, as philosopher, as literary guide and teacher to his tribe — which American writers have always loved to play, which the country has wanted them to play, and which, in a culture so devoted to self-improvement as ours, the university best enables them to play.

What all this has done to American writing is another story; but who knows whether to blame our new writers on the academy or to admit that so many of them flock to the university because that is the natural center of their interests just now? However one may lament what has happened to our writing ever since it entered the university, there should be no doubt that from the writer's own point of view, his choice is made in the deepest freedom. It is all his own doing, his talent, his fate — and always his task to bear. That, in fact, is what it means to be a writer, and it is because of this intense act of will, of choice, of freedom, that only the writer can say what being in the university means to him, and what he gets out of it.



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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

ON THE wall of my library, among the photographs is one of a man in white ducks and white shirt sitting on a paddock fence grinning down at a fat mare grazing placidly beside him. The man is Hans Zinsser, and because the picture was taken in the sunlight you almost catch the glint of his snapping blue eyes and the ginger in his hair.

Hans Zinsser had the resourcefulness of four men, and it was part of his greatness that he kept all four of them active throughout his life. Poetry was in his blood; he published his first volume of verse while still an undergraduate at Columbia; he contributed lovely sonnets to the *Atlantic* throughout his career under the nom de plume R.S.; and his final book of poems appeared after his death. He knew his classics and was at home in English, French, and German literature. While still an undergraduate he served in the Cavalry in the Spanish-American War and was shocked at the "unbelievable, miserable sanitary condition of the camps." One might call this the bugle call which led to his courageous, lifelong campaign against infectious diseases, a campaign which made him one of the most eminent pathologists in the world. "I had the luck to enter a new field," he once told me. "It was like stepping into a great hotel on the coast. I could have any room for the asking and they all looked out to sea." He loved horses and riding (which was why he was in the Cavalry) and in the last months before his death he had his saddle and stirrups brought to his bedroom so that the smell of the leather could send his thoughts afield. But even more than horses he loved music, and he played the violin with skill. The member of the Harvard faculty who went down to Columbia to welcome Dr. Zinsser to the staff of the Harvard Medical School was directed to an office at the end of a long corridor. As he approached he heard the strains of a string quartet and peering in the door

saw Hans and his three assistants, bloody aprons and all, fiddling away for dear life. "Sit down," said Hans softly, never ceasing to play. "We'll be through in a minute."

It was my good luck that the Zinssers lived right across the street from us during my early years as Editor of the *Atlantic*. I could tell from the light in his library when Hans was working; sometimes we had beers together at evening's end and sometimes we all went over to them for Sunday supper bringing our leftovers to add to the fund, as there was never any telling how many might turn up — former students from India, China, or Paris, members of the Harvard faculty, doctors, and writers — with the talk ranging from T. S. Eliot to Pareto to the Black Death. I had the fun of editing Hans's book *Rats, Lice and History*, that unique account of what infectious diseases had done to change the fate of nations. It was fun and it was exacting too, for Hans was a perfectionist and accepted no change without scrutiny and not always then.

Early in 1938 Hans was in China helping pupils of his to stave off an epidemic of typhus which was there threatening. He came back late that spring feeling below par and went for a checkup. The finding was hopeless, for he was incurably ill with lymphatic leukemia. He told me in July and at that time he thought he had twelve months left. It was the first time I had seen one I loved under the death sentence, and his courage was contagious and wonderful. He carried on his work at the Medical School with no slackening of pace; he submitted himself as a guinea pig for the most exhausting tests against leukemia; and in the evenings he was busy with a great mound of yellow paper on which for years he had been writing down episodes of a semi-autobiographical nature. He was determined to finish it and "damn you, don't you ever refer to it as an autobiography," he said half jokingly, "for it isn't." The problem of finding the right tone of voice in which to tell it had long perplexed him. "I would like to tell it in the third person," he once remarked. "But Henry Adams pre-empted that in his *Education*." What he did was to write about a central figure whose initials were R.S., a medical man known intimately to Dr. Zinsser, and whose career touched his at many points. So began a work of biography whose gaiety and laughter, whose tenderness and knowledge, not least of human nature, will make it long remembered. Of self-pity there is not a trace; the note of poignancy that you hear especially toward the

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close is that life is so brief. "Ted," he said to me one morning when the book was nearly done, "if I could only find a raft to step onto from this old hulk — there is so much more writing I would like to do." He did keep the "old hulk" afloat for a year longer than he had first expected and so lived to see his book published and praised. I should rank it on the very top shelf of American biography together with Ben Franklin's fragment, *The Education of Henry Adams*, Admiral of the Ocean Sea by Samuel Eliot Morison, Clarence Day's *Life with Father*, Douglas Southall Freeman's *Lee*, and Sandburg's *Lincoln*. *As I Remember Him* belongs in that company for all the reasons I have suggested, and for one more which his friend Dr. John F. Enders described so movingly in the memorial exercises which were conducted at Harvard in the autumn of 1940. "Always loving," he said, "and even often seeking out a struggle where benevolent causes were at stake, this lifelong conflict with the agents of syphilis, tuberculosis, typhus and the rest which he regarded perhaps only half-humorously as sentient malignities satisfied in large part his need for dangerous experience in the pursuit of generous ends."

Hans believed that a man had to walk dangerously, and certainly he himself was never finer or more expressive than in that most precarious test of all. I am glad that his big book has been reissued this year; I am glad that the Hans Zinsser Memorial Fund has now been established at the Harvard School of Public Health to give support to promising young scientists in the field to which Hans was devoted. Those who loved him will wish to see it grow.

War wife

During the Second World War, the separation between combatants and their wives was much longer than in the First World War, the distances greater, the loneliness more harrowing. In this dilemma, love affairs of propinquity were inevitable. Strictly speaking they were infidelity; but in many cases they were compassionate and irresistible. This is the conflict which **Lionel Shapiro** describes in his novel, *The Sixth of June* (Doubleday, \$3.95).

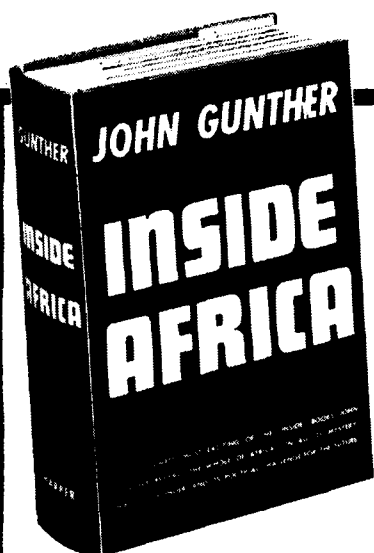
Brad Parker, Connecticut-born and a young graduate of Dartmouth, married a newspaper fortune when he married Jane Lakelock, and he was well on his way to succeed his father-in-law as publisher when in his twenty-seventh year the war called him. He volunteered for the Special Service Force training in Montana in parachute and winter warfare, partly because of his love for skiing and partly to shake himself out of the fat-cat habits which had been settling down on him. But his Congressman, without Brad's knowledge, has him transferred to a safer staff assignment in London and there, through the preparations for the North African and Italian campaigns, Brad toils at a

mountain of paper. In his loneliness he seeks the sympathy of Valerie Russell, a lovely, war-weary English girl serving in the Red Cross. Their attraction sweeps Val away from the English Commando Captain to whom she was half engaged and puts Jane, Brad's wife, out of mind. The affair keeps Brad from rejoining the paratroops; it leads to an open break with his family; and only in the final preparations for Overlord is he roused from the enchantment.

The situation as Mr. Shapiro has told it is decently, pathetically true. We see Valerie's disrupted home where her father, the Brigadier, sits embittered and useless after Dunkirk; we see the warmth and surprise with which Brad enters her life, and her anguish as she tries to live up to her divided loyalties thereafter. Brad is the weaker of the two; his sleek acquiescence in Connecticut has left him content to do the paperwork in London, and it is only after repeated provocation that he is roused from his bemusement. As for John, the English suitor, we see him only in brief moments and at his best on D-Day. The vignettes of wartime London are well drawn: the nervous gaiety, the binges, the flare-ups between Yank and limey. The best writing is in the last forty pages with the graphic account of the landing and assault on Pointe Ange. But the shortcomings of the book are its superficiality and its lack of emotional depth. There are too many "darlings" and not enough real impulse. One feels sorry for no one and in the end is left wondering about Brad's uncertain homecoming.

Marjorie from Manhattan

"Setting aside the years at war, I have had no other aim or occupation than that of writing; and it is the ambition I had when I was a boy. It is hard work; and in the good hours when words are flowing well it seems there is hardly a pleasanter way to spend one's time on earth. Never mind the bad hours. There is no life without them." So says **Herman Wouk**, the Manhattan-bred son of Russian-Jewish immigrants who in his forty-first year is the most fluent and successful of New York novelists. Three of his four novels have been distributed by major book clubs and his Pulitzer Prize package, *The Caine Mutiny*, has been an international best seller and a smash hit on stage and screen. The *Mutiny* grew out of his experiences aboard destroyer-minesweepers in the South Pacific. But Manhattan, and in particular the city beloved by the middle-class Jews, is the source of Mr. Wouk's new big novel, *Marjorie Morningstar* (Doubleday, \$4.95), as I predict it will be of his books to come. The city is in his blood; he was born in the Bronx, is the product of its public schools and of Columbia, and for five years had the stimulus of Broadway as a member of Fred Allen's writing team in radio.



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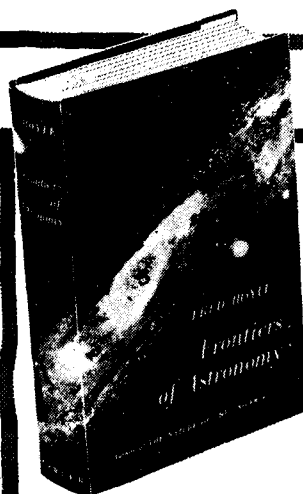
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Marjorie Morgenstern, his heroine, travels, so one surmises, much of the path which Mr. Wouk himself has taken. She is the pretty and respectable daughter of a Jewish immigrant who began his career sorting feathers at \$2 a week and has at last risen to be the head of his precarious little business. Socially Mr. Morgenstern has progressed upward; he has moved his household from the Bronx to Central Park West and he is intent on giving Marjorie and Seth, his younger son, the advantages he never had. In this he has the decisive assistance of his shrewd, outspoken, fiercely protective wife.

The story is the story of Marjorie's development from a pretty adolescent into a stage-struck beauty. Marjorie is the star of her class at Hunter College; it is she who attracts the more glamorous of the fraternity boys at Columbia, and it is she who steals the spotlight in the amateur theatricals. Even before graduation she has begun to fancy herself as "Marjorie Morningstar," the promising young actress soon to burst on Broadway. At the ornate Adirondacks camp, South Wind, she has the chance to play bit parts, and here she becomes infatuated with the stage director, Noel Airman, the raffish, ironic songwriter. Noel, whose real name is Saul Ehrmann, has rebelled against his family; he is a wolf in wolf's clothing (black turtleneck sweater and corduroy jacket) and he has modeled himself on Noel Coward though his talent is a good deal frailer. Marjorie is almost a pushover but not quite, and as their love affair develops — as it does at prodigious length — it becomes a question whether she will succumb to Noel's blandishments or whether he will be led to the altar. Noel is wise in the ways of women, and his clever wit and unpredictable moods make him the most magnetic person in the book.

The love story, always threatening to be unconventional, takes place in the midst of Jewish family traditions which furnish Mr. Wouk with some of his very best scenes. The best of all is the Bar Mitzvah, its feast and celebration, in the course of which Uncle Samson-Aaron and Aunt Dvosha provide such wonderful comedy. Mr. Wouk has a gift for the swift and telling episode: Marjorie and her father in the rowboat, "the Uncle" as matador, the rainy day under the lilacs, George's ghastly drive to Long Island, Mrs. Zelenko slamming away at Bach — these are moments of velocity which keep the book moving. But there are not enough of them. The book is a third too long for its best effect. Noel's philosophizing is endless; he writes a twenty-page letter and we have to hear every word of it. Even his sexy talk about the models, rather racy at the first, ends by being tedious. As for Marjorie, it seems to me that the younger she is the better. In her feuds with her mother and in her college-girl confidences with Marsha she has vitality. But she keeps the reader, as she keeps Noel, waiting too long, and the final answer is empty.



Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

The Desert and the Stars by Flora Armitage (Holt, \$4.00) is not likely to be the last word on T. E. Lawrence, for he draws commentators as honey draws flies, but it is a book that has long been needed. Miss Armitage has done something unprecedented in writing a straightforward, unhysterical biography of a man who has been subjected to an inordinate amount of romantic worship on the one hand and of malice on the other. Lawrence of Arabia as she describes him is a far livelier figure than either the conscious fraud envisioned by his enemies or that deplorable melange of Galahad, Napoleon, and Richard Burton concocted by his less discreet friends.

Perhaps because of Lawrence's family background (he was illegitimate, one of five sons born to a couple who would have passed for models of uprightness and piety if circumstances hadn't prevented them from ever getting married) the early section of the book is rather short on precise detail. The boys seem to have been raised as a small masculine club, unacquainted with any woman but their mother, who remains the only real authority on Lawrence's childhood. It is reported as uneventful, but something must have happened, for shortly after entering Oxford Lawrence ran off and enlisted in the Royal Artillery, from which he was retrieved, somewhat the worse for wear, by his father. Miss Armitage has not been able to discover any definite explanation for this freak.

Once the scene shifts to the Middle East there can be no complaint about shortage of facts or witnesses. From his own letters and the memories of his colleagues comes a vivid picture of the young archaeologist and traveler, mischievous, hard-working, curious, and adaptable.

Since Lawrence's own account of his service in the First World War stands plain for all to read in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, Miss Armitage wisely has summarized his activities as leader, or partial leader, of the Arab revolt against the Turks. Sorting through the testimony of his military superiors, she concludes that he was a good guerrilla commander who would never have got by as a general in more formal warfare, and that he did exactly what he was ordered to do in Arabia, which was to lure off a large section of the Turkish army and keep it out of the way of the British advance.

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By the end of the war, Lawrence and the Arabian campaign had caught the eye of the press. Overenthusiastic journalism established him as one of the great romantic figures of his time, a satisfactorily picturesque and mysterious hero in a war which was, by and large, sadly devoid of heroes in the grand old style. While much flamboyant dithering went on in print, Lawrence was trying, unsuccessfully, to forward the cause of his Arab friends at the peace conference. He had drifted into a very uncomfortable state of mind, alternately annoyed and fascinated by his public character, discouraged by the difficulties of the book he was trying to write, furious over what he considered the betrayal of the Arabs.

On the verge of mental and physical collapse, he fell back on his earlier resource in time of crisis and enlisted in the Royal Air Force. It is wryly amusing to discover that the RAF was not pleased, refused to put up with his casual alias, and that ultimately higher powers had to browbeat the recruiting office into looking the other way while Colonel Lawrence of Arabia signed on as John Hume Ross.

The rest of his life was a repetitive pattern of aliases, changes of service, dodgings of the press, writings of memoirs, and losings of manuscripts. If he didn't lose a manuscript, he did his best to get it published in a limited edition at an astronomical price. This is a very curious state of mind for an author, and Miss Armitage explores it, and Lawrence's other evasions, with ingenuity. She also has a great deal of information on the work he actually did in the Air Force, which was, in the later stages, decidedly valuable. Far from being an anticlimax, the post-Arabian years are as interesting as anything in the book.

There can be no final answer to any life, and if *The Desert and the Stars* doesn't succeed in explaining Lawrence it is hardly surprising. Plenty of clues pile up, however, and the reader is at liberty to choose among them. Perhaps the most persistent clue of all is the number of what are generally considered childish, or rather boyish, traits in Lawrence. The love of dressing up and assuming strange identities, the tendency to play every scene to the hilt with no regard for consequences, the impish practical jokes, the preference for an organized masculine society, the inability to get on with women —

he kept them all to the end. Highly intelligent, subtle, resourceful in many respects he certainly was. Can it be that the heart of the mystery was, after all, Peter Pan?

Pictorial satirist

In *Hogarth's Progress* (Viking, \$6.50), **Peter Quennell** has written the only comprehensive biography in more than fifty years of the man Whistler called "the greatest of English painters," and incidentally he has re-created eighteenth-century London in masterly fashion.

Hogarth is not an easy subject for a biographer. Mr. Quennell has accomplished something of a tour de force in arousing irresistible interest in a man of whose private life and character very little is definitely known, for Hogarth was neither a letter writer nor a journal keeper, and many of his closest associates were equally innocent of this useful vice.

The material from which Mr. Quennell has had to work consists largely of what might be called Hogarth's official utterances. These are lively stuff, however, for Hogarth, the son of an unsuccessful schoolmaster, brought up in a semi-slum and to a considerable extent self-trained as an artist, had firm views about his own profession and they didn't square with the fashionable theories of his day. He waged a lifelong battle, with cartoons, pamphlets, and conversation, against the official taste of his time, which decreed, to Hogarth's fury, that a bad painter is automatically better than a good painter provided only that the bad painter is (a) Italian and (b) dead. Tracing the ramifications of this aesthetic row, Mr. Quennell explores the quarrels and cabals of the artistic set, just as absurdly amusing then as they are today.

Small, peppery, tactless, with a weakness for roughhouse comedy and an insatiable interest in humanity's more picturesque follies, Hogarth painted his way to fame and a moderate fortune, as well as to an acquaintance that included, counting enemies as well as friends, practically everybody. Mr. Quennell makes full use of every connection. In discussing the background of Hogarth's style, he throws in a crisp vignette of Sir Christopher Wren and a dryly comic explanation of the interlocking of dirty politics and royal taste that caused the great architect's downfall.

Hogarth's friendship with Garrick is the excuse for a portrait of that terrifying beauty, Peg Woffington; alongside the description of *The Harlot's Progress* comes a short, brilliant analysis of John Gay, whose *Beggar's Opera* may have been the final incentive to Hogarth's scheme of a series of dramatically composed pictures illustrating a particular type of contemporary misbehavior. *The Harlot*, *The Rake*, and the unhappy couple of *Marriage à la Mode* made Hogarth the most popular artist of his day, but he remained suspect at court to the end, and his book expounding aesthetic theory was treated as a sort of comic outrage. In fact, Hogarth in his later years was groping toward impressionism, but his enemies were right in claiming that what he wrote had little connection with what he painted.

The reception of his book rather depressed the painter, who seems to have been naïvely surprised that critics and connoisseurs he had lampooned for years took the opportunity to revenge themselves. But though depressed, he was not pacified. He died in the midst of a particularly venomous political scuffle, an event which inspired Dr. Johnson to an epitaph which was, for the Great Cham, remarkably compressed and even more remarkably poetic: —

The hand of art here torpid lies
That traced the essential form of grace:
Here Death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

Wit and scholar, Peter Quennell is the author of *Byron in Italy*, *John Ruskin*, and *Caroline of England*, as well as a number of critical pieces and historical studies. *Hogarth's Progress* is as lively and learned as the best of Mr. Quennell's work, and generously illustrated with reproductions of the best of Hogarth's.

The history of an idea

In *Brooks Adams: American Prophet* (Knopf, \$6.00), Arthur F. Beringause has produced a lush example of the detached or scholarly biography as opposed to the affectionate labors of Miss Armitage and Mr. Quennell. It is clear that Mr. Beringause cares nothing at all for his subject as a person (it must be granted that few people have ever claimed Brooks Adams was a lovable man) and equally clear that he has plowed through the vast hoard of Adams papers with all the glee of Long John Silver loose in Fort Knox.

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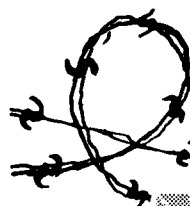
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What interests him is the development of Adams's theory of history.

Since Adams propounded this in all he ever wrote and debated the writing in advance in letters to his brother Henry, Mr. Beringause has been able to work out the origin and elements of the system with great clarity. Indeed, half the practical basis of this biography is Henry's aversion to dealing with Brooks in the flesh. He preferred his younger brother on paper and was quite capable of discovering urgent business in Paris if he got wind of Brooks's intention to visit him in Washington.

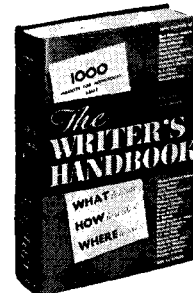
Brooks's theory, in outrageously simplified form, was that national power depends on a concentration of gold, which in turn depends on control of all major trade routes. The next step, logical but uncivil, was to argue that the United States, having already wrested considerable control of gold from England, should make war on everyone in sight in order to get control of trade routes as well and set up as the greatest world power for years to come. Working around the edges of this system, Adams accurately foresaw the two World Wars, the weakening of the British Empire, the emergence of Russia as a great power, and the struggle for control of Asia.

Nobody loves Cassandra, especially if there's reason to think she's right. Brooks Adams longed to be a power in politics, but except for a short period of glory as behind-the-scenes adviser to Theodore Roosevelt, he was heard with respect and shunted tactfully out of the way. There is probably more of a story to this side of Adams's career than Mr. Beringause reveals. He has been so absorbed by what Brooks wrote that he has slighted what he did, and he lacks the gift of making the times in which he lived and the forces that affected society and the man's own character emerge clearly. The result is not so much a biography as the history of an idea pursued with monumental conscientiousness in a businesslike prose which would be rather more readable if the author had looked into the difference between to persuade and to convince.

Father à la mode

Contran de Poncins, author of *Kabloon* and other books of travel and adventure, has rather surprisingly produced a volume of reminiscence which can best be described as

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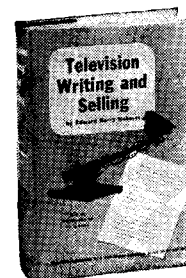
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a French *Life with Father*. *Father Sets the Pace* (Doubleday, \$3.75) is less deliberately funny than the Day stories, and more honest about the trials besetting the offspring of an exceptionally gaudy parent, but it has the same undertone of exasperated affection and the same mixture of admiration and thank-heaven-that's-over relief.

Father was a work of art and, since he had created the masterpiece himself, nobody appreciated it more than he did. (He was a count, too, but that was an act of God and impressed him less.) Dressing involved two hours of anguished struggle and left the valet prostrate in a room that looked like a battlefield. Traveling required a mountain of luggage because "the removal of even a bootjack was like removing the cornerstone of a building." A dinner was a theatrical production and a shooting party became an epic.

Horses were the only serious subject. Father attended Mass dutifully but he worshiped the Horse. Aside from his peculiar faith, the count's whole purpose in life was to enjoy himself, and he was eager to have his wife and son enjoy themselves too, provided only that they would do it his way. Unfortunately, young Gontran couldn't stick on a horse and his mother had so little interest in clothes that her husband once told her, "The King of England . . . is ATTIRE. I am DRESSED. You are merely COVERED!" The countess fainted on the spot.

The book is full of gay anecdote, bustle, parties, and luxury, but under all the Edwardian glitter runs the conflict between the count and countess, who were certainly as ill-assorted a couple as ever made the mistake of marrying. He wanted the best of everything. She, confronted with twice as much fruit as the company could possibly eat, would search out the one spotted pear, crying triumphantly, "Here's one that's going to spoil," and eat it.

Mr. de Poncins describes his parents and their life with very little nostalgia but with humor, affection, and appreciation for that formal, elegant world which, if it was more rigid than ours in some matters, was also, in many respects, kinder to individual eccentricity.

A long walk through chaos

Elleston Trevor's *The Big Pick-up* (Macmillan, \$3.00) is, in the



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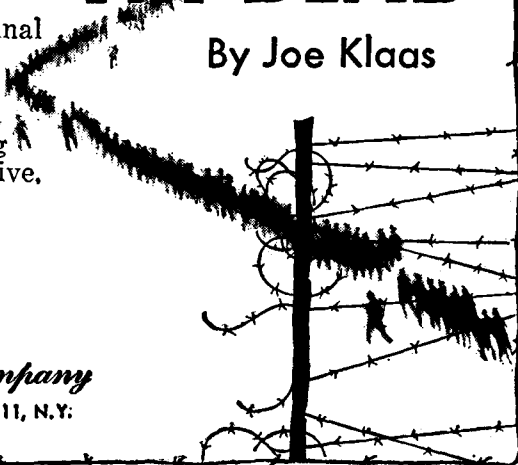
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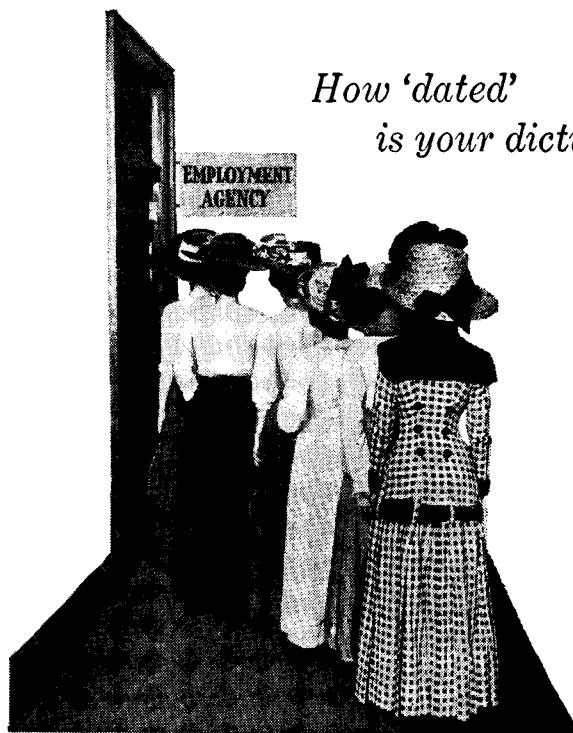
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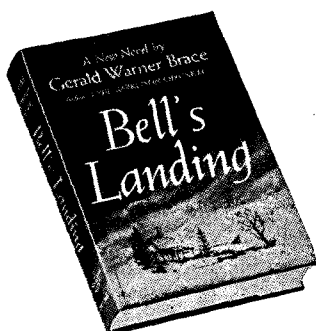
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author's own words, "a soldier's-eye view of Dunkirk," covering not only the rescue of the British Expeditionary Force from that terrible beach but the confused, desperate, stubborn endurance that brought so many men there to be rescued.

Mr. Trevor begins with Corporal Binns face down in a hole and counting the screams of German dive bombers somewhere over his head. He and two other men have lost their unit. The rest of the book is a long walk through chaos, on which Binns and his colleagues guess at their route, scrounge food, dodge Germans, join a convoy which is bombed to fragments, salvage a magnificent car and run it until it falls apart, push their way through crowds of refugees on the roads or flounder across country, hungry, bewildered, ragged, and wounded but always going on.

This picaresque scheme allows the author to introduce a great variety of episodes, from an improvised field hospital to a hideous drunken party in an inn cellar, and he makes the most of it. The book is so packed with incident that it is hardly safe to skip a sentence; three new characters and an air raid can slip by while you do it.

The men are not portrayed with any great subtlety, but they are plausible and sufficiently characterized to stand apart from each other. Given the scheme of the book, that's enough. Binns is the pivot, and Binns gradually establishes himself as a formidable fellow, a relative of Conrad's Captain MacWhirr. He has the same stolid resolution and limited imagination, a combination that makes him a hero without Binns having the least suspicion of it.

Vivid, horrifying, and lightning fast, *The Big Pick-up* is one of the more impressive recent novels about the Second World War.

Nineteenth-century panorama

The Tontine (Doubleday, \$5.95), Thomas B. Costain's outsize panorama of nineteenth-century England, is one of those historical novels that read as if they were telling a lot about a period and prove in the end to have told very little. It follows the fortunes of three families from Waterloo nearly to the end of the century, concentrating on the rise and fall of a great mercantile dynasty with excursions into labor conditions on the side.

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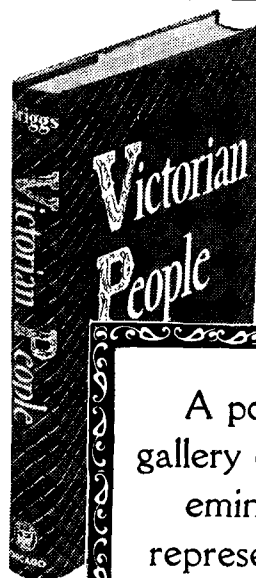
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a novel, but since Mr. Costain has a habit of keeping pertinent details of the business side of his plot to himself, and slurs merrily over all but the most obvious changes in manners, dress, and law, the novel produces a curious impression of a world standing still for seventy years. Characters, all of them standard types, are repeated from one generation to the next. Conversation is pretty much all the same. The careful introduction of an occasional bit of period slang is overbalanced by the appearance of modern usages in the eighteen-twenties, Americanisms in English conversations, and paraphrases of poets who, if born at all, were in diapers at the time Mr. Costain's characters refer to them.

So much hard work and knowledge have gone into *The Tontine* that one can only regret the author's evident decision to convert the ideas and methods of the nineteenth century into comfortable modern stereotypes rather than ask modern readers to make an effort toward understanding the period as it really was.

A hall of mirrors

The Notebooks of Major Thompson (Knopf, \$2.95) is a most amusing little book about the vagaries of the French, but explaining its exact nature is as bad as explaining a family joke. The author is **Pierre Daninos**, a Frenchman. For his assault on his own countrymen, he has assumed the character of Thompson, Major Hon. William Marmaduke, D.S.O. (1943), C.S.I. (1934), O.B.E. (1931). b. Oct. 8, 1902. 4th s. of 4th Earl Strawforness, veteran of a long career in various British possessions including, naturally, India. The major is now living in France with his second wife (she's French) and has been moved to explain his affection for and qualified admiration of the natives. In their own language, at that. His French collaborator, Mr. Daninos, has added footnotes wistfully explaining his inability to set the major straight on certain points or tartly pointing out related peculiarities of the British.

This elaborate bit of play-acting, which was a roaring success in France, has now been translated into English, thereby achieving the complication of a hall of mirrors.

The major whacks about him gaily. "The French are convinced that their country wishes no one any harm. The English are condescending, the Ameri-

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cans bossy, the Germans sadistic, the Italians incomprehensible, the Russians impenetrable, the Swiss Swiss. But the French are nice. Other people are horrid to them." So much for international relations. As for domestic affairs, "France is divided into forty-three million Frenchmen."

Getting down to more individual matters, the major discusses French salons, the habit of lingering on the doorstep for two more hours of conversation, traveling in order to announce that things are better at home. Mr. Daninos, scuttling along the bottom of the pages, mentions English tea, colonial policy, and the lethal silence of English cars and conversations.

Any reader who has begun to suspect that the French are much like the rest of us is quite right. The major has hit upon a number of normal minor follies in their French form. Down among the small type, Mr. Daninos potshoots at the English form of the same things. The American reader, laughing at both, is bound to find that he's laughing at himself.

The play's the thing

Not many plays stand up well to private reading, but those of Sean O'Casey always have, and *The Bishop's Bonfire* (Macmillan, \$3.00) is no exception. Mr. O'Casey, never a lover of any status quo, has poured into this savagely comic play all his hatred of what he considers the cowardly, materialistic, phony-pious provincialism of present-day Ireland.

With the exception of an urbane priest, a tough old rhymer left over from an earlier day, and a girl in love, all his characters are timid, prissy, sanctimonious, money-mad, vulgarly ostentatious, bullying, or puritanical. Councillor Reiligan, whose preparations to entertain an Irish-American bishop are the base of the plot, actually manages to be most of these things at once. These people ought to be revolting, and to some extent they are, but the vitality of their actions and their fireworks dialogue makes them good company in spite of themselves. Mr. O'Casey will commit any outrage on a character short of giving him dull lines. Reiligan is a dreadful man, but when he denounces his clumsy henchmen as "a bunch of destituted owls," a heart of stone would warm to him.

At bottom, *The Bishop's Bonfire* is a bitter and very nearly hopeless play, for Mr. O'Casey believes that

all life in Ireland is being crushed by greed for things, fear of the church, and neurotic chastity. He has managed to convey all the force of this grim view without sacrificing a yard in the field of comic eloquence. It is an amazing achievement.

Dudley Fitts, who last year brought out a brilliant translation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, has done it again with *The Frogs* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00). The shrewd, bawdy, uproariously funny classic comes from his hands as rib-shattering as ever and as fresh as if it were two days old instead of two thousand odd years.

On the excuse that Aristophanes, writing a satire on dramatic poets, peppered his play with quotations well known to his audience, Mr. Fitts has contrived hilariously unexpected echoes of Keats, Eliot, Shakespeare, and Pound, not to mention parodies of several all too recognizable schools of avant-garde versifiers. The translation may be a bit free at times, but the devastation is well worth it. Notes, references, and other scholarly paraphernalia are tucked away in the back of the book, and some of the information lurking there is almost as funny as the play.

A master of ambush

There have been so many reminiscences of spies, counterspies, commandos, and fifth columnists operating in the Second World War that it sometimes seems that every man who volunteered for secret service must have lugged a typewriter with him into action. Most of these books are interesting. A few are downright marvelous. *Commando Extraordinary* (Putnam, \$3.75) is one of the few, by long odds the best in this field since that great tale of how the British kidnaped the German commander in Crete.

Otto Skorzeny has not written his own story. A London editor, Charles Foley, located him in Spain and persuaded him to talk. Once he started, the "most dangerous man in Germany" told everything in the hope of disowning a title of which he never did think much. The story is so good, so surprising, so full of absurd contretemps and old-fashioned derring-do, that one would be inclined to forgive Skorzeny even if he *had* been the most dangerous man in Germany, which is a very doubtful charge anyway.

Skorzeny became Hitler's special effects expert rather late in the game, for it wasn't until the British had set

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them an example in ambush and abduction that it occurred to the Germans that the snatch and the killing affray still have their uses in war. At least this is Skorzeny's story. But although Hitler started late, he found in Skorzeny a man who more than made up for lost time, a very d'Artagnan for ingenuity and wily enterprise. This large, tough, amiable Austrian, who was in no sense a professional soldier, dropped out of the sky to whisk Mussolini out of prison and away into Axis hands. He stage-managed an almost bloodless *coup d'état* which kept the wavering Hungarian government hitched to Berlin's apron strings. During Germany's last desperate offensive in the winter of 1944, his men were out in American uniform spreading what confusion they could behind Allied lines. It was this affair that led to the great panic over a supposed German plot to murder General Eisenhower. Skorzeny blandly insists that no such plot ever existed, and there is nobody around now who can contradict him.

The mere recital of Skorzeny's exploits would be irresistible, but Mr. Foley has managed much more than that. The people Skorzeny dealt with come to life in sharp little vignettes. The reasoning behind his fantastic maneuvers is carefully explained. The book is crammed with details about military red tape and how to cut it, high-brass idiocy (Skorzeny clearly still holds a grudge against the General Staff for obstructing what the Staff considered his half-baked, half-amateur, and wholly unmilitary projects), mad plans proposed by Nazi prima donnas and how to shelve them, and the confusion in Berlin after the attempt to assassinate Hitler. During this fracas, Skorzeny, who was a nobody in strict military terms, found himself running the war office. He was the only man around who thought "What should be done?" rather than "What have I the authority to do?"

Alongside Skorzeny's adventures runs serious speculation by Mr. Foley, Skorzeny, and a number of British and American authorities on the exact military value of the kind of unorthodox actions that he conducted. They all conclude that a man of Skorzeny's type, given plenty of material and a fairly free hand, could create havoc out of all proportion to the scale of his operations. Perhaps these gentlemen overestimate the possibilities of this kind of thing, but nobody could overestimate its interest.



©A. Aubrey Bodine

THE VINTAGE Mencken

gathered by
ALISTAIR COOKE

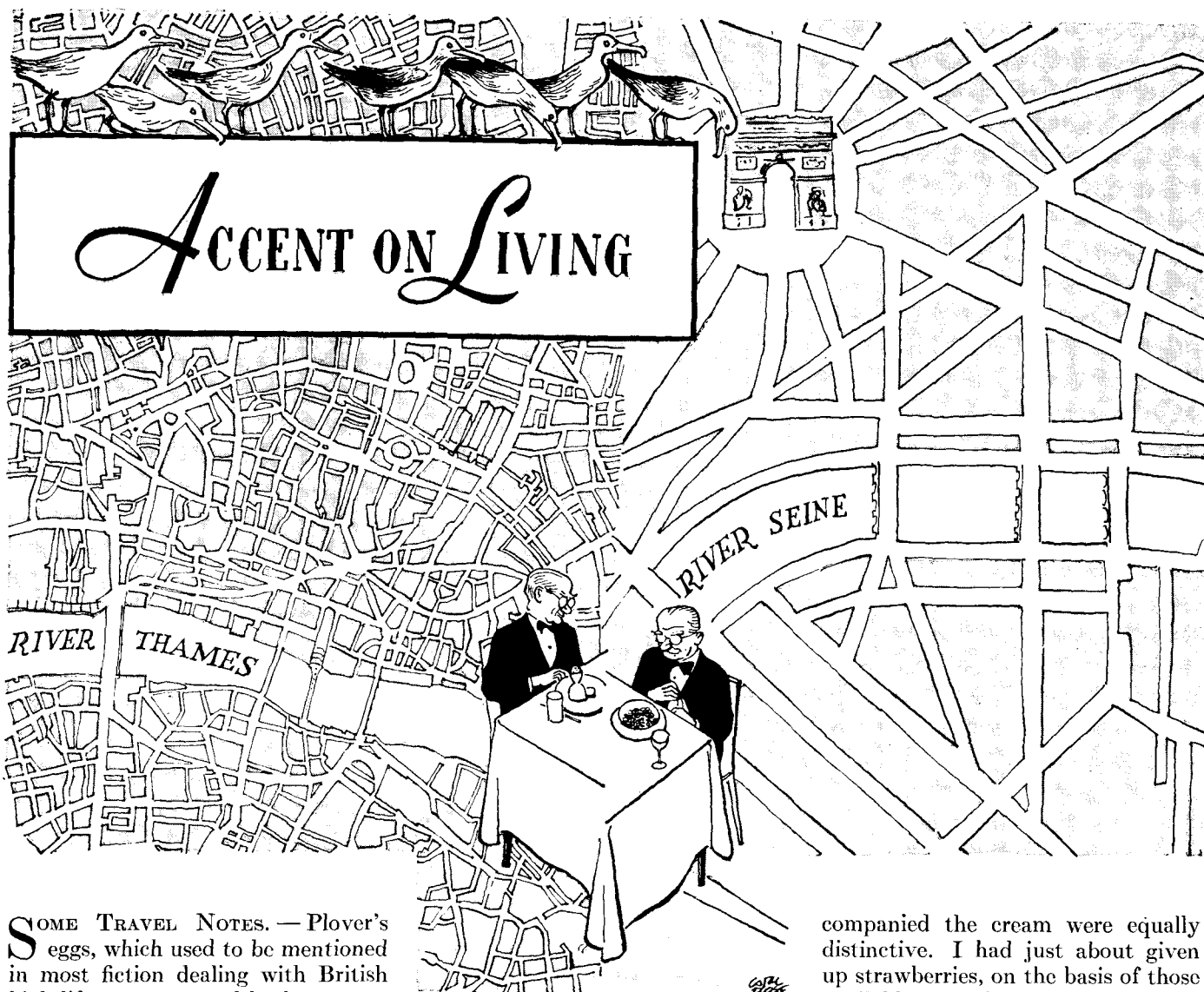
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SOME TRAVEL NOTES. — Plover's eggs, which used to be mentioned in most fiction dealing with British high life, are protected by law nowadays and are no longer an item on the menu. Never having eaten one — although I did recently try quail eggs, hard-boiled and packed in small cans and sold by a Boston supermarket — I have no idea of their merits. At any rate, plover's eggs have been succeeded in England by gull eggs; if the hosts are really laying themselves out on the meal, the chances are that it will begin with gull eggs, hard-boiled, served cold, in the shell, with mayonnaise.

Gull eggs are speckled, somewhere between pale gray and sand in color, slightly smaller than hen's eggs, and they have none of the objectionable qualities, such as fishiness, which one might expect from a gull. I was once served a dinner course in a French country inn from a quilted red bag. Each diner plunged a hand into it and withdrew, with every sign of satisfaction, an extremely hot hard-boiled egg. It was much as if a conjurer's bag had been circulated. I should not have been surprised if the last diner had produced from it a

bowl of goldfish. But gull eggs are offered in a large bowl.

I was puzzled at the esteem for gull eggs, and so did the Londoner seem who tried to explain it. "There were two reasons for plover eggs," he said. "They were expensive, and it enraged the nature lovers to have people eating them. Perhaps the same will be true of gull eggs. It's fun, you know, to stir up the nature lovers every so often."

Another oddity which I encountered in two London households was cream of a quality that I had never seen anywhere previously, not even on farms in the Middle West. It was not clotted cream, nor was it the slightly turned cream which *crème fraîche* usually means in France; it was a deep yellow and so thick that it could not be poured at all and was served with a spoon, and it was absolutely sweet and fresh.

The British strawberries which ac-

companied the cream were equally distinctive. I had just about given up strawberries, on the basis of those available around Boston: either they no longer had any taste, or else I had lost or misremembered my own taste for them. Even the fully colored, ripe, well-formed berries here, in apparently fine condition, have little or no flavor that I can discern. The early season strawberries in England were light pink, so pale that any such berry here at home would have been unsalable. But instead of being hard and tasteless, they were extraordinarily delicate and flavorful, excelled only by the ruddier berries which were abundantly in the markets a week or two later.

I was curious, also, to know whether the wild strawberries in France were as good as I remembered them to be. I tested them at Le Crémallière in Paris, which proved to be as nearly the perfect restaurant as I have ever seen, and they were better than even my fondest memories of them. My companions chose to have wild strawberry soufflés, but I wanted to try the berries themselves, without sugar or cream.

I must have been the first customer

for them that evening, for the long wicker basket, with a hinged lid, from which they were presented was full. The waiter scrutinized its contents before showing it to me; he gave it several deft tosses, enough to rearrange the upper layers, and re-examined the berries, removing with an air of triumph a single tiny green leaf. There must have been thousands of the pea-size berries in the basket. The waiter served me a generous portion by more deft tosses of the basket and by spilling the loosened top layers onto my plate. No damaging spoon was going to bruise the berries in this basket; they were all flawless, each as good as the next, and not a crushed or unripe one in the lot.

It was the only time I had ever been in Le Crémallère, and I am sure we received no special attentions, but I must say that its cuisine and the mannerliness of its hospitality to strangers were irresistible. So was its appearance in every detail. Ac-

corded one star in the *Guide Michelin*, Le Crémallère was vastly superior to the three-star restaurant which I tried, and the French may very well be right in believing that a restaurant is at its best while in process of earning three-star status and that it tends to become haughty and careless once it has made the grade. Those who would like to test this theory can do so by dining at Lapérouse one evening and Le Crémallère the next.

* * *

It was many years since I had been in Paris, and if the restaurants are still worth sampling, the sidewalk café life has been engulfed in motor traffic. Horn-tooting is prohibited, but the authorities have no interest in mufflers and exhaust noises, so that a sidewalk table in any congested neighborhood is the last place in the world for a casual drink or conversation. The most noise comes from the smallest engine, that which "assists"

the bicyclists. It crackles and pops while the cyclist is waiting for the green light, at which point it breaks into a prodigious screech and sounds like a runaway outboard. The larger engine on a motorcycle emits more robust bang-bangs; its take-off is more like a pneumatic chisel ripping up the pavement. Trucks are equipped with a straight-through exhaust system with no nonsense whatever about mufflers. I doubt that anyone could hear a motor horn, even if it were legal, outside the Café de la Paix when the traffic light changes; between times the whole assortment of unmuffled vehicles goes screamingly and thunderingly by. The only sound that can make itself heard over the uproar is the brazen cry of the *vendeuse* who is carrying a tray of souvenir bric-a-brac which she is convinced anyone foolish enough to sit down there will be eager to take home in triumph.

CHARLES W. MORTON

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

by MARJORIE RIDDELL

An expert on mothers from the daughter's point of view, MARJORIE RIDDELL is the author of many light articles and the thoroughly entertaining book, M Is for Mother.

MOTHERS often believe their daughters to be more intelligent than everyone else and, at the same time, sillier than everyone else. A mother who sees her daughter off to college for the first time believes firmly, for instance, that her offspring will not only be top of her class but will also stick her head out of the window just as the train reaches a tunnel and not even get there.

A mother will believe her daughter the most brilliant in the medical profession but will never be convinced that she is capable of treating herself when she catches cold.

A mother whose daughter has been rearing her own family for twenty years will not only boast of her daughter's capabilities but will believe, undeterred and undeterrable, that she can't cook even an egg.

The reason for this particular form of contradiction lies deep, not in mother's childhood, but in her daughter's. The first daughter, at the age

of three, did try to stick her head out of a train window. The second, at the age of ten, couldn't understand why she wasn't allowed to go swimming when she had a cough and a sore throat. The third, at the age of twelve, baked a cake no one could cut. And mothers never, never forget.



Mothers who eventually come to terms with the inevitable and recognize that daughter is not top of the class, nor the most brilliant doctor, nor the most admirable wife and junior mother, believe she is the most charming member of the class and the best-loved doctor and should have married Henry anyway. Mothers, be-

ing unpredictable, can be adaptable.

Mothers who honestly recognize that their daughters have accomplished nothing and will accomplish nothing don't exist, and when they laugh gaily and say they know their daughters are never going to set the world on fire they are either fooling themselves or being crafty.

Another contradiction — or perhaps it is an extension of the first — is that mothers always expect the best and always expect the worst, which means they always win.

Earn a medal for the best hive of bees and mother will be standing around saying she always knew it. Get stung and mother has always told you so.

Go abroad and have a wonderful time and mother will always have known you were sensible and self-reliant. Fall into a canal at Venice and mother always knew no good could come of it.

The unpredictability of mothers can constitute a really sizable trap. Those who for years have praised the independence of girls who leave home to make careers can be horrified when their own young want to follow suit, while those who have always condemned such recklessness are often not

only calm but even enthusiastic when faced with it themselves. Once a daughter has actually left home, however, both types of mother think their daughters are being wise, sensible, and intelligent. Daughters who don't want to leave home are considered by their mothers to be wise, sensible, and intelligent.

Mothers who believe in daughters



going away if they wish are considered by other mothers to be unnatural, and mothers whose daughters are not allowed to go away when they wish are considered by the first lot of mothers to be unnatural. Aunts think that both situations are a great pity.

Mothers who prevent their daughters from leaving home tell everyone that they are perfectly willing to allow it but their daughters are too unselfish to leave, and mothers who try but fail to prevent their daughters from leaving say what a good idea they've always thought it. Mothers who prevent their daughters from leaving home do it with gastric ulcers and all the sacrifices they made when their daughters were children.

When they've left home, daughters are expected to die of starvation in a week or two, because, although they have been wise, sensible, and intelligent to strike out on their own, they are not like other people's daughters, who have always been so wise, sensible, and intelligent. Mothers who live near the big city ring up their daughters at 8 A.M. and ask what they are having for breakfast, and mothers who live far away ask fathers what they think their daughters are having for breakfast. Mothers only ring up when their daughters have overslept.

Daughters who don't tell their mothers very much in their letters take a big risk, for mothers hate to be the only ones with not much to talk about and some of them, with no alternative, draw upon their

imaginations, which possibly serves the daughters right. Those, on the other hand, who tell their mothers a great deal in their letters also take a big risk, for the first part of the same reason.

Some mothers will never understand that their little girls' affairs should not be broadcast far and wide, and some mothers who *do* understand it will keep secret the most trivial incidents and broadcast everything else. Mothers who really can keep important things to themselves have to pretend not to for friends and relations, which sometimes leads to even more trouble than other mothers get. It is important to decide as soon as possible which kind of mother you have.

Mothers' ideas about careers are interesting, and their reasons for those ideas are fascinating. Some mothers want their daughters to be teachers because they themselves were teachers, others because they themselves were not teachers, others because they themselves always wanted to be teachers. Lots of mothers, as a matter of fact, want their daughters to do things they themselves always wanted to do, and they tell their daughters how, when Papa said NO, they said to themselves, very well then, *my* daughter shall do that. Mothers who did do what they wanted, and still do it, and do it brilliantly, and have reached the top, can be very tiresome.

Other things mothers want their daughters to become are civil servants, doctors, secretaries, bank clerks, or what father is. Daughters who turn out to be glider pilots or psychological research workers amaze their mothers, who go about saying they're not surprised. Aunts are always very triumphant about this.

Some mothers don't want their daughters to have careers at all, and to any such suggestion by other mothers reply patronizingly that it wouldn't be worth it because their daughters are bound to get married soon. This causes strong feelings all round, which become stronger when their daughters do get married soon, and stronger still when they don't.

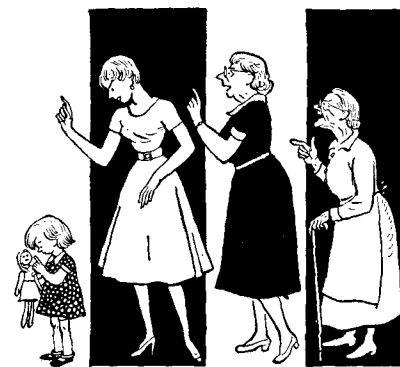
Sometimes fathers think they've chosen their daughters' careers.

But it's on the subject of boy friends, engagements, and marriages that mothers reach their peak. They believe in lots of boy friends, a few boy friends, no boy friends; they

believe in daughters having boy friends at an early age or at a later age; they believe in early engagements, late engagements, in long engagements and short; they believe in no engagements at all; they believe in early marriages and late marriages; they believe in any or all of this at one time or another according to circumstances. Wise mothers don't issue statements on their views until the circumstances are settled, however; and really cunning mothers keep quiet altogether.

Unwise mothers can get into an awful mess, and circumstances that change sometimes cause a stir that reaches the remotest acquaintance and the most ostracized relative. And it is then that the true genius of mothers makes itself felt. Whatever mothers believed in before, now turns out not to be what they believed in at all, after which — circumstances often being unstable — it might even develop that what they really believed in all the time is what they believe in now, and very soon everybody knows that however the circumstances have developed they are exactly what mother has wanted all along. Some mothers think their daughters do it on purpose.

Lots of mothers aren't at all like this, of course, which makes them more unpredictable than ever. Lots of mothers aren't like any other mothers, and in view of that it's very curious how all mothers are the same. And in at least one respect there has been proof, many, many times over, that there is nothing to choose between them — they stand loyal to their daughters. Rob a bank, commit murder, blow up the government, and nothing will shake mother's conviction



tion that in the first place you didn't do it, and in the second place somebody made you.

But try telling her you always wear sufficient underclothes and see if she believes you.



FIRST DOOR ON THE LEFT

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK, who lives in Hartsdale, New York, has written frequently for our *Accent on Living* pages.

THERE probably isn't a woman alive who doesn't cherish the secret belief that, if the worst came to the worst, she could save the family fortunes by becoming an interior decorator. Sometimes the worst does come to the worst, and the belief ceases to be a secret. The average housewife, however, usually sublimates her professional ambitions and retains her amateur standing.

But even as an amateur she may work minor miracles — especially if she has the coöperation of her husband. Having just returned from a weekend with the Dithertons, I know what a couple of determined aesthetes can accomplish doublehanded.

Last year the Dithertons bought an old farmhouse and remodeled it into an older farmhouse. The original structure was about a hundred years old and quite unpicturesque. Now it looks about two hundred years old and thoroughly picturesque. The reason for this turning-back of the calendar is that *circa* 1855 represents no particular Period, while *circa* 1755 is definitely pre-Revolutionary, and interior decoration without a Period is like wine without a label — it can't be identified except by an expert.

When the Dithertons took over the house it had coal stoves, mail-order carpets, iron bedsteads, and granite-ware kitchen utensils. These have been replaced by fieldstone fireplaces, hooked rugs, four-poster beds, and copper kitchen utensils. The oil lamps and golden-oak "suites" gave way to wrought-iron candelabra and certified antique furniture which Mrs. Dither-

ton wangled from little shops on Madison Avenue.

After the transformation of the old place had been completed its former owners wouldn't have recognized it, but their grandparents might have. Entering it is like stepping back into the eighteenth century. You bump your head on low-hanging lintels and stumble over raised doorsills, just as our floundering fathers must have done in Colonial days. (In fact, it wouldn't have surprised me to find a bronze plaque in the front hall reading "George Washington Tripped Here," and I suspect that the fluffy white wigs so fashionable in his time were more than merely decorative: they protected the noggin from whacks against the hand-hewn beams of under-slung ceilings.)

In their efforts to avoid anachronisms and hold the pre-Revolutionary line, the Dithertons have been as painstaking as any million-dollar-movie director. Everything in the house, down to the last rattail hinge and hickory floor-peg, is historically accurate — with one exception. Wandering down the candle-lighted hallway on random flooring billowy with age, it is easy to imagine that you are just getting your land legs after a cruise on the *Mayflower*.

But the moment you enter the bathroom, you are smack back in the twentieth century. At the flick of a switch, it jumps out at you from the shades of antiquity — a strictly contemporary lavatory glittering with tile and nickel plate, exactly like those in every unit of every elevator apartment house.

The Dithertons realize its incongruity and deplore it. "But what can we do?" Mrs. Ditherton cries despairingly. "We tried pewter sconces, hoping that candlelight might at least soften the glare; but Horace simply couldn't shave without cutting himself. No matter how much individuality a house may express, bathrooms are the same the world over. Apparently there's no such thing as a Period bathroom."

That's where Mrs. Ditherton is wrong, though I didn't tell her so. The first bathroom I ever used was distinctly Period. Not Colonial, to be sure, or even Regency. For purposes of historical identification it might be called Late Grover Cleveland. But it resembled the dazzling "modern convenience" of today no more than a Conestoga wagon resembles a hard-top convertible.

The color scheme of this bathroom, which my grandfather had had installed at great expense, was brown on brown. There wasn't a white tile in the place. The woodwork was brown, the curly-cornered linoleum was brown; the oilcloth on the walls above the dado (an architectural term, and not what you think), though originally old ivory with a Delft pattern of little windmills, had faded to the color of well-seasoned meerschaum.

The outside of the tub, including its ball-and-claw feet, had been painted a rich chocolate, and so had the pipes above and below it. But the inside of the tub was a beautiful pale blue, and sometimes during a hot bath bits of this blue would flake off and float — a phenomenon which convinced the younger generation that Chicken Little's falling sky was no mere pigment of the imagination.

Grandpa's razor stop beside the washstand was brown, too, as was the stand itself with a mottled marble top the color of prune whip, and copper faucets whose rabbit-ears had to be squeezed with both hands to make the water run. Above the washstand hung an aged mirror which gave back wavy submarine reflections. It made you look as if you had been stung by bees while recovering from an attack



of jaundice, and Grandma often complained about it; but Grandpa said he was used to that mirror, so there it stayed.

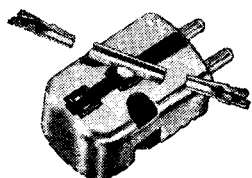
As for the toilet, it was a massive affair with a mahogany seat and an overhead tank operated by remote control with a chain. A pull on this chain produced a diapason worthy of a Wurlitzer, to which the whole house vibrated; and long after the echoes died away, the overhead tank muttered to itself like a distant thunderstorm.

In the summer the brown paint on the walls and the linoleum on the floor became slightly sticky. But in

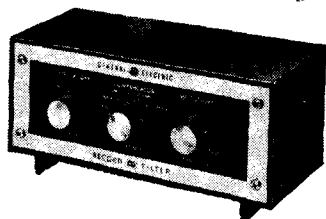
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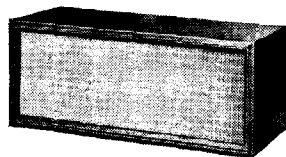
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the winter they were glacially smooth and often reflected the glow of a portable oil heater with mica windows and a flat top for kettles of hot water to temper the chill of the bath. A mingled aroma of soap, steam, and kerosene meant Saturday night. It's a miracle the bathers didn't suffocate or get blown up, but they never did.

Unlike the assembly-line lavatories of today, that old bathroom had character—and so did the people who used it. They never referred to it familiarly as "the johnny." In fact, they didn't refer to it at all but merely mumbled something about going upstairs to wash their hands.

●
ALMA MATER, FORGET ME

by *WILLIAM COLE*

TWICE a year,
 Chatty and blithe,
 Letters requesting
 My old school tithe:

Twice a year
 It's "Dear Alumnus,
 Don't we have
 Something com'n' us?"

"Remember the class
 Of nineteen-o-;
 It's time to pass
 The old chapeau."

Billets-doux
 To *tous* the alumni;
 We are the stars
 They set their sum by.

This importuning
 Makes me bridle;
 I get alma
 Matricidal.

Take the chapel
 Bell and hock it;
 I'm tired of being
 Out of pocket.

Take the football
 Team and sell it;
 Or save money—
 Just expel it.

I'm all paid up
 For my education;
 Why don't you try
 The Ford Foundation?

And please forget
 The undersigned;
 He'd like to cut
 The tithes that bind.



by *JOHN M. CONLY*

Bach: Organ Works (Anton Heiller, organ; Epic LC-3132: 12"). Mr. Heiller lets Epic bill him as "Prof." but rises above the title. The works include the inevitable Toccata and Fugue in D Minor and the Preludes and Fugues in D Major, A Minor, and D Major, all performed with brisk, fond intelligence on a sharp and excellent Swiss 1946 organ.

Bach: Toccata in D Minor (E. Power Biggs, organs; Columbia ML-5032: 12"). Herein Mr. Biggs plays the well-known toccata thirteen times, on European organs ancient and new, and the associated fugue once, in the fourteenth rendition. Not being an organ-maniac, I expected to find this dull, but it isn't. For here the craftsmen of five centuries are competing—all-out, no technological holds barred, all aims the same. It is a delight (to one contrary character, anyway) to report that the organ makers of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries were so very much better than today's very best that it is almost embarrassing to hear their products compared. After the ecstatic precision of Arp Schnitger's 1682 pipe-stand at Neuenfelde, for instance, the 1935 array at Westminster Abbey seems the embodiment of toneless tedium, and the 1954 wind-battery at Festival Hall a bleating monstrosity. If you are loyal to the twentieth century as the age of Know-How, don't buy or listen to this record.

Beethoven: Symphonies No. 2 and No. 8 (Hermann Scherchen conducting Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London; Westminster WL-5362: 12"). Scherchen's Second Symphony probably is the best in the catalogues, rich and biting in the spirit of the young (but already toughened) success-personality who wrote it in Vienna in 1802. The Eighth is one of the three best versions, and highly acceptable.

Bizet: Roma with **Chabrier: Bourée Fantastique** (Leon Barzin conducting New York City Ballet Orchestra; Vox PL-9320: 12"). The Cha-

brier is a delightful potpourri of excerpts from other works compounded for ballet use. *Roma* is something bigger. In fact, it is a very good symphony, trimmed a little here for choreographic purposes but still logical and forceful — and important. The playing is precise and the recording vivid. Recommended.

Elgar: Enigma Variations; Cockaigne Overture; Serenade for String Orchestra (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5031: 12"). There are other notable versions of the *Enigma Variations*. The most notable, that of Toscanini, makes the work seem an exhilarating exercise in musical ingenuity. From Beecham it is broader, deeper, warmer, more personal. His recorded sound, too, is appropriately more stately and spacious, less incisive. The *Cockaigne Overture* is played with whimsy and vigor, the *Serenade* with a caressing intimacy. I wouldn't be without this disk.

Falla: Concerto for Harpsichord with Surinach: Tientos and Rieti: Partita (Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Concert Arts Chamber Players; Capitol P-8309: 12"). Falla's last great work was this concerto, and it illustrates his extraordinary musical economy: newness without novelty, impact without mass, poignancy without pathos. The record is filled out worthily with the Hispanic *Essays* of Surinach, historic in vein. Ravel-Stravinsky in flavor, and the lyrical *Partita* of Vittorio Rieti, which embodies the pleasure of a modern Italian discovering Italy.

Handel: Concerti Grossi, Op. 6 (Boyd Neel conducting Boyd Neel String Orchestra; London LLA-21: three 12" in album). These are remasterings of a ten-inch series which I recently said I preferred to the new Scherchen (Westminster) set, and I guess I still do. The Neel is British-style Handel, with constant grace and comprehensibility kept paramount, even at the expense of surprise effects. The satiated listener may prefer the brilliant Italianate Scherchen or the underaccented superprecision of Decca's German version by Fritz Lehmann. All three versions are beautifully recorded.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 88 and No. 101, "Clock" (Karl Münchinger conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1199: 12"). Mr. Münchinger from Stuttgart never does anything in bad taste, and Lon-

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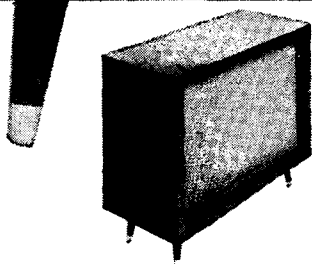


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don never records the Vienna Philharmonic ill, so here we have the best "Clock" Symphony in the business, though not by a very big margin. As for No. 88, still awaiting an ideal recorded performance, Furtwängler and Scherchen do it better in less lively sound for Decca and Westminster, respectively.

Mozart: Concerto No. 26, "Coronation"; Concert Rondo No. 1 (Carl Seemann, piano; Fritz Lehmann conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DL-9631: 12"). A subtitle, and what seems pomposity, have given this concerto a bad name among performers. Listeners, saner and more perceptive, know it is solidly beautiful under its fripperies. So do Messrs. Seemann and Lehmann, and they address the work with respect bordering on solemnity, but the results are enduringly endearing. Pardon my participles, and buy the record if you are addicted to Mozart piano concertos.

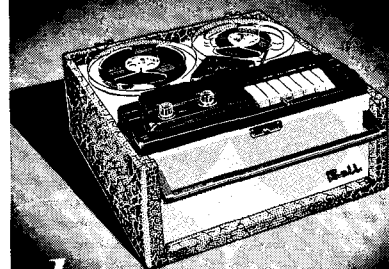
Mozart: Sonatas in D Major, E-Flat Major, G Major; Variations on "Hélas, J'ai Perdu Mon Aimant" (Nap de Klijn, violin; Alice Heksch, piano; Epic LC-3131: 12"). Miss Heksch is advertised as employing a "Mozartpiano," probably a replica of the Stein instrument at Salzburg, and probably Mr. de Klijn uses a special bow, as he did in an earlier sonata disk. Anyway, the results are felicitous. The sonatas sound very pleasant and lifelike as well as authentic, and the fidelity is as high as need be.

Orff: Antigonae, Parts IV and V (Christl Goltz, Josef Greindl, other singers; members of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser; Columbia ML-5038: 12"). Admirers of *Carmina Burana* are advised to approach *Antigonae* with caution. Sophocles made the play oratorical, and Orff has kept it so. The opera is clever and penetrating, but verbal and static, not easy listening. The percussion is present but restrained, the recording brilliant.

Quantz: Concerto in G Minor with Gluck: Concerto in G Major; "Dance of the Spirits" (Orfeo) and Mozart: Andante in C Major (Hubert Barwahser, flute; Bernhard Paumgartner conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic LC-3134: 12"). Johann Quantz is best known as Frederick the Great's flute-tutor and the composer of 300 (!) flute concertos, which should classify him

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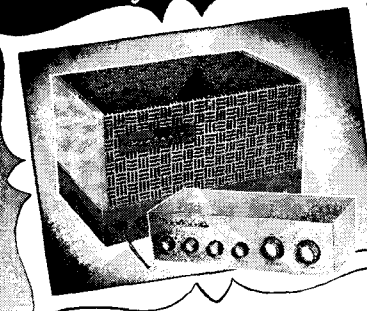
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as a fortunate hack. However, in this disk he manages to outshine Gluck and Mozart, so he was no hack. (What are the other 299 like?) All three composers are vastly helped by the inspired piping of Mr. Barwahser, one of the world's most agile and tasteful flutists, and by some very good sound-reproduction.

Ravel: *Daphnis and Chloë* (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and Macalester College Choir; Mercury MG-50048: 12"). This is the second complete micro-groove recording of Ravel's great dance-symphony, the other having been that of Ernest Ansermet for London. The presumed great asset of the new Mercury, its recorded fidelity, almost keeps me from hearing it properly: the instruments obtrude and the St. Paul choristers sound too corporeal for forest spirits. But the sound is gorgeously brilliant where it needs to be, and Dorati leads straight from the score, if without some of Ansermet's subtlety. If you have a big listening room, choose the Mercury.

Rossini: Seven Overtures (Mario Rossi conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard VRS-456: 12"). The overtures are those of the operas *Tancredi*; *Journey to Rheims*; *Turk in Italy*; *Siege of Corinth*; *Cinderella*; *Italian Girl in Algiers*; and *Semiramide*. Only the last three of these overlap with the celebrated Toscanini collection, and it seems to me that Rossi plays the overtures better than any of the other anthologist-conductors — other than Toscanini, I mean. He is one of the two leading Radio Italiana opera directors, and knows the works cold. There is nothing cold about the performances, however. Quite the contrary, and the fidelity is exemplary.

Schumann: Symphony No. 4 with **Wagner: *Siegfried Idyll*** (Guido Cantelli conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; HMV LHMV-13: 12"). The Schumann symphonies have been recorded often enough, but not well. The companies seem to choose the wrong interpreters, or something goes amiss at the session or in the processing. Here, for once, nothing has. This is not the ultimate Schumann Fourth, but there is nothing to annoy in it, and it is full-bodied and vigorous. Cantelli's *Siegfried Idyll* is faithfully modeled on Toscanini's, so it too is very good indeed, and the recording is realistic without being overintimate.

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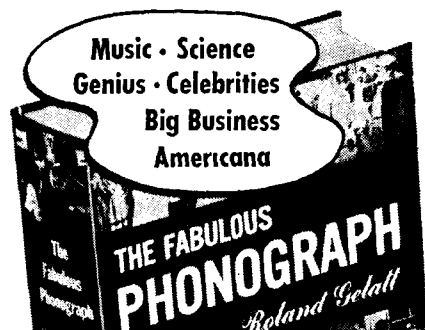
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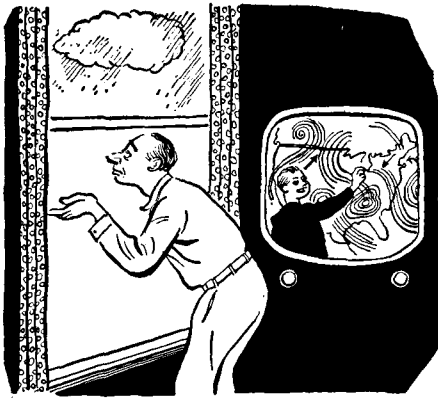
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WEATHER OR NO

by PAUL C. LAW

After graduation from the University of Missouri School of Journalism, PAUL C. LAW spent ten years in radio and television studios, and is now living in Chicago.

SOMEONE — I suspect it was a television weatherman — once said, "Everybody talks about Mark Twain but no one does anything about him!" Well, I hate to talk about the weatherman this way, but I'd like to put in a plea for him to return to a simple, straightforward local forecast without gags and a description of weather conditions in every other nook and county of the forty-eight states.

The weatherman I'm referring to steps over in front of a huge map of the United States — a country that seems to be named for a cake mix — and starts out by marking in some bad weather around Seattle. Then he shows a warm front moving inland from the California coast, and then picks up an egg, holds it alongside Arizona, and tells us it was so hot today in Tucson you couldn't fry one on the sidewalk without scorching it.

Next he devotes a few minutes to Texas weather, turning from the map long enough to predict that we could expect some strong, hot wind from that state. ("That's a weather joke, son.") But I've heard jokes on earlier programs, and right now it's getting late and all I want from him is tomorrow's forecast for our own small Midwestern home town.

But the weatherman skips over to Florida and nearly obliterates that state with heavy diagonal chalk lines. Then he aims some rather sharp-pointed barbs at South Carolina and notes the expected minimum temperature for New York City and environs. ("You know, they ought to name a town Environs. It'd be good for a lot

of laughs.") Next he sketches in some visiting weather from Canada.

His chalk and my patience are both getting shorter, but as yet he hasn't dropped a clue about local conditions. Sorry, but that will have to wait for the commercial, which becomes pretty involved because the weatherman walks into a kitchen set, picks up a package of cake mix, and starts to put on an apron.

I figure this might be a good time to step to the front door to see what the weather's like, thus possibly saving the expense of burning the tube any longer. The glass is clouded, so I step out on the porch to get a clear view of the sky. But what with the trees

and the reflection of the city's lights, I can't tell much about the meteorological conditions.

I get back to the television set just in time to hear the weatherman say, "... is about what we can expect in the way of local weather for tomorrow. Now, good night, and remember — it's always fair weather when good cooks get together and use Mrs. Muldoon's Marvelous Master Mix."

Oh, well, I'll just wait and see what tomorrow's like. Now that I think of it, I don't know that I could do much about changing the weather anyway. One thing I can change, though: channels, when the weatherman comes on tomorrow night.



HOW TO BE CHARMING THOUGH FARMING

by C. S. JENNISON

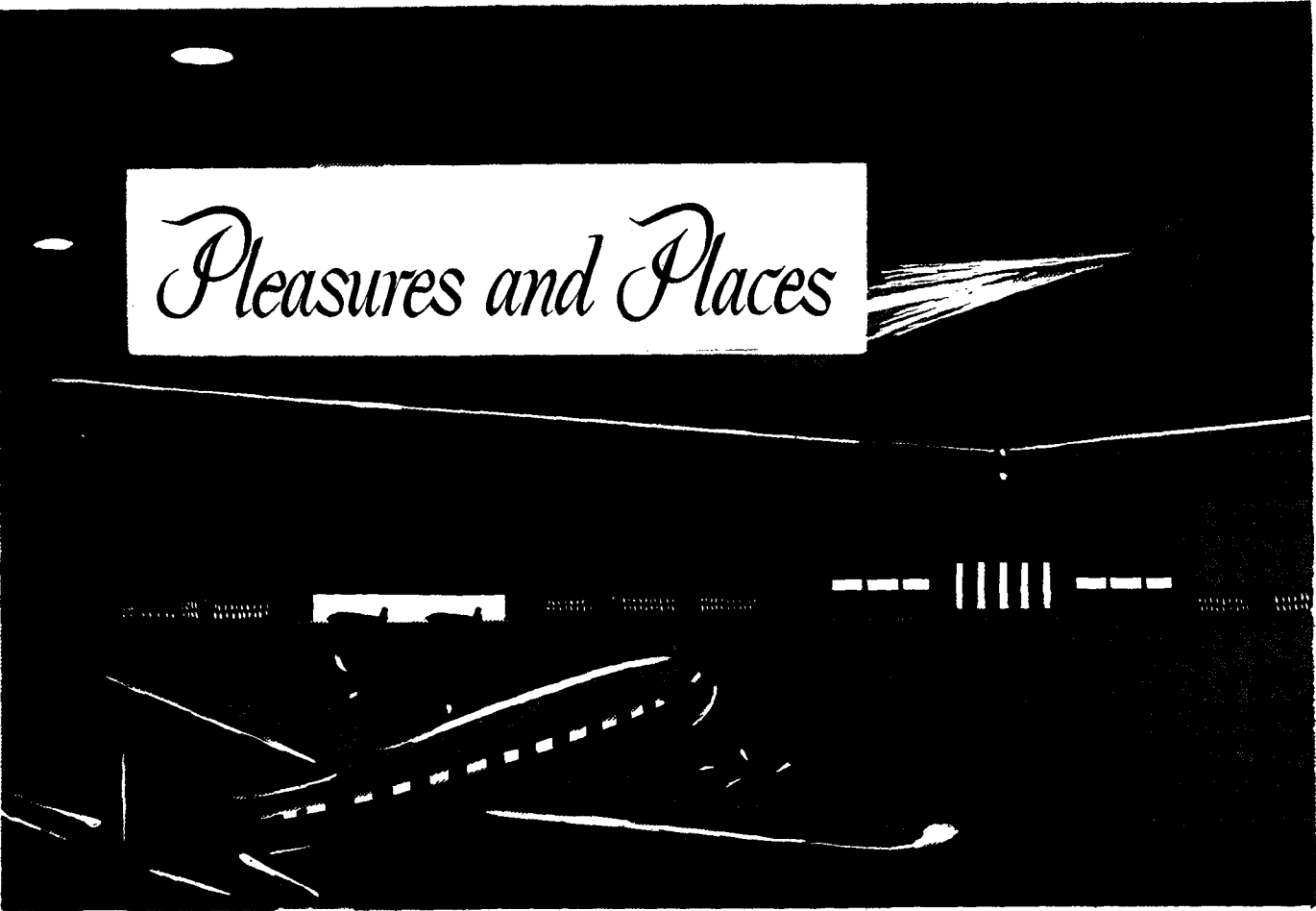
It's hard to relax in my dirty old slacks.
I long to look sleek as an otter
In country attire the cows will admire,
Designed by McCardell or Potter.
I want to be svelte in a gold cincher belt
And act like the newspaper models,
Who wear little blouses to go with their houses
And lean on collections of bottles.

That yellow fleece coat with the lace at the throat
Is tempting me now like the dickens.
I ought not to heed it, except that I need it
For feeding the rabbits and chickens.
I never am chic when I'm dredging the creek
Or shoveling snow from the ditches.
O, where are my sensible, quite indispensable
Eighty-buck velveteen breeches?

I just can't make news wearing arch-support shoes.
It's time for that clever assortment
Of shoes that are beady and skirts that are tweedy
So vital to rural deportment.
Though others find kneeroom in some quaint old tearoom
And sit around posing for pictures,
I'm really too sloppy for any good shoppe;
I wouldn't go well with the fixtures.

The horses don't neigh in a flattering way
At night when I sweep out the stables.
My pastoral aura is not from angora
And none of my sweaters have labels.
The milkmaid of means in her custom-made jeans
Would view me like some kind of vermin.
I ought to put knees in my drab dungarees
And accent the pockets with ermine.

Pleasures and Places



AIR TRAVEL WITH STOPOVERS

Travel is victory, as the Arabs say. The total victory, the complete liberation through absolute mobility — this is the air traveler's reward. The international airplane is not only fast; its services, going with the traveler to all his destinations, are many. Examples: the airlines' widespread offices and agencies serve also as information centers; they will arrange for rented self-drive cars to be waiting at almost any airport; some of them have wardrobe advisers to help the passenger make the most of his 66-pound (first class) or 44-pound baggage allowance; TWA and Sabena have special aids for female travelers; aboard the plane everything from child care to champagne to cocktail lounges is provided; BOAC can be called from about seventy-five American cities and towns for the price of a local call. The operating services are arranged simply: even the most complex air tour, using four or five connecting airlines, can be bought on a single ticket in less than an hour.

The world is now heavily wrapped in a web of air routes, which, by means of interline agreements (almost

any airline will sell the services of any other to fill the gaps in its own service), becomes in effect one unified system that goes everywhere. A journey of almost any size, shape, and combination of countries is made feasible even for the man with only two or three weeks (and \$1000-\$2000) at his disposal.

With dozens of large cities serving as air centers, the density, frequency, and flexibility of air service create new dimensions for the traveler. The resulting fluidity and mobility open up possibilities of range and variety that make the itineraries of ships and trains seem rigid and clumsy. Nothing less than a new point of view is necessitated: the airplane has made an easygoing world traveler of the man who used to settle for two or three weeks in Bermuda.

The air tourist (limited to 44 pounds in this case) is a man with two suitcases. That is his first advantage. The airplane itself is not merely a bus with wings. It is a projectile. From this derives the traveler's second advantage: he is enlivened and liberated: he breaks free from all

inertia, claustrophobia, *immobilisme*. Anything — anywhere — is possible.

The low-cost season

Taken in the off season (November-March), which is the free-and-easy, unreserved and unencumbered season; traveling tourist class (the small added comforts of first class are not worth the considerable difference in price); and using the new Family Plan (available beginning in November on transatlantic flights), the plane ticket might accurately be called a bargain. The Family Plan alone opens up some rich possibilities. A man and his wife will be able to fly to London for a total round-trip fare of \$650 — somewhat less than third-class steamer passage and considerably less than by cabin-class ship. On tourist-class flights all transatlantic fares are cut by \$200, round trip, for a wife and any children between 12 and 26 years. (Note: At least one major airline — Pan American — is now using faster planes in tourist than in first-class service over the Atlantic.) For economy, there is nothing to equal the rates on Icelandic Airlines.

There is very little choice among the various airlines from the standpoint of equipment and operating efficiency. The British Viscount, the only turbo-prop airliner in regular service, is very well liked by experienced air travelers for its speed and its restfully quiet and almost vibrationless flight. British European Airways (one of the several subsidiaries of BOAC) uses these planes extensively, as do several other European lines.

Easy come and go

Hotels and Reservations. In the off months most planes fly with empty seats. Usually — almost anywhere in the world — a call to the airline in the morning will produce a reservation for the same afternoon or evening. Such an open-end situation means that he who cares to can improvise his itinerary casually, even impulsively. That is, he can do this *if* he will settle for the good, comfortable, next-to-best hotels, and thereby avoid the ball-and-chain of reservations and other stiffening formalities common to luxury hotels.

The “best” hotels in one city tend, anyway, to be offensively like those anywhere else. It is the smaller “local” hotels that more truly represent the life-style of each place, and lead the traveler into that life. It is in these places, and in these off months, that one is free to come and go according to whim, unencumbered by a list of reservations and the check-in, check-out protocol. There is nothing like it for leaving the eye and the mind free for pleasure.

By staying away from the overdone hotels, the free-flying traveler can be sure of comfort *and* service at a daily

two- or three-week holiday, especially, saving money costs time; having made the initial capital outlay for air fare (to buy time), it pays a traveler to arrange, for example, to have a rented car waiting at those airports along the way where it will be most useful.

Circular round trips

The remarkable innovation that the airlines call *stopover privileges* shows most clearly the tendency of these companies to become less like common carriers and more and more like intercontinental service agencies.

Basically this plan allows a wide choice of stops (for unlimited periods) along any given route, after payment of the fare only to the furthest point of the trip. One airline might, for example, sell the traveler to Paris a ticket direct to that city. But another, if he knows enough to ask, will give him Dublin, London, Amsterdam, and Brussels en route, for the same fare. It all depends on the route of the particular airline. Even more interesting: it is usually possible to fly a circular round-trip stopover route — to Rome, say, by way of London, Paris, and Milan, and then home by way of Madrid, Lisbon, and the Azores, all for the same fare as for the direct New York-Rome flight.

What's more, by consulting the right travel agent the traveler can learn how to tie together various connecting legs from the varying routes of the different airlines, and thus to construct an itinerary precisely shaped

to his taste. The travel agent — given the complexity of international air schedules — can be an important factor in this calculation, especially since any given airline will be trying to shape

your itinerary to fit *its* particular, necessarily limited, routes. But here, as in other instances, it is important to find the *simpatico* agent who will give the traveler what he wants and not what the agent thinks he

ought to want. There are some agents who think it a disgrace for any American to accept less than the Very Best. But there is nothing like a



pursuit of the Best for taking the edge off a trip. And there are other agents who are sticklers for planned itineraries and hotel reservations even when these are unnecessary.

Where to go

The still-opening possibilities (new routes are always being created) are immense: it is feasible only to hint at them here. (For the full impact of air travel the assumption must be made that even one day, or two, in Paris, Rome, Athens, can be enough: that kaleidoscopic effects may combine to create a string of most memorable days, heightened days, each one illuminated. This holds especially for the man who uses stopovers to get, for example, the blend of, say, eight great cities in three weeks.) Here then are suggestions for the air age, to be elaborated with the help of the airlines and the travel agent.

The how-far decision

Caught in the flow of airstream, the temptation is for one to go on and on: to become, even for three weeks, the eternal wanderer who lives only as he moves on. He who would stop himself, to take one place intensively, or simply to rest, must be rigorous. Either way, the extensive or the intensive, the traveler should begin by deciding upon his furthest destination, thus establishing the basic time and money factors. Having bought a round-trip ticket to that point, and having chosen the routes to be followed (as well as the possible stopovers), he ought then to arrange a tentative schedule of plane reservations from city to city. This will serve to announce him at the various airline offices along the way, and will establish a kind of priority that will smooth



overall cost of from \$10 to \$20 a day anywhere in the world. Though there are low-cost exceptions like Spain, Austria, and parts of South America, the cost of living for the short-run traveler does not vary much. In a

the way to easy improvisation as he goes. This is a useful plan even for the one-stop traveler: faced with what amounts to a sixteen-course dinner, he is unlikely to pass up everything and go straight to the dessert.

Round the world

Round-the-world holidays are now sold by the major airlines as casually as a ticket to London. At the basic fare of \$1348 the air traveler can choose from an assortment of routes offered by the six world-wide airlines (Pan American, KLM, Air France, BOAC, TWA, Sabena). About ninety hours in the air should be counted on, for most routes. Each of the lines offers certain specialties in routing: BOAC is especially good in Africa, for example, and KLM in Southeast Asia. At varying costs, depending on mileage, BOAC offers a thousand different encircling routes. These, like those of the other lines, can be taken impromptu or by way of packaged tours (conducted or independent) of varying elaborateness.

London, Amsterdam, Paris, Rome, Athens, Istanbul, Beirut, Cairo, Jerusalem, Bagdad, Karachi, Bombay, Delhi, Kashmir, Benares, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Rangoon, Bangkok, Singapore, Bali, Manila, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Honolulu, New York — these are some of the elements (taken in whatever quantity pleases, and with many or few stopovers of whatever length, for the same basic fare) of a world air tour. Time: BOAC offers 30 days around the world for an all-in price of \$2184, a completely serviced tour. This is easily modified, in both time and money. Similar packages, of varying sizes, weights, and flexibility, are offered by the other big carriers. (The airlines are heavily involved in the tour business, as well as in simple transportation.) There are world tours that require not much more than two weeks and about \$1570.

On most round-the-world trips there are only two long jumps: over the Atlantic and the Pacific; other laps range from three to seven hours of flying time. By making use of local airlines, the traveler might, in as little as three weeks, intensively explore three different areas around the world. He might, for example, see three or four European cities in a week, spend a week seeing India by means of a comprehensive and inexpensive air service, then move on to Japan or Hawaii, where good local airlines will eliminate waste time and space.

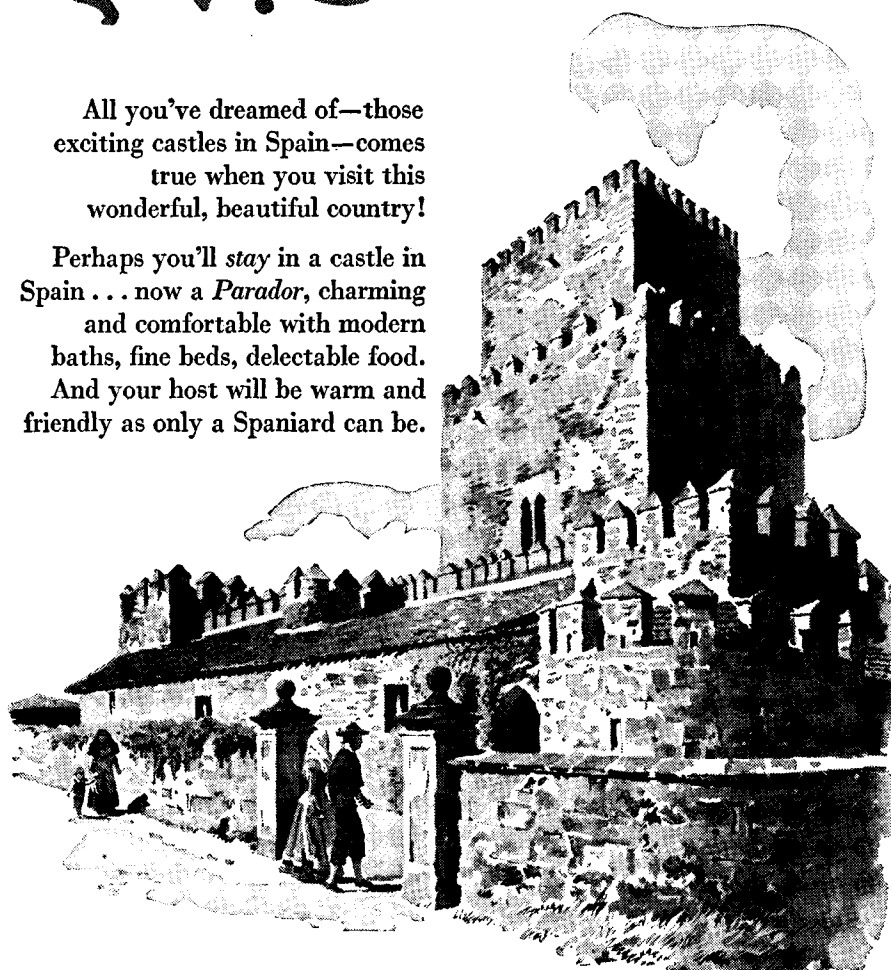
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SOUTH AMERICA BY AIR

This continent, huge (and wasteful of space) even by air standards, is not to be swallowed whole. It is best suited to the hardy and enterprising tourist who can take comfort or leave it (even in the *capital* of Bolivia the water supply may fail). For grace and suavity there is always Rio, of course, or Buenos Aires, or Montevideo; but these are the cosmopolitan cities that do not give the short-term traveler the sharpest sense of those unique South American culture blends: Indian, Colonial Spanish, Modern European.

South America is still wild underneath, for all the sparkle of modern architecture and chic women, and it will give greatest pleasure to him who finds that civilizations still in the making or downright primitive are more vivid and stimulating than those that have settled down. It seems stranger, more alien than Europe: more like another planet than another continent.

Just outside the cosmopolitan (Dutch, Javanese, Hindu, Creole, Chinese, Indian) city of Paramaribo (Surinam) — a true slice of Holland in its look and style — there is dense tropical jungle where native Indians still hunt with poisoned arrows, and bush Negroes still engage in ceremonial African rites in their own villages. In Bogotá, the "Athens of America," Indians in their ponchos contrast with smart Paris-dressed women along the main thoroughfare. Asunción, another capital, is a port on a river, in which native women calmly wash their clothes and beat them on the stones; where the brilliant whiteness of a modern bank building is surrounded with streets full of natives on donkeys; where the shawl-wrapped native women ride their donkeys side-saddle and carry black umbrellas, and the hatless ladies of the town wear white gloves and white shoes, carry white bags, and gather for tea each afternoon at one of the tearooms that are as endeared to South America as they are to England. A grab-bag, wonderfully mixed.

A way in

Unlike Europe, South America is not laid out like a well-ordered rug. It is necessary to select, to *move* decisively, to seek it out of the wilderness of space. For a varied and compact sampling try Panagra down the western edge of the continent (down

the east coast there is too much waste space over enormous distances). But for those who want to sample *everything*, Pan American offers a round trip, down one coast and up the other, all for the price of a ticket to Buenos Aires (\$867). The route down through Cali (Colombia), Quito (Ecuador), and Lima or Antofagasta (Peru) to Santiago in Chile is the most rewarding — rich in the varying styles of life, in Indian culture, in ruins, in easy and cultured Spanish-Indian towns, in marvelous mountains and beaches. It is mostly off the heavily traveled track — important, since December to March, the best months in most places, are the heart of the tourist season.

Actual flying time is 22 hours to



Santiago from New York, with stop-overs permitted along the route. This itinerary includes most of the least expensive countries (and they are very inexpensive). Including the \$766 round-trip fare to Santiago, three weeks here should cost about \$1000–\$1100, and that is living very well indeed.

Climate in high-altitude towns like Quito and Bogotá is excellent in these months. At the far end, Chile has a climate much like Southern California. Language is no problem — a great deal of English is spoken and understood. The many offices of Pan American are in a real sense home-away-from-home; they will supply information, guidance, even introductions to local clubs. It is a good idea to consult one of New York's foreign currency exchange houses on the advisability of buying South American moneys in the United States — which can often be done at an advantageous rate.

Peru and Chile

If it comes to a choice, choose Peru (16 hours from New York, \$561 round trip). Prices are rock-bottom. Lima is a superb city: stylish and gay and serious, gracious — a deep and brilliant mixture of Spanish Colonial and Indian; marvelous cathedrals, a university founded in 1551. There are Inca ruins (Machu Picchu) more awesome than the remnants of Rome or Egypt. High up under the great peaks of the Andes it is cool (as at Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, 10,400 feet); at the fine beaches near Lima it is delightfully warm from December through April, the best months.

Silver, Indian textiles, and llama-lined jackets are to be bought at the Indian markets. Bullfights, November to February. Carnival in February.

The best hotels (Bolivar, Crillon, Maury) provide double room and meals at \$9 a day. The Crillon is modern, air-conditioned — the newest hotel on the west coast. Just outside the city the Lima Country Club — the most famous on the continent, with excellent golf and tennis — offers everything at \$10 or less per day (early reservations are necessary). Or, for another kind of life: numerous pensions offer typically good Peruvian living from about \$25 a week, all-in. These are not boardinghouses as we know them, but lovely villas with gardens and a plenitude of servants.

The Peruvians are stylish and take their ease: as at the restaurant of the old-world Maury, where the atmosphere is mannered, courteous, comfortable — the *ambiance* of old Lima, circa 1860. In the Peruvian summer (December–February) everything closes for three and one-half hours at noon and everyone goes to the beach. The international set makes much of high tea. The most interesting cuisine in South America, and local wines are



very cheap and very good. Activity: some of the world's best trout fishing in the rivers that flow into Lake Titicaca (the highest in the world); equally good deep-sea fishing at Cabo Blanca (arrangements for both should be made through Pan American before leaving the United States).

An excursion: the Central Railroad to the ancient Inca center of Huanacayo goes through mountain passes 10,000–15,000 feet high (oxygen is carried for those who need it). At the goal is one of the most extraordinary Indian markets anywhere. Every Sunday the Indians crowd the main streets with their wares, in complete and startling silence.

Other sights which should not be missed: Pachacamac (pre-Inca ruins); Puno, across Lake Titicaca from Bolivia (for the life of the local Indians). From here, the trip on to La Paz is worth making: the capital, with its impressive Indian market, stands in a narrow gorge at 12,000 feet, and is completely surrounded by mountain peaks that are as high as 18,000 feet.

After Peru, try Chile. Wonderful juxtapositions of seashore and mountains and the rich urban life of Santiago. Two hours from Santiago, a beach resort area like the French Riviera — Vina del Mar. The Chilean lake country — twelve great lakes high in the mountains — is often called more beautiful than Switzerland. The seafood and the native wines are magnificent, and inexpensive. Santiago is only three hours by air from Buenos Aires.

Fly the good regular service from Santiago to Asunción (Paraguay). This is nothing like home, but colorful, vivid, and untouched by tourism. To buy: the very fine lace. Only two and one-half hours from Buenos Aires.

MITCHELL GOODMAN

Next month Mr. Goodman will describe Stopover Trips to the cities of Europe, the Mediterranean Islands, North Africa, the Far East, and the Caribbean.



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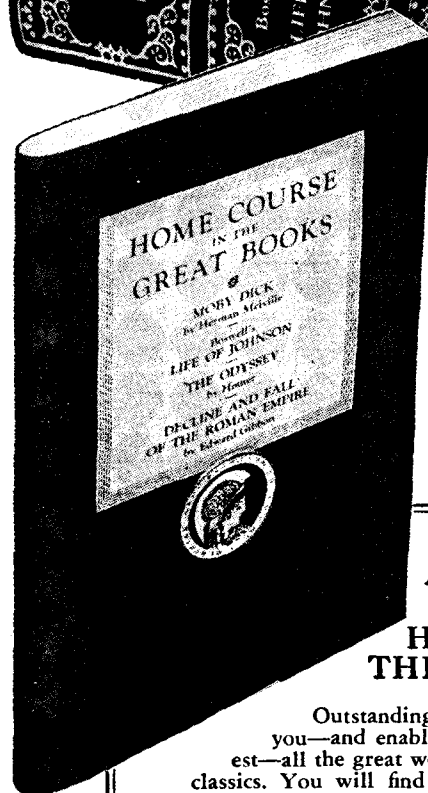
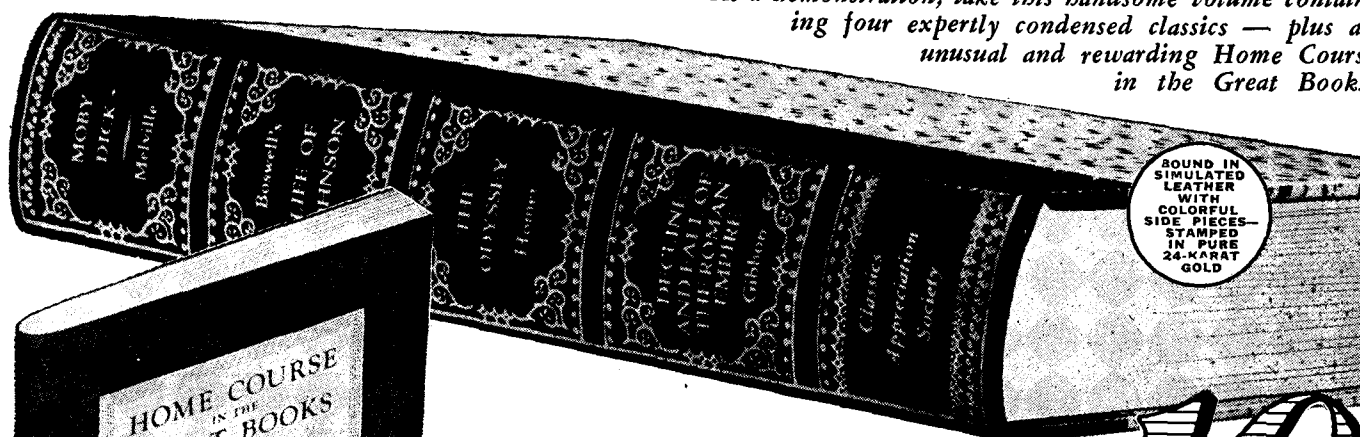


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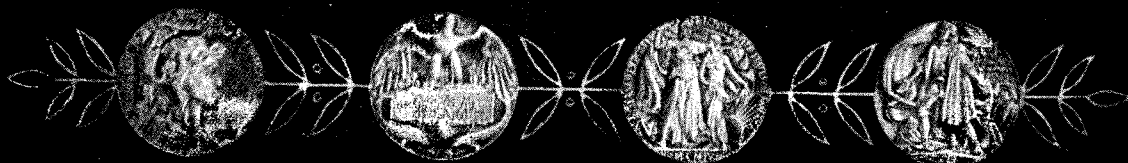
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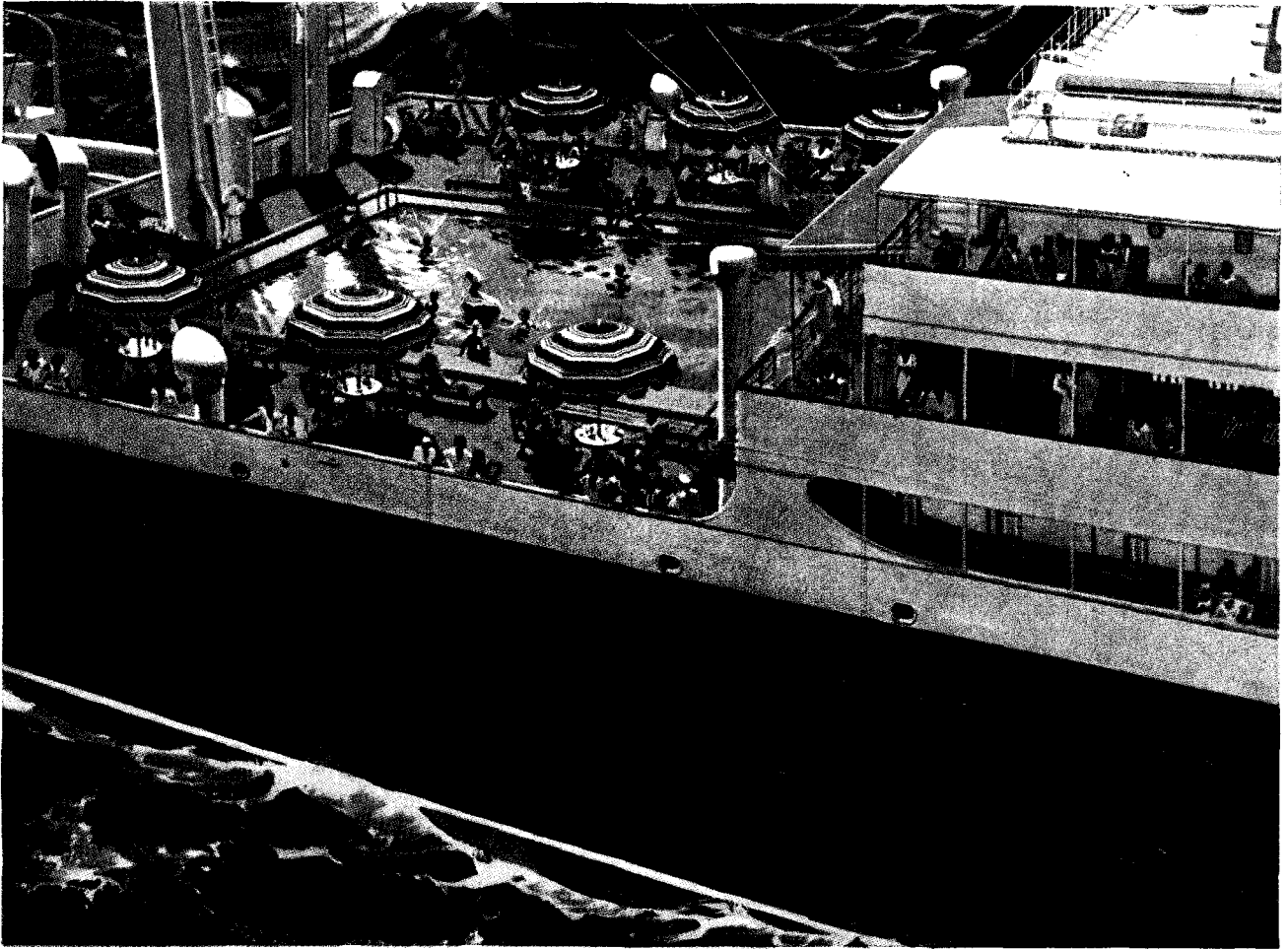
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